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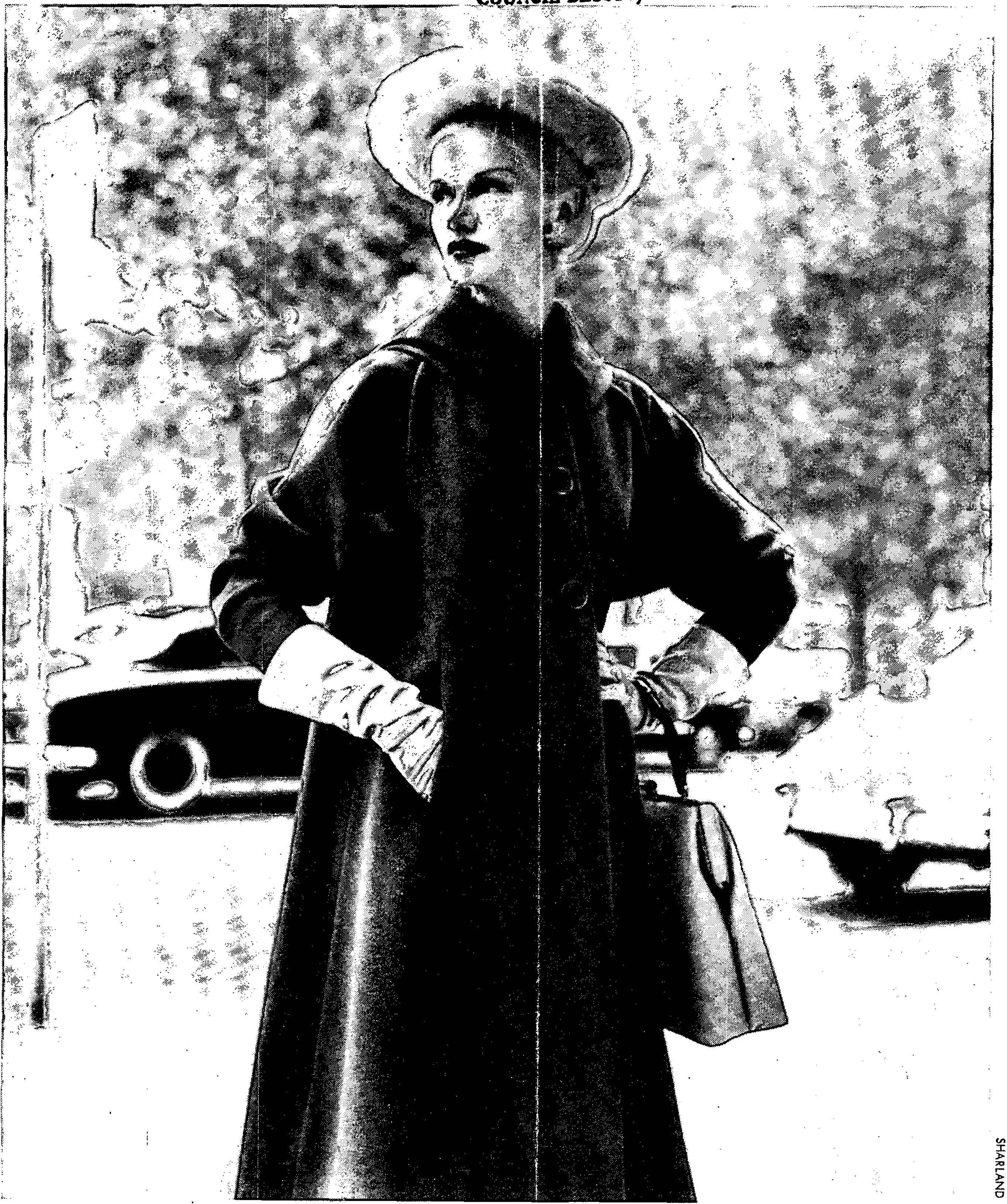

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All Summer Long—Like his "Tea and Sympathy," Robert Anderson's second play deals with troubled and sensitive adolescence, and, in spite of a careful production, it doesn't seem to bring anything very new to the subject. John Kerr is very fine in a leading role, and there are other admirable performances by June Walker, Ed Begley, and Clay Hall. Alan Schneider directed and Jo Mielziner did the set. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Anniversary Waltz—Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields have written much better comedies than this one about two people who lived together before they were married, and Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey have been happier in the theatre, too. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—A dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, in which Lloyd Nolan achieves one of the year's best performances as Queeg. He is ably abetted by John Hodiak, who portrays the defendant, and Barry Sullivan, who now has the role of the defense lawyer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead is practically all there is to this remake of a 1944 comedy about fashionable sex. With Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Werner Klemperer, and Robert Coote. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Home Is the Hero—Walter Macken gives an excellent performance in his own only partly successful play about an Irish bully who tries to destroy the members of his family. Peggy Ann Garner, Glenda Farrell, and J. Pat O'Malley are prominent in the cast, which was directed by Worthington Miner. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Donald Cook, Jackie Cooper, and Cloris Leachman head the cast of Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's diverting comedy about a comic-strip artist and his singular romance with himself. Walter F. Kerr is the director, and Frederick Fox designed the cheerful set. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Moves on Monday, Oct. 4, to the National, 41st St., W., PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—The Old Vic has provided some stylish ballets and incidental music, but this production of the enchanted comedy is, on the whole, a very disappointing theatrical event. Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Stanley Holloway figure importantly in the cast, which was directed by Michael Benthall. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-2165. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15. Through Sunday, Oct. 17.)

Long Runs—**the fifth season:** A comedy about the garment industry, now with Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff in the leading roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **oh, men! oh, women!:** This play, by Edward Chodorov, deals with a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain. At present, Lloyd Bridges is playing the tormented healer, and Joan Gray, Dody Heath, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Elliott Nugent has taken over as the man, and Sally Forrest is playing his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A comedy, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, portraying some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. Josephine Hull is still absent, but Loring Smith continues his work at the head of a talented cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins are currently in the central roles of Robert Anderson's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with, for the time being, Burgess Meredith, Scott McKay, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BARBER SHOP
BOARD OF REGISTRY MEETS HERE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—Shirley Booth is visible in this piece about Coney Island in the nineteen-hundreds, and she may just possibly be enough to redeem it. Herbert and Dorothy Fields wrote the book; Arthur Schwartz turned out the music; and Jo Mielziner and Helen Tamiris handled the settings and the choreography, respectively. Others featured in the cast include Wilbur Evans, Mae Barnes, and Carol Leigh. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Moves on Monday, Oct. 4, to the Imperial, 45th St., W., CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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The Pajama Game—Labor relations in a pajama factory might not strike you as the most promising theme in the world for a musical comedy, but George Abbott and Richard Bissell have turned it into the merriest of the current offerings. In the highly competent and professional cast are Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw. Music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**can-can:** Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter did the score, and Lilo and Norwood Smith are among the inhabitants. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **kismet:** An adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama, with a score drawn from the music of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are the vagabond poet and his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Boy Friend—A musical written by Sandy Wilson, directed by Vida Hope, and imported from London by Feuer & Martin. Included in the cast are Julie Andrews, John Hewer, and Eric Berry. Opens Thursday, Sept. 30. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues, Ballads, and Sin-Songs—Libby Holman, accompanied by Gerald Cook, in a six-night engagement. Opens Monday, Oct. 4, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly at 8:30.)

Reclining Figure—A comedy by Harry Kurnitz, with Percy Waram, Georgiann Johnson, and Mike Wallace. Presented by Martin Gabel and Henry M. Margolis in association with Peter Cusick, and directed by Abe Burrows. Opens Thursday, Oct. 7. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—"Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—A three-week return engagement of "The World of Sholom Aleichem," with Morris Carnovsky and Jacob Ben-Ami. Opens Friday, Oct. 1, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cher-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Jacqueline Brookes in David Garrick's Restoration comedy "The Clandestine Marriage." Opens Saturday, Oct. 2. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—No need to go West—not any farther than Eighth Avenue, that is. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays, except Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4-5, at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 17.)

Mata and Hari—With their company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Saturday, Oct. 9, at 3 (a performance primarily for children): "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30: "Die Fledermaus." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his instrumental ensemble murmur sweet nothings "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—The Orpheus of this windy grotto is Joe E. Lewis, whose casebook notes on wine, women, and race horses have a melancholy charm. The rest of the agenda is mostly just melancholy.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Selected specimens of local and West Coast fauna, staring in rapture at people they haven't seen since cocktails. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, after all these years of going it alone, has heeded the well-founded rumor that it's nice to have a man around the house. Luckily, he's the hardy perennial Jack Whiting, a song-and-dance chap who adds a lot of color to her petit-point embroidering of ballads. They're in the Cotillion Room. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing Mondays.... ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Julie Wilson, a towering spire of silks and satins, sings and prances across the Persian Room in a manner suggesting that she'd be the perfect companion for a football-game picnic. The major-domo is Ted Straeter, pianist, tenor, and fashion plate, whose virtuoso dance band alternates on the stand with Mark Monte's musicians. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The serenity of the Rendez-Vous Room, one of the best of all possible worlds, is broken only by the rocket's red glare of an arriving swordful of flaming *shashlik*. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's group does muted melodics for cocktails in the Palm Court every afternoon. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Lombardos are again *en famille* in the Grill, offering up their peace-on-earth dance tunes to all who will listen. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Constance Moore, of the Beverly Hill Moores, is singing her breezy songs in the Maisonette, practically the last of the fabled Fifth Avenue town houses, which is still run with all the traditional grandeur. Dancing to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long, there's afternoon and evening dance music by Irving Conn's orchestra in the Café Lounge.

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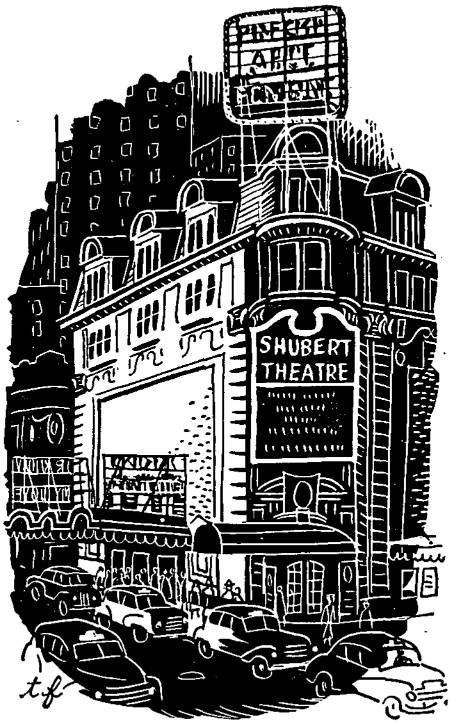
Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's band will fold its tents and steal away, though not silently, from the Café Rouge on Thursday, Oct. 7. Next evening, Vaughn Monroe, the Voice of Doom, arrives, along with Richard Hayman's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Now that the mice are away at school again, the cats will be playing around here as of old. Dancing in an alcove to the music of Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The new Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz revue is still on its trial run, and the cargo (including some of the humor) is a trifle damp. The driest wit is by Paul Grey, who talks, and Rain Winslow, a dancer who destroys three lovers while absorbedly munching a banana. Tommy Wonder, Louise Hoff, and some pretty girls help out considerably. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Foreign Operations Administration must have been assigning technical advisers to the Spanish dance bands, for Los Chavales de España, who play and sing at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, are a blend of Iberian verve and American showmanship. Trini Reyes does her rug-cutting to their music; the guests perform to Nat Brandwynne's fine big orchestra. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The huge maze called Peacock Alley is in business again, affording Michael Zarin's dance orchestra from eight-thirty to one and (as of Friday, Oct. 1) Alex Fogarty's decorous piano from six to twelve. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra does a solo flight from six to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds these many years, offers cocktails—beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.



SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Norbert Faconi is a star pupil of the you-and-I-were-made-for-each-other school of tableside violin. He's at work at suppertime every night but Sunday, and there is Continental piano music at dinner. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg does piano in an American vernacular.... **Weylin Room**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter is again presiding over his fashionable finishing school for drawing-room pianism in this cool, collected little buttery. Lessons from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday.... **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence wherein Addison Bailey, who remembers a good tune when he hears one, is at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays.... **Le Coq Rogue**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis was out of town when Rome burned, but he's fiddled at most of the important social occasions since then. His tiny dance band is around after nine. Closed Sundays.... **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to dance, too. Closed Sundays.... **Café Nino**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche*, Herman Arminski plays for cocktails, and Rudy Timfield for dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **Champagne Gallery**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in this extremely relaxed youth hostel.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The family life of Martha Davis and Calvin Ponder, set to their own words and music, is all play and no work. The other court jesters are Jimmie Komack, a keen analyst of a number of Manhattan psychoses, and Charlotte Rae, dissector of the more menacing types of American songbird. There are also the George La Faye Puppets, a group of bodied and disembodied Parisians who lope through a brief but stirring life cycle. The background is Bart Howard's and Otis Clements' piano and the restrained jazz of Jimmy Lyons' trio. On Thursday, Oct. 7, there'll be a complete change of cast. Among the arrivals will be Dwight Fiske, the last of the Regency rakes; Susan Johnson, a thoughtful singer of songs of passion; and Dick Drake, a novitiate humorist.... ¶ Except Saturday nights, the Davis-Ponder family keeps the lounge jumping from two to four with more of its music. Their last night is Wednesday, Oct. 6.... **Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The night nursery for talent operated by Julius Monk, *conférencier* and pianist, is currently domiciling Lee Goodman, taking his postgraduate degree in high comedy; June Ericson, a quiet little nightingale on whose fair hair the glitter of star dust is already visible; Terry and the Macs, part singers; and Alan Carrier, a young anecdotist. The music of the unique Norman Paris trio is a show in itself. On Thursday, Oct. 7, an entirely new bill takes a bow. It will be headed by Irwin Corey, or Shakespeare gone mad, and Dorothy Loudon, a blond bombshell with a wonderfully wry sense of the ridiculous. Closed Sundays.... **Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Robert Clary is an ideal household pet—small, fun-loving, and willing to dance and sing until all hours. There is also vocalizing by Ada Moore, a tall freshman with a sunny disposition and a good jazz style. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays.... **One Fifth Avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play rousing double piano, and Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Patricia Bright is a *diseuse* with mostly standard equipment; John Juliano is a singer. She's off Sundays, he's off Mondays. Antique movies are added on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights.... **Byline Room**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The course of un-

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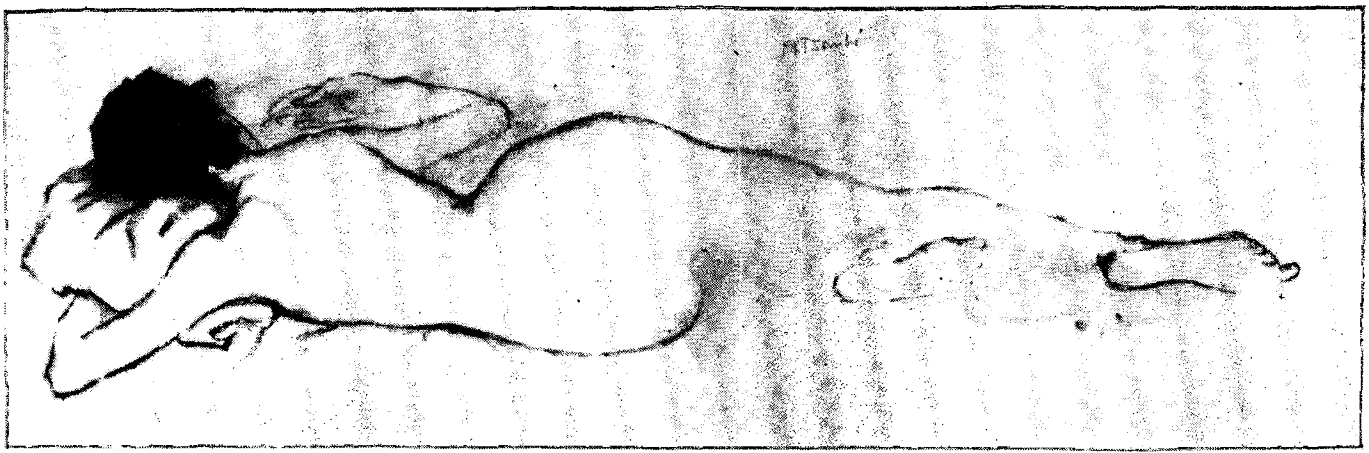

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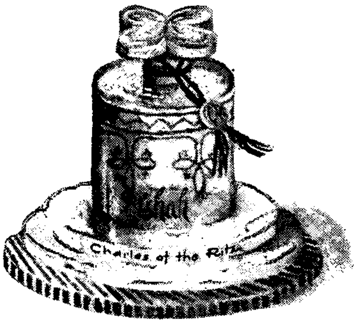
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

true love doesn't run very smooth, either, but Mabel Mercer's special lyrics offer a few helpful household hints on what to do about it until the analyst comes. She's ensconced in a small upstairs salon where the knowledgeable Sam Hamilton is almost continually at the piano. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis provides cheery piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The romp here reaches its height in the late hours. The nimble wit of Ceil Cabot makes laughingstock even of songs that had always seemed completely sombre; the comedy of Tony and Eddie, who do pantomime to other people's recordings, is sometimes bull's-eye, sometimes way over the river and into the trees. There are also Thelma Carpenter's soul-searching arias; Jimmie Daniels' *bon-vivant* ballads; the Three Flames' existentialist music; and Norene Tate's piano and songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homey little cellar populated principally by Jorie Remes, an avant-garde comedienne with the air of a woman who has wrestled with the Devil and found it good, clean fun. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, that fabled wind machine, will resume its thunderous tirade on Friday, Oct. 1. The welcome-home committee, already there, is Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This knotty-pine palace of the fine arts serves up the limpid, Debussyesque jazz of the Don Shirley duo for dinner, and the more fractious frothings of Alex Kallao's (progressive) and Dorothy Donegan's (middle ground) trios from nine until four. Hank Jones' joyful piano fills in for them on their nights off (Sunday for Donegan, Monday for Shirley, Tuesday for Kallao). . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A liberal education is offered by the curriculum of this vast and rambling institution. Right now, there's Dave Brubeck, a paragon of modernism, and his quartet, as well as Earl Bostic's band and the team of Carmen McCrae and Matt Matthews' quintet. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): An off-campus activity for many a stripling. The music, all of it old-line, is by Pee Wee Erwin's veterans. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A venerable store front where Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs) keep vivid green the memory of jazz as it was when all hands played by ear. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The meeting place of an extremely feverish freethinking, freewheeling society. Pete Rugolo and his twenty pieces of (mostly) brass and the Lester Young Quintet try not to soothe any savage breasts. They'll be replaced on Thursday, Oct. 7, by Count Basie's band, which has not only sound but well-organized fury, plus the Bill Davis Trio. Visitors on Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill has reverted to its old love, music in the barrel-house mood, as played by newcomers to these parts—Turk Murphy and his San Francisco Jazz Band (Wally Rose, Bob Helm, Bob Short, Frank Haggerty, and Everett Farey). Sticklers for form probably won't mind either the fervid delivery or the modernist embellishments. The music starts at six-thirty weekdays and five-thirty Sundays. Sunday, Oct. 3, Wild Bill Davison will be the afternoon guest. Dancing after nine-thirty; no music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A cheerful point of view prevails inside the circular bar, where, after nine, Marian McPartland and her two-man rhythm section play a lot of good, up-to-date harmonics. No music Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Promised for Friday, Oct. 1, at this celebrated beer garden, is a playoff involving a number of long-term champions; namely, Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, Snub Mosely, Ken Keresy, and Zutty Singleton. Dancing, too, as if anyone would bother. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, this rifle range will be manned by such Dixiecrats as the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Cecil Scott, Jimmy Archey, Willie the Lion Smith, Danny Barker, Art Trappier, and Gene Sedric.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LAURENCE BLAIR—Scenes of Rockland County, the Hudson River, and parts of New Jersey, all in water color; through Friday, Oct. 8. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

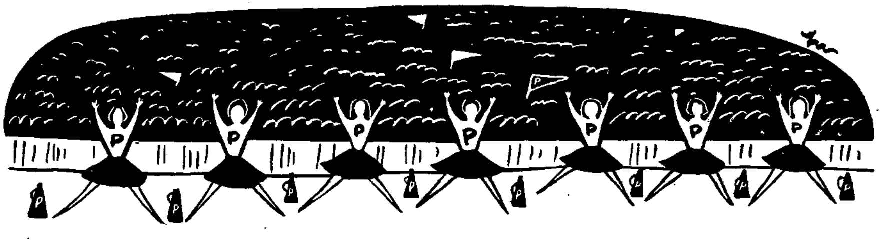
JOSÉ GUERRERO—A first one-man show in New York of new paintings by the Spanish artist; through Oct. 16. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

MERVIN JULES—About twenty encaustics, varying in style from representational to semi-abstract, executed during the past two years, and shown for the first time; through Oct. 16. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—Oil paintings, sometimes single canvases and sometimes grouped together to form a single unit; through Oct. 19. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

CARL SPRINCHORN—A retrospective show of water-color, pen-and-ink, and pencil drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: New paintings and a couple of sculptures by Karl Zerbe, Jack Levine, William King, and the nineteen other artists who are associated with this gallery; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Albert Ryder, George Inness, and Charles Sibley are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters represented in the current display; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show by a large group of American artists, including both old and new members of the gallery; through Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Thirty Chicago artists, showing a wide range of styles and mediums; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Bruce Currie, Edward Chavez, and Reginald Wilson are some of the gallery members contributing to this show; through Oct. 16. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-second Annual Founders' Exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by Anthony Thieme, Robert Brackman, Paul Manship, Gordon Grant, and many others; through Nov. 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Bouché, John Heliker,



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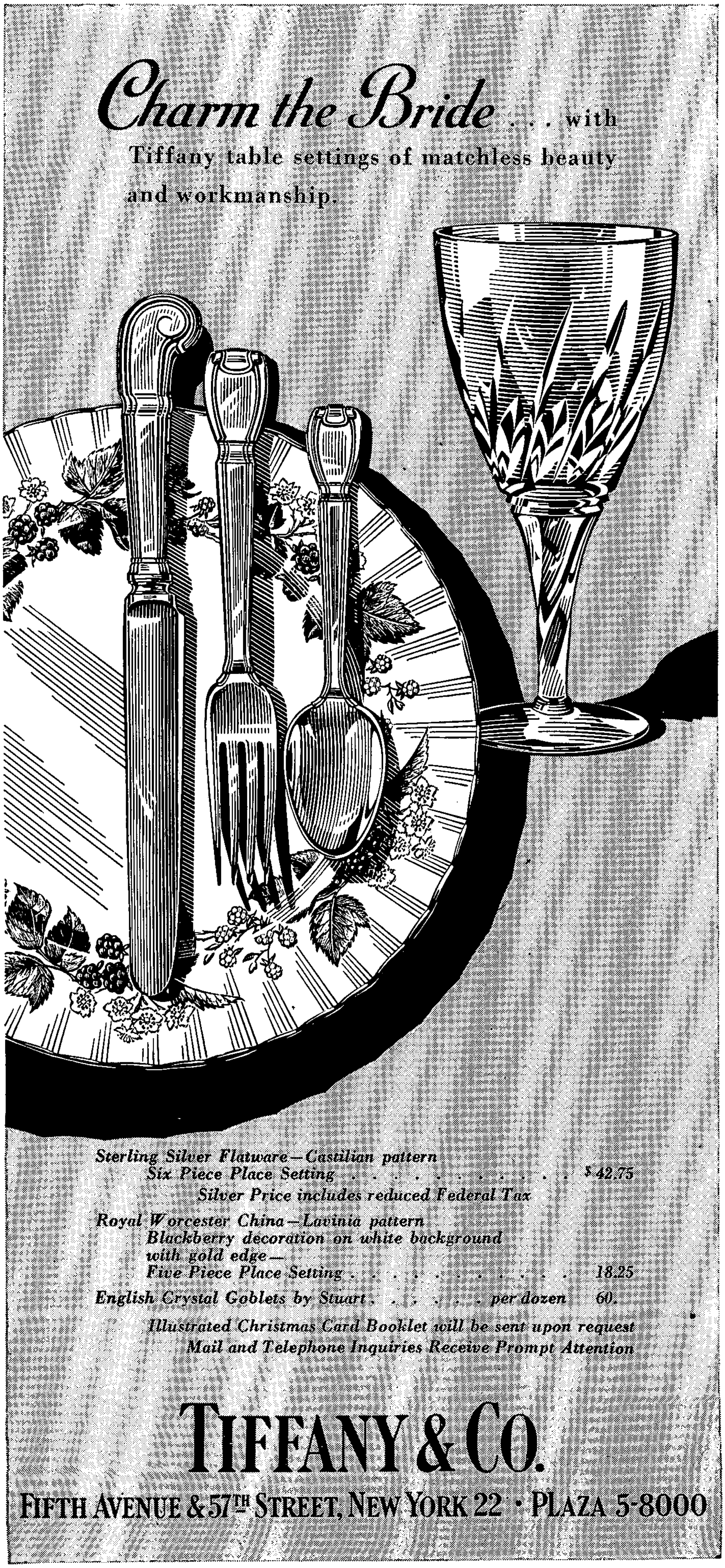
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Robert Laurent are three of the six painters and sculptors who have items on display; through Oct. 15. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **DE NAGY**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Seven artists, among them Robert Goodnough, Harry Jackson, and Larry Rivers, each with one old and one new painting on view; through Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Summer Harvest," an exhibition of oils that were painted during the summer by Gerrit Hondius, Harold Baumbach, Louis Ribak, and other gallery artists; through Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans: Group Shows—**KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Pierre Soulages, Ibram Lassaw, and David Hare are a few of the artists who have both paintings and sculptures on exhibit; through Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . **VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alexander Calder, Jean Arp, Paul Klee, Graham Sutherland, and thirty-five other artists whose work has been regularly shown at this gallery; through Wednesday, Oct. 6.

French; Group Shows—At the **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings by Chagall, Derain, Utrillo, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The first show in an old gallery's new home displays oils by such modern French painters as Vlaminck, Braque, and Rouault; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: A group of twentieth-century French paintings, some never before seen in this country, by Soutine, Matisse, and others; through Oct. 16.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Tomás Harris; starting Monday, Oct. 4. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Pablo Picasso; starting Monday, Oct. 4. (Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Mariska Karasz; starting Monday, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 4. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.; starting Wednesday, Oct. 6.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 3.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and Posada; through Nov. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Works by thirty-six artists, formerly students at the Museum's art school; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Cézanne, Bonnard, and Degas are a few of the artists represented in this show of French Impressionist paintings from the Museum's collection; starting Monday, Oct. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty photographs of New York City today by Andreas Feininger, along with some of the Museum's prints of New York in the past; starting Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Sept. 30: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 1: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 2: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 2: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 3: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 3: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 7: "Falstaff" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 8:

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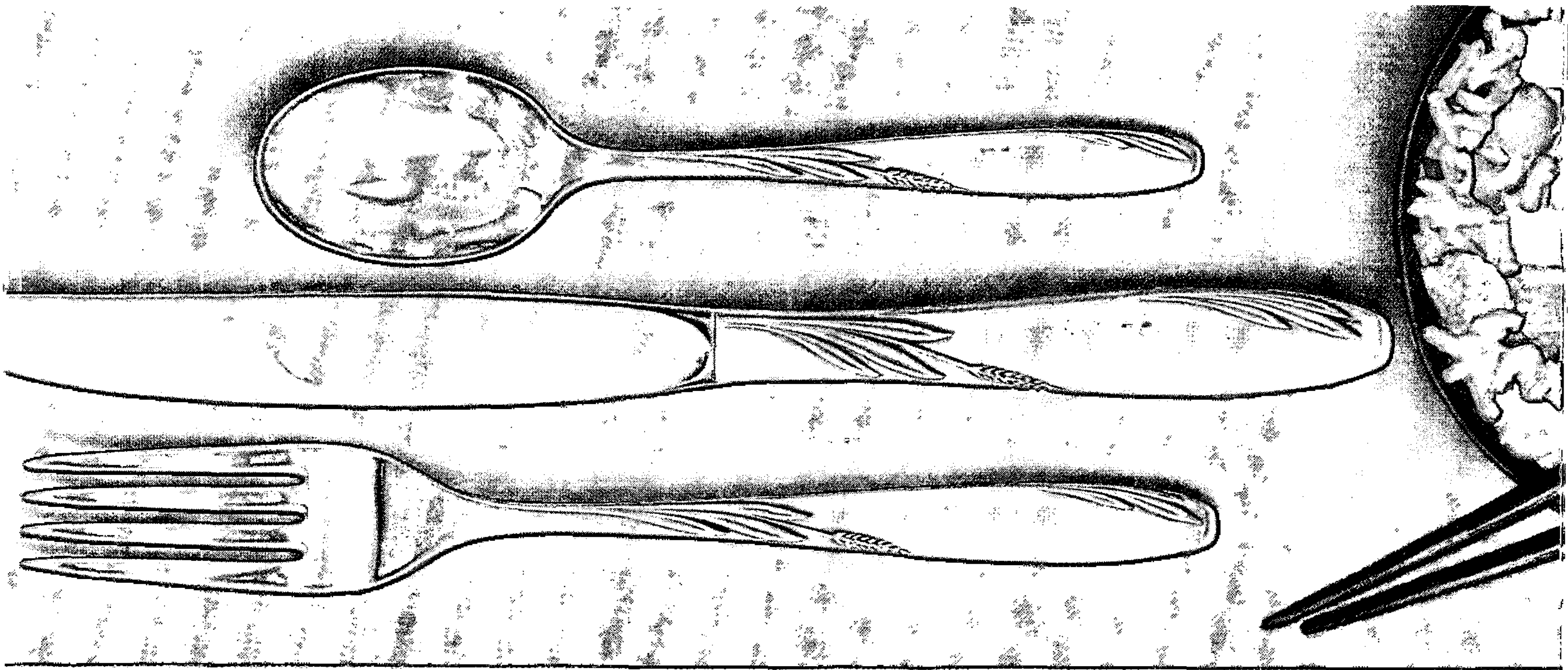

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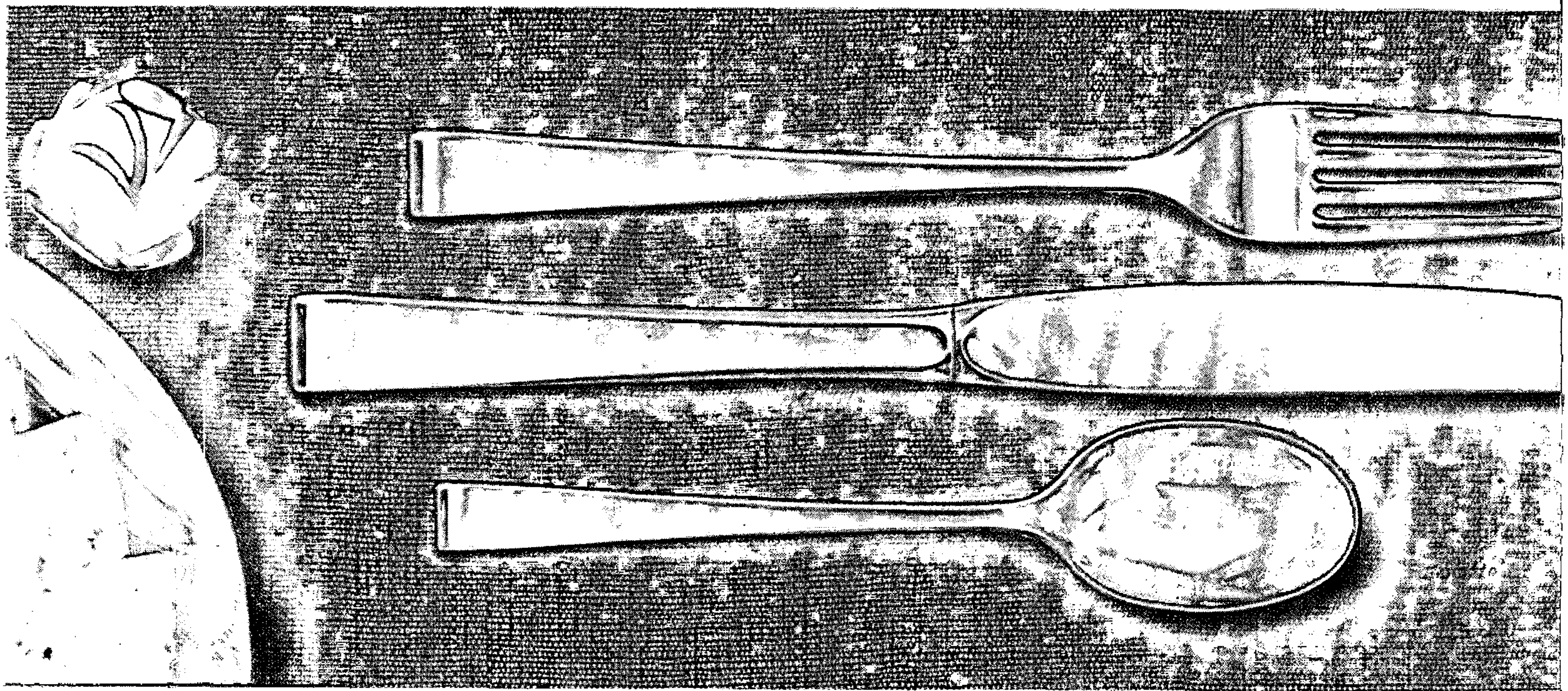

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 9: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 9: "Tosca." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 31.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, April 17—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with Astrid Varnay, soprano; Ramon Vinay, tenor; and Luben Vichey, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 8, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Collegium Musicum—The first in a series of four chamber-music programs by fifteen instrumentalists under the direction of Fritz Rikko. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Sunday, Oct. 3, at 5:30. For tickets, call CO 5-4692.)

Juilliard Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Stan Kenton's orchestra, Art Tatum's trio, Charlie Ventura's quintet, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

Baseball—World Series—Giants vs. Cleveland Indians. The second game Thursday, Sept. 30, at the Polo Grounds; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games in Cleveland, Friday through Sunday, Oct. 1-3. After that, if the tug of war is still on, back to the Polo Grounds for final games on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4-5. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Oct. 3.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 9.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 2 (all at 2): Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Navy, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Massachusetts, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 9 (all at 2): Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton.

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9.)

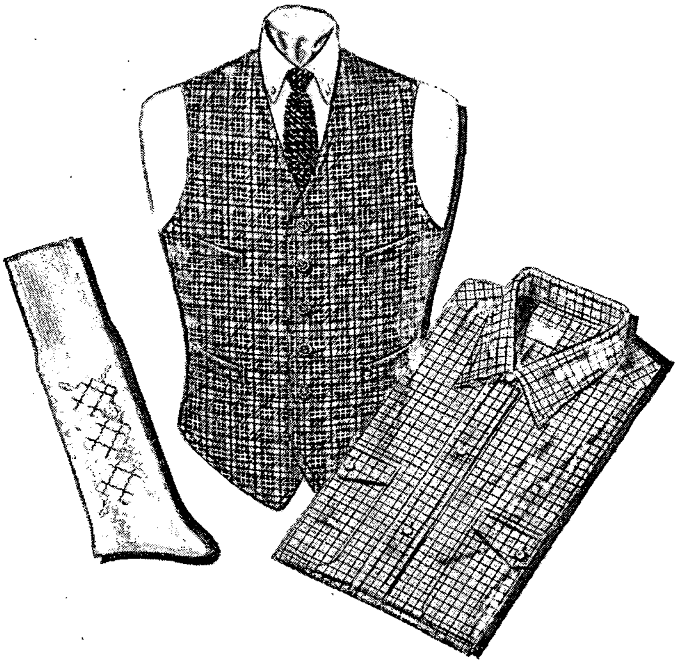
Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 2.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 20. The Woodward and the Matron, Saturday, Oct. 2; the Lawrence Realization, Thursday, Oct. 7; and the Futurity and the Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 9, through Saturday, Nov. 6. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Opening children's concert of the the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Paul Tripp,



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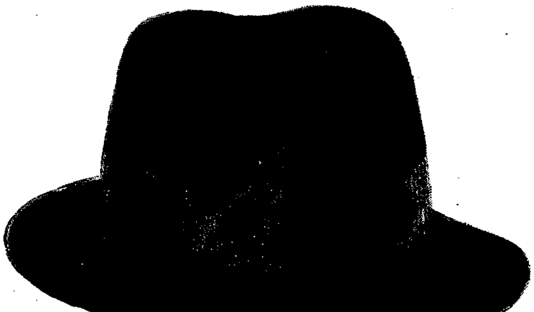

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

narrator. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

Play—The Playmart Children's Theatre, presenting "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Presenting a performance, primarily for children, of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV from 5 to 5:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Morgan Library—An exhibition drawn from the Library's collections of stone tablets, Egyptian papyri, illuminated and autograph manuscripts, printed books, and other examples of the written word; through Oct. 30. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture, a group of Oriental rugs, nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings and drawings, Herend and Dresden porcelains, and other objects of art; from the estate of Alan Rutherfurd Stuyvesant and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 1:45: English furniture and silver of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods, in addition to English paintings and decorative objects; from the collections of Mrs. John Ward and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century American cabinetwork, including several clocks, a carved mahogany block-front secretary, and a chest-on-chest, as well as Early American silver, and glass paperweights; the property of Maurice Rubin. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 2.

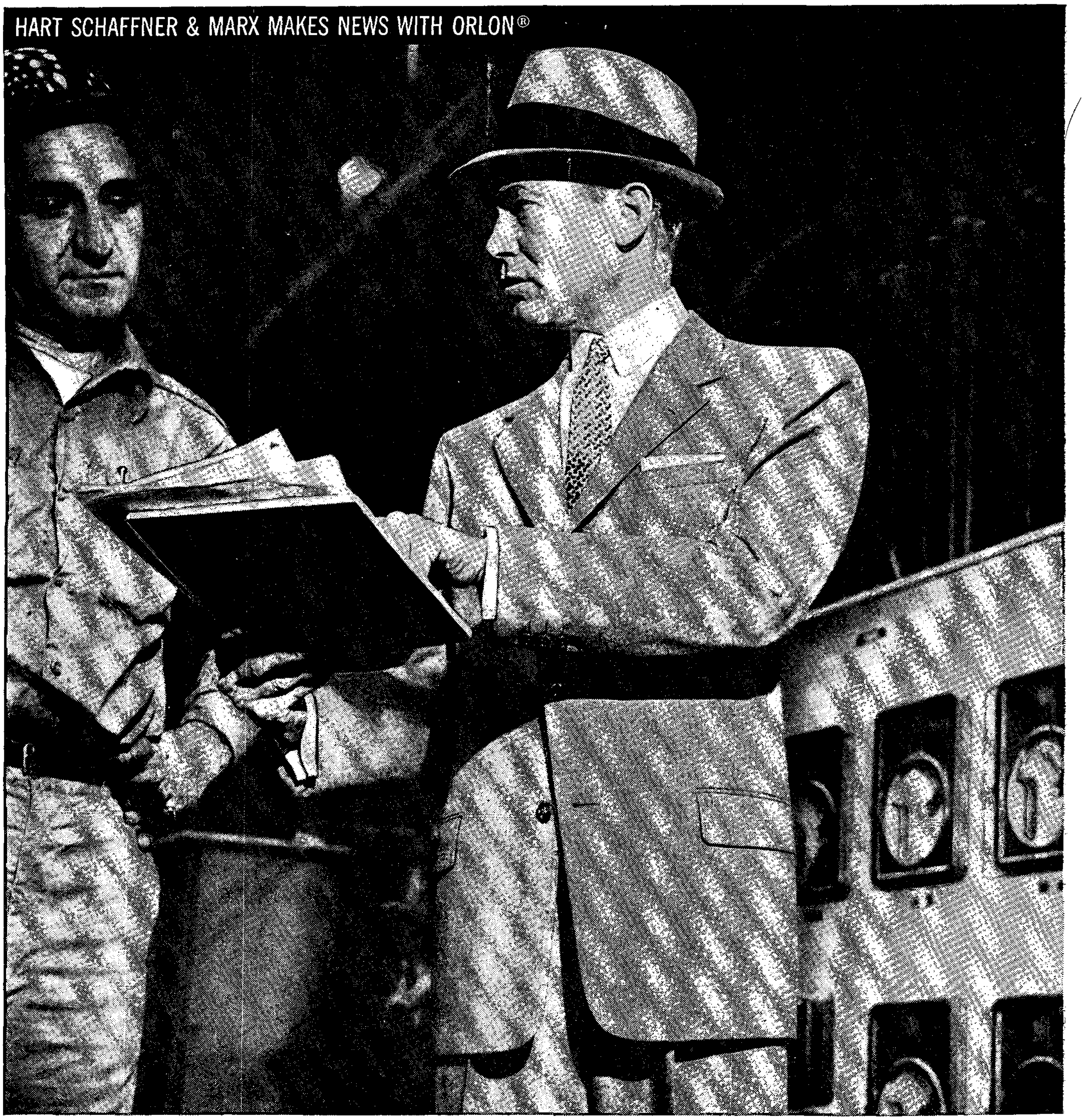
Election Registration—The registration period for the Nov. 2 elections will be Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4-5, and Friday, Oct. 8, from 3:30 to 10:30; and Saturday, Oct. 9, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 20, 24, 27, 31, and Nov. 10 and 13.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse



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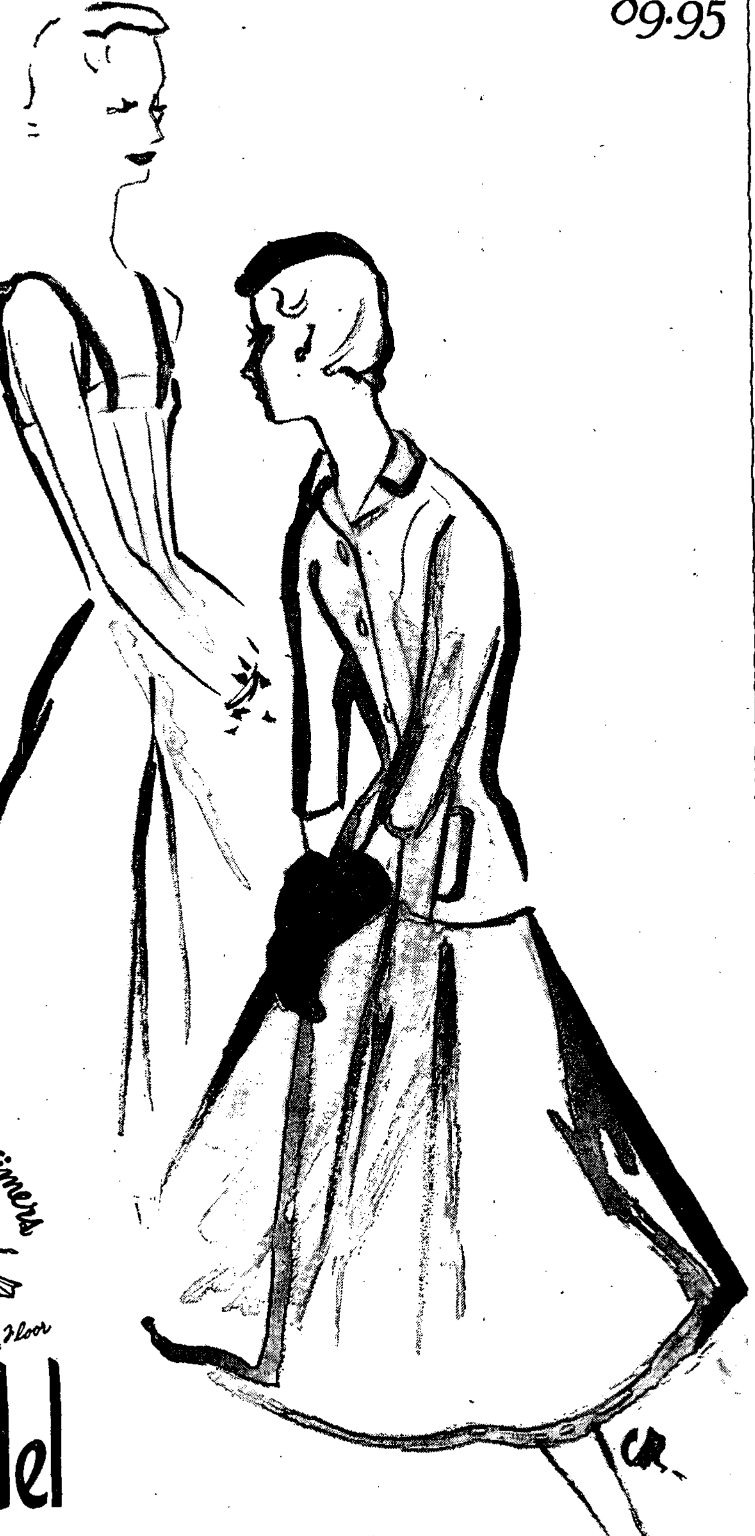

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 23-30.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 2-9.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 16.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 23.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 30.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 6.)

Professional Football—At the Polo Grounds—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Oct. 17; Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Oct. 24; and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 14.

Racing—At **LAUREL**, Laurel, Md.: Oct. 16-Nov. 3. . . . **UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK:** Oct. 21-22. . . . **JAMAICA:** Oct. 23-Nov. 15.

Music—**OPERA:** The Metropolitan Opera season will open on Nov. 8 (with the prologue from "Pagliacci" and scenes from "La Bohème," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and "Aïda") and will run through April 10. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Eduard van Beinum conducting, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air (formerly the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra), Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Sari Biro, piano, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Harry Shub, violin, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Nov. 7. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Joan Field, violin, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Concert Society of New York, every Sunday afternoon starting Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 25 and Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Albeneri Trio, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Leonard Pennario, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Cesare Valletti, tenor, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Alexander Uninsky, piano, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Walter Hautzig, piano, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ American Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Leontyne Price, soprano, Nov. 14.

Ballet—Hurtado de Cordoba and his Latin-American ballet, at the 48th Street Theatre, Oct. 17-Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Ballets Espagñols, at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, Oct. 31-Nov. 28. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, presenting a four-week engagement of "The Nutcracker," at the City Center, Nov. 3-28.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Vera Zorina and Bobby Van in a redo of the Rodgers-Hart-Abbott musical "On Your Toes," first seen here in 1936. . . . ¶ "Fragile Fox," a play by Norman A. Brooks, with Dane Clark and Don Taylor in an all-male cast. . . . ¶ Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham in "The Tender Trap," a comedy by Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of "Sing Me No Lullaby," a play by Robert Ardrey, with a cast headed by Beatrice Straight, Richard Kiley, and Jessie Royce Landis. . . . ¶ A play by Horton Foote, "The Traveling Lady," in which Kim Stanley and Lonny Chapman have leading roles. . . . ¶ Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard in a new musical version of Barrie's "Peter Pan." Carolyn Leigh and Mark Charlap are responsible for most of the lyrics and score, respectively, with additional contributions by Jule Styne, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Trude Rittman. . . . ¶ "Sands in the Negev," the first Israeli play to be presented here in English. Written by Yigal Mossensohn, it stars Celia Adler and Peter Capell. . . . ¶ A play by N. Richard Nash, "The Rainmaker," with Geraldine Page and Darren McGavin. . . . ¶ Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Edna Best, and Brian Aherne in Noel Coward's comedy "Quadrille.". . . ¶ "Fanny," a musical play by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, based on Marcel Pagnol's trilogy. Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, and Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak head the cast.

Other Dates—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 11-16. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Tuesday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Tenth annual chrysanthemum show, at the New York Botanical Garden, Oct. 22-24. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Armistice Day is Thursday, Nov. 11.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bread, Love and Dreams—A sportive Italian film in which Vittorio De Sica, playing a middle-aged marshal of the police, pursues a village vixen, amid all kinds of jolly uproar among the resident peasantry. Gina Lollobrigida is the girl Mr. De Sica pants after, and who can blame him? (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Genevieve—Some ancient automobiles get their passengers in all kinds of uproarious dilemmas on a trip from London to Brighton and back. A British film in which John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More contribute much to the general festivity. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through October 5.)

High and Dry—An old Scottish mariner pits his wits against those of an American transportation wizard in this English picture, which has plenty of solid comic scenes. Alex Mackenzie is the aging but artful Scot, and Paul Douglas is his American foil. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

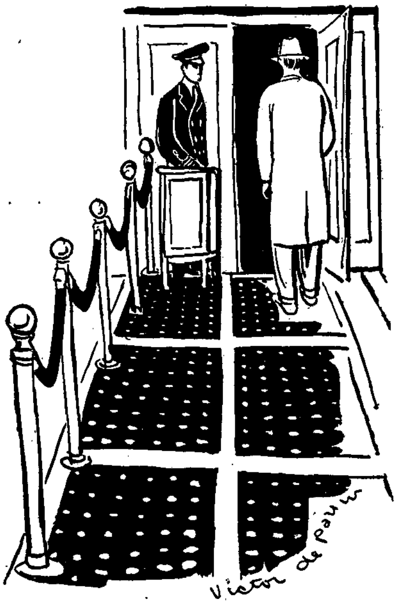
It Should Happen to You—Judy Holliday, as a girl mad to get her name on billboards, having a bewildering time among the television and advertising impresarios. The piece was written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor. Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford are in the cast. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 2.)

The Little Kidnappers—A charming English film, mostly about two small boys in Nova Scotia in 1904. Against the rigid Calvinist orthodoxy of their grandfather, the young ones set up some fine defenses, including the offhand adoption of a baby one of them has found in the woods. Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter are splendid as the boys, and Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel do all right as their elders. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—A fitfully funny romp at a seaside resort with the solid French comedian Jacques Tati. The dialogue, in both French and English, is held down to a minimum. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

New Faces—A CinemaScope scamper that features some lively skits and songs. Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary are in charge of the melody and merriment. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 6.)

On the Waterfront—All hell breaking loose on the Hoboken docks in a film that compares favorably with some of our best movie melodramas. Marlon Brando does a scorching job as a longshoreman who sees the ethical light after a long wrestle with a fairly elastic conscience, and he is supported magnificently by Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. The film was written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)



Sabrina—A spotty comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. It's distinguished by an excellent performance by Humphrey Bogart, cast as a big businessman for whom love dawns late, and by the presence of the toothsome Audrey Hepburn. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Vanishing Prairie—Walt Disney has taken his cameras out into the great American prairie and captured a lot of the beauty and wonder of the place—the wildlife, the great skies and long distances, and the struggle for existence. A nature picture, and a good one. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 3-5.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair trifles, to very good effect, with prison and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Oct. 6.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 2.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley. An Italian picture, with English dialogue. With Silvana Mangano. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 6.)

The Eagle (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

Encore (1952)—Three Maugham stories. An English film, with Nigel Patrick, Kay Walsh, and Glynis Johns. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 2.)

The Glass Menagerie (1950)—The Tennessee Williams drama, not much altered. With Gertrude Lawrence and Arthur Kennedy. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

God Needs Men (1951)—A fisherman (Pierre Fresnay), on an island off Brittany, who undertakes to serve as local priest. A French film, also known as "Isle of Sinners." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 6.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting Oct. 1.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family. Michèle Morgan and Raimu, and an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

High Noon (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper mixing it up with malefactors. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 3-5.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 6.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; Sept. 30.)

The Pennywhistle Blues (1952)—A genial thief trying to dispose of forty pounds in the native section of Johannesburg. Formerly called "The Magic Garden," and with a cast of amateurs. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 2.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—Alec Guinness, as a garden specialist, getting involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 6.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 3: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 4: "A Vitagraph Romance" (1912), with Clara Kimball Young; "Goodness Gracious" (1914), with Miss Young and Sidney Drew; "Mabel's Dramatic Career" (1914), with Max Sennett and Mabel Normand; and "Hoodoo Ann" (1916), with Mae Marsh. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Jesse James' Women," Peggie Castle, Donald Barry, Jack Beutel.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Brigadoon" (in CinemaScope), Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Cyd Charisse.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Sept. 30: "Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh, George Raft.
From Oct. 1: "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame, Gene Barry.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Van Heflin.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 6 (tentative): "Betrayed," Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Victor Mature.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel, Renée Devillers.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 5: "Flamenco" (in Spanish).
From Oct. 6: **A NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Oct. 3: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.
Oct. 4-5: "Return to Treasure Island," Tab Hunter, Dawn Addams; and "The Royal African Rifles," revival, Louis Hayward.
From Oct. 6: "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran; and "Gambler from Natchez," Dale Robertson, Debra Paget.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 2: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.
Oct. 3-5: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan.
From Oct. 6: **NEW FACES** (in CinemaScope).

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Oct. 2: **THE PENNYWHISTLE BLUES** (formerly called "The Magic Garden"), revival; and "The Spice of Life" (in French), revival, Noël-Noël.
Oct. 3-5: **HIGH NOON,** revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN,** revival.
From Oct. 6 (tentative): "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 3: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.
Oct. 4-5: "The Law vs. Billy the Kid," Scott Brady, Betta St. John; and "Massacre Canyon," Phil Carey, Audrey Totter.
From Oct. 6: "Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Southwest Passage," Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HIGH AND DRY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 3: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.
Oct. 4-5: "Return to Treasure Island," Tab Hunter, Dawn Addams; and "The Royal African Rifles," revival, Louis Hayward.
From Oct. 6: "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran; and "Gambler from Natchez," Dale Robertson, Debra Paget.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Ugetsu" (in Japanese).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Sept. 30: **ODD MAN OUT,** revival.
From Oct. 1: **HAMLET,** revival.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Oct. 1: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.
Oct. 2: **ENCORE,** revival; and **THE BANK DICK,** revival.
Oct. 3-4: "The Raid," Van Heflin, Ann Bancroft; and "The Diamond Wizard," Dennis O'Keefe, Margaret Sheridan.
Oct. 5-6: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 2: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.
Oct. 3-5: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan.
From Oct. 6: "La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Angelika" (in German), Maria Schell, Dieter Borsche.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 3: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.
Oct. 4-5: "The Law vs. Billy the Kid," Scott Brady, Betta St. John; and "Massacre Canyon," Phil Carey, Audrey Totter.
From Oct. 6: "Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Southwest Passage," Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND,** revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Oct. 2: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake, George Nader.
Oct. 3-5: "The Bad and the Beautiful," revival, Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas; and "Call Me Mister," revival, Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.
From Oct. 6: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 2: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
Oct. 3-5: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan.
From Oct. 6: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 3: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.
Oct. 4-5: "Return to Treasure Island," Tab Hunter, Dawn Addams; and "The Royal African Rifles," revival, Louis Hayward.
From Oct. 6: "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran; and "Gambler from Natchez," Dale Robertson, Debra Paget.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 3: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.
Oct. 4-5: "The Law vs. Billy the Kid," Scott Brady, Betta St. John; and "Massacre Canyon," Phil Carey, Audrey Totter.
From Oct. 6: "Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Southwest Passage," Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 2: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
Oct. 3-5: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake, George Nader.
From Oct. 6: **THE SEVENTH VEIL,** revival; and **BITTER RICE,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 5: **GENEVIEVE;** and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND,** revival.
From Oct. 6: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE GLASS MENAGERIE, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 3: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.
Oct. 4-5: "The Law vs. Billy the Kid," Scott Brady, Betta St. John; and "Massacre Canyon," Phil Carey, Audrey Totter.
From Oct. 6: "Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Southwest Passage," Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 2: **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU;** and "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.
Oct. 3-5: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.
From Oct. 6: "The Quiet Man," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Love Happy," revival, the Marx Brothers.

R.K.O. 23rd. St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 3: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.
Oct. 4-5: "Return to Treasure Island," Tab Hunter, Dawn Addams; and "The Royal African Rifles," revival, Louis Hayward.
From Oct. 6: "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran; and "Gambler from Natchez," Dale Robertson, Debra Paget.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Oct. 2: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.
Oct. 3-4: "His Kind of Woman," revival, Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell; and "Smuggler's Island," revival, Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.
Oct. 5-6: "Saboteur," revival, Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings; and "Rancho Notorious," revival, Marlene Dietrich.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
A program of eleven U.P.A. cartoons, plus "A Prince for Cynthia," "The Stranger Left No Card," and two other George K. Arthur films.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Africa Adventure," a documentary film written and narrated by Robert C. Ruark.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Lovers, Happy Lovers!," Gérard Philipe, Valerie Hobson, Joan Greenwood.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 3: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.
Oct. 4-5: "The Law vs. Billy the Kid," Scott Brady, Betta St. John; and "Massacre Canyon," Phil Carey, Audrey Totter.
From Oct. 6: "Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Southwest Passage," Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru.

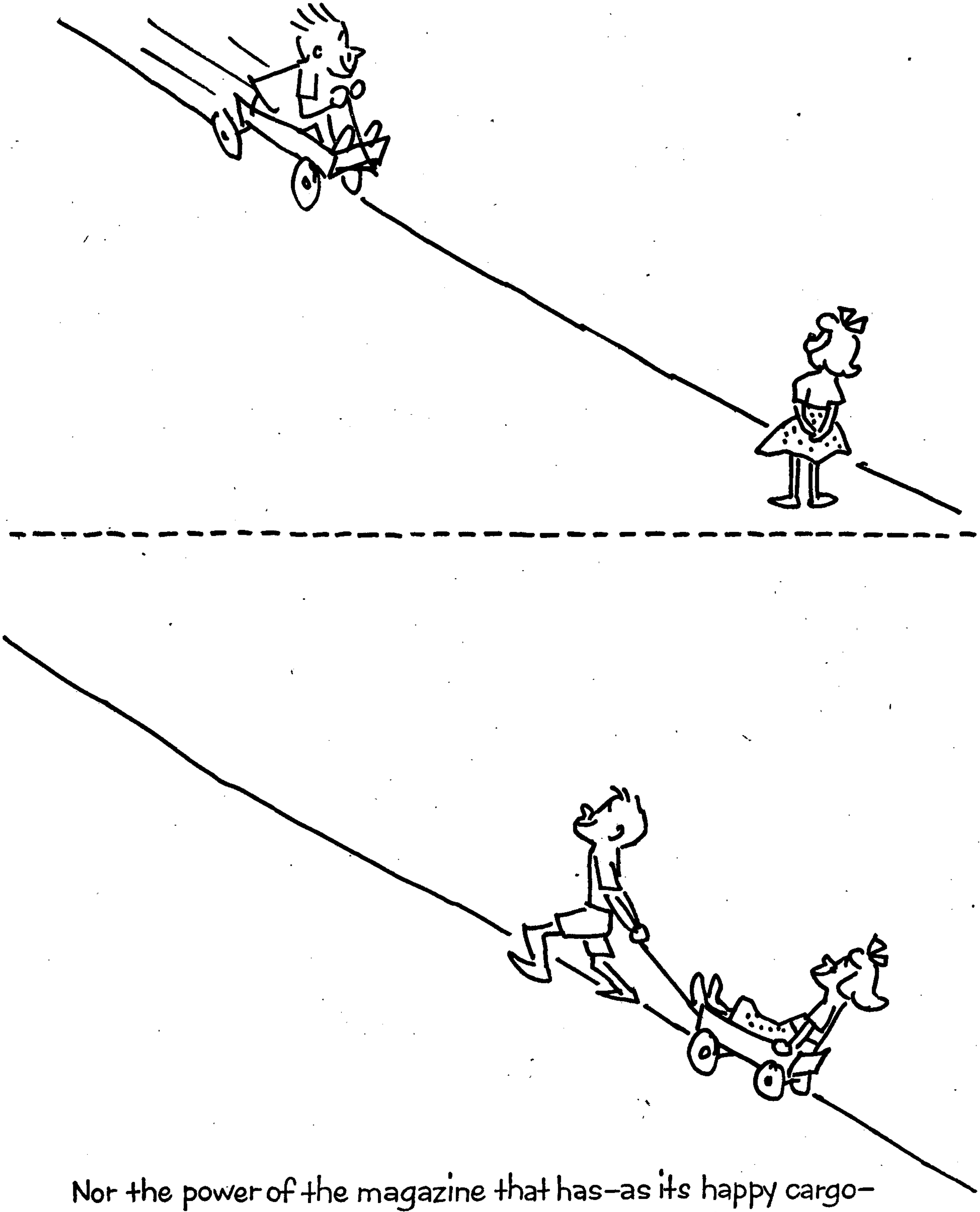
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 30: **THE HEART OF A NATION** (in French), revival; and **THE EAGLE** (silent), revival.
Oct. 1: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
Oct. 2: "Carnival of Sinners" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay; and "Between Eleven and Midnight" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
Oct. 3: "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival; and "The Queen's Lover" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Jean Marais.
Oct. 4: A program of eight short films dealing with psychology—"Facility Reality," "Habit Patterns," and such.
Oct. 5: A program of several short films on nature—"Bear Country," "Life in the Arctic," and others.
Oct. 6: **GOD NEEDS MEN** (in French, and also known as "Isle of Sinners"), revival; and **MONSIEUR VINCENT** (in French), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Oct. 5: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.
From Oct. 6: "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran; and "Gambler from Natchez," Dale Robertson, Debra Paget.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 3: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.
Oct. 4-5: "The Law vs. Billy the Kid," Scott Brady, Betta St. John; and "Massacre Canyon," Phil Carey, Audrey Totter.
From Oct. 6: "Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Southwest Passage," Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Oct. 3: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.
Oct. 4-5: "Return to Treasure Island," Tab Hunter, Dawn Addams; and "The Royal African Rifles," revival; Louis Hayward.
From Oct. 6: "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran; and "Gambler from Natchez," Dale Robertson, Debra Paget.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



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Ladies' Home JOURNAL
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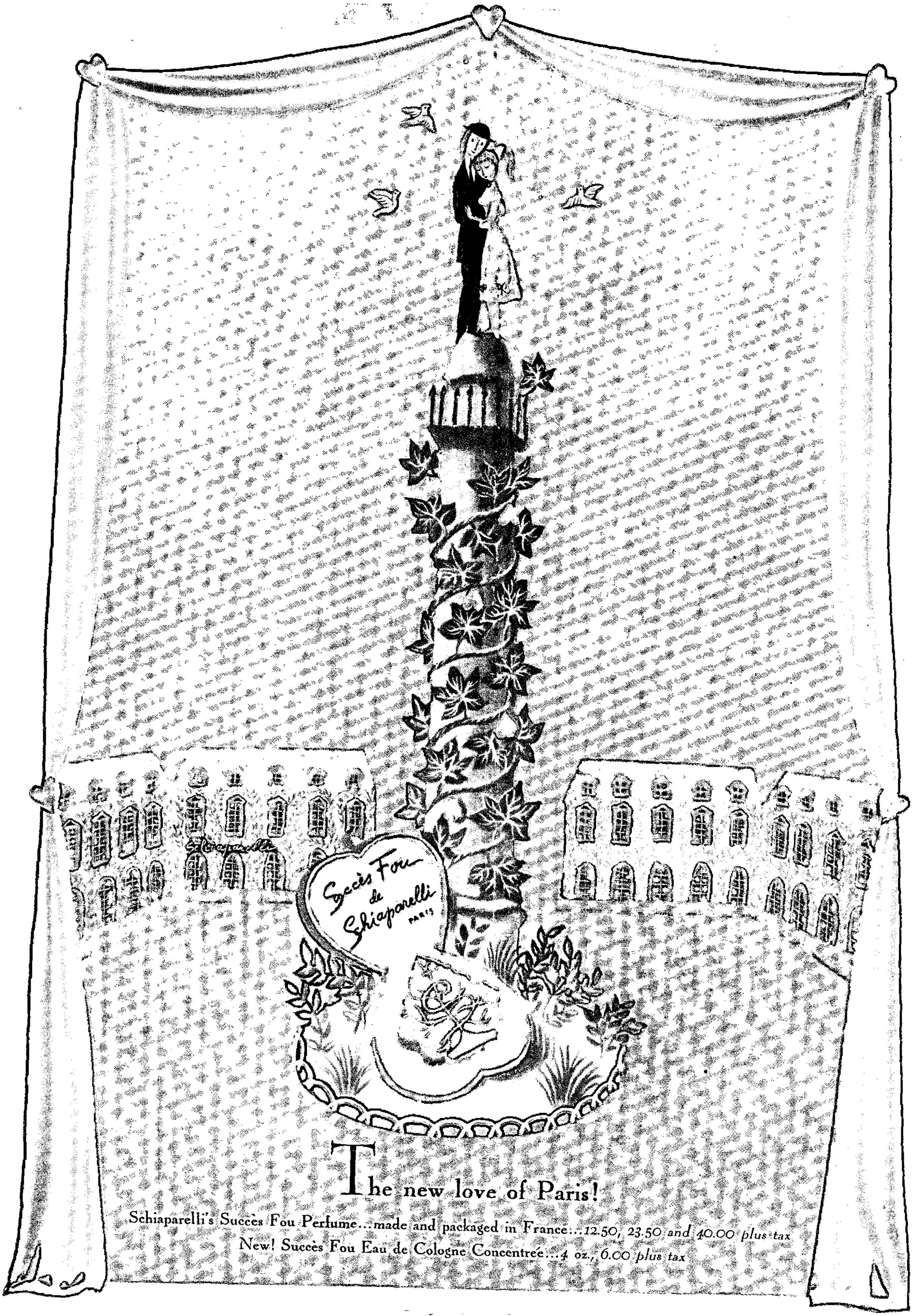
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The man who looks well in dark clothes (and who doesn't?) will have his innings this season. Not in years have deep tones been so clearly in the ascendancy . . . rich blues, greys, browns and blacks, most of them enlivened with a dim underglow.

The shoes to go with the new colors are suave blacks by Nettleton, of which the wing-tip brogue, shown below, is but one splendid example. The distinguished lines and supple leathers of Nettleton blacks will underscore to perfection the trimmer, dressier look of the new clothes.

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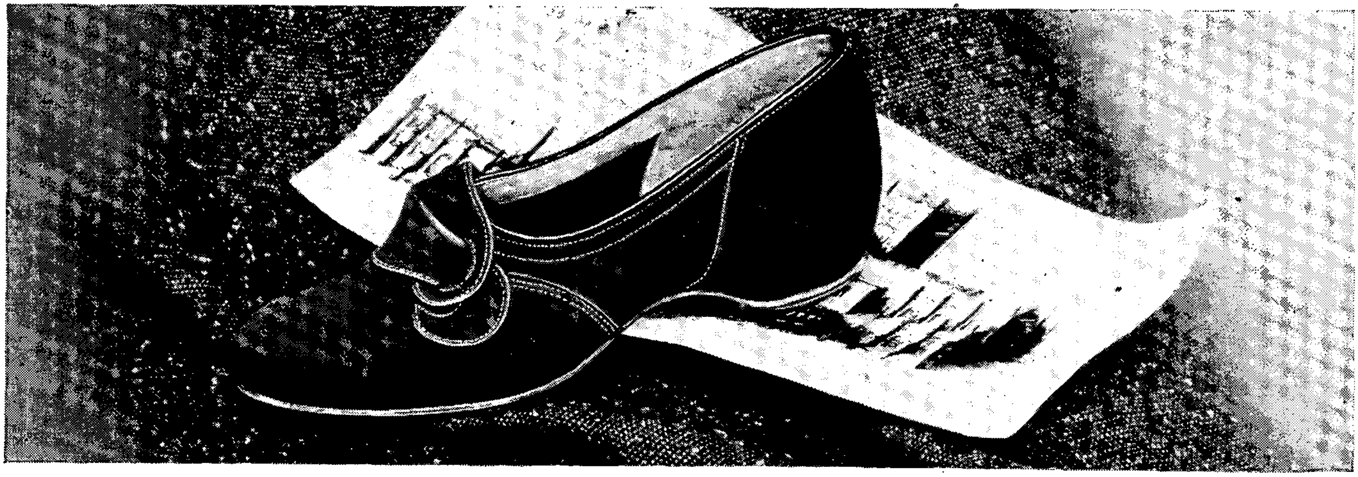

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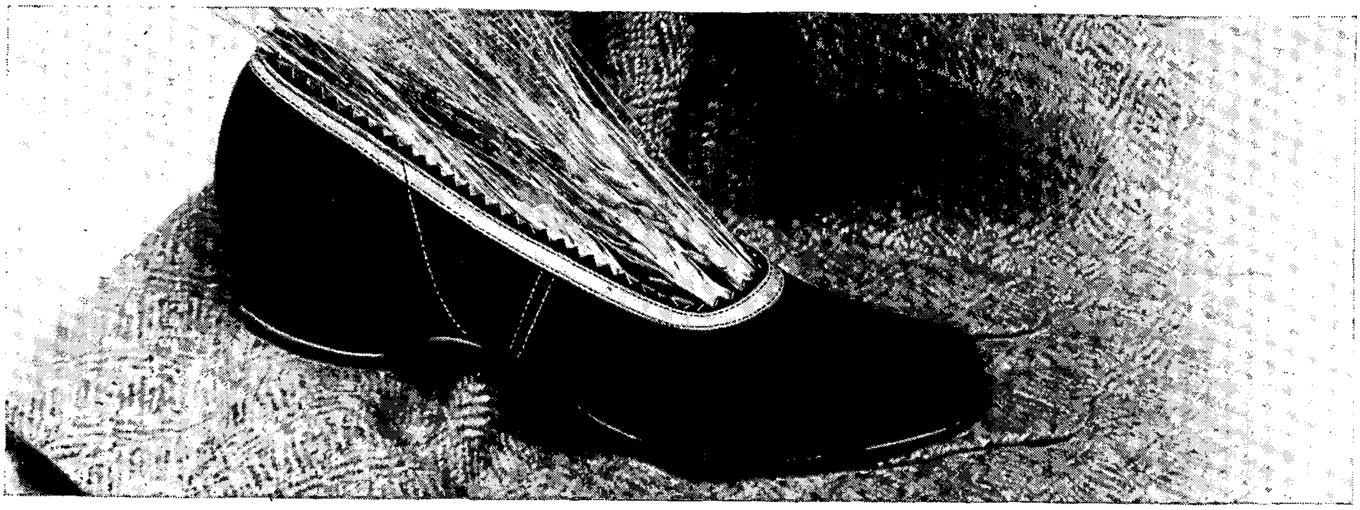
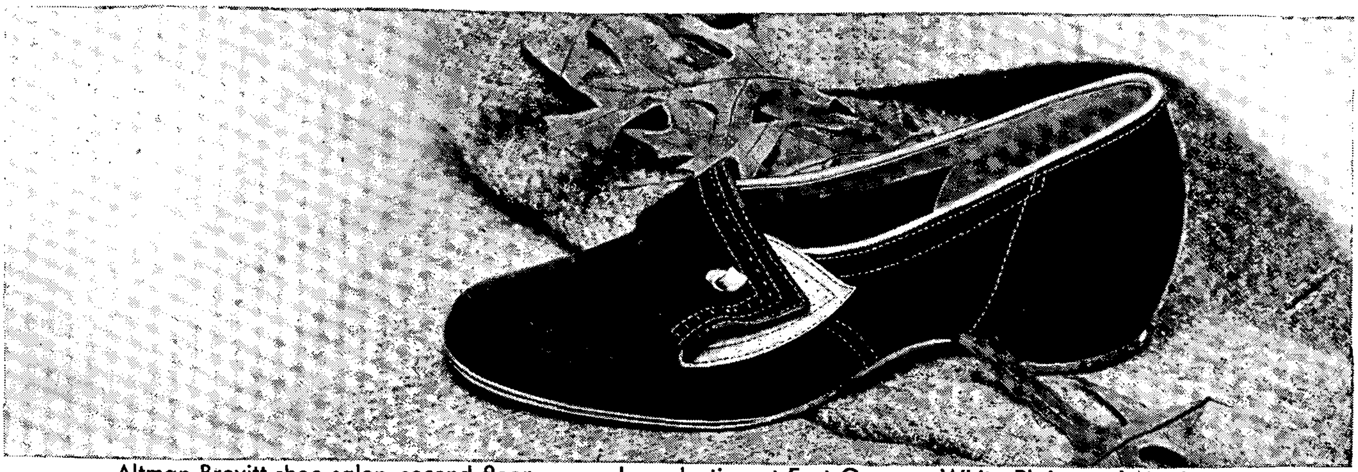


▲ Princess, in black, navy or rust suede

▼ Regina, in black or brown suede



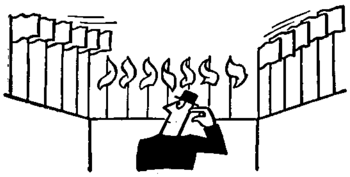
Altman Brevitt shoe salon, second floor . . . and a selection at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN winds are fresh and from the west (diminishing toward sundown), the flags in Rockefeller Plaza act in a crazy manner. We passed that way at noontime recently and found that the sixty United Nations were unable to agree even about the direction of the wind. The flags on the north terrace, Iran to Yemen, were blowing due east (east for Asia, Indo-China). The flags on the south terrace, Iraq to Yugoslavia, were pointing just as insistently toward the west (west for Hudson River, Jersey, Wisconsin). The central, or Paul Manship, bloc, Argentina to India on one flank of the Stars and Stripes, Afghanistan to Indonesia on the other, flapped in neutral confusion. The barometer, according to WEather 6, which we hastily dialled from a pay booth, was 29.76 and falling.



Scarecrow

RAYMOND GODFREY TWYEFFORT, a Fifth Avenue tailor who makes no bones about the fact that he is "the dean of the topflight fashion experts of the world" and a color psychologist of cosmic stature, called us up one day last week to demand our opinion of gunmetal dinner suits. "Have you abdicated your personality?" he asked passionately. "Are you a penguin, dressed in black? Are you an old black crow, in a black tuxedo that must go?" We told him that the problem was a tough one. "Meet me in half an hour," he said. "I'm on East Seventy-second Street. I'm at home, because my wife has a strained back. I'll sacrifice time I should devote to her to bring you a message I've brought with huge success to St. Paul, Detroit, and Minneapolis. In 1955, over a million—and I repeat, over a million—gunmetal dinner suits will be worn by the discriminating. Tailors all over the land have begun to follow my lead. Let us abandon our attempts to bring the casual beachwear to the city. Let us, at dusk, repersonalize ourselves. Shall we be mere end products of a machine age—looking as alike in our black garb as so many Model Ts? Elegance is all!" Mr. Twyeffort went on like this for some time, but presently he paused for breath and we agreed to pop up to his apartment.

We were met at the door by the dean, a pair of irritable Chihuahuas, and Mrs. Twyeffort. "Carol tried to hit me with a tree," said Mrs. Twyeffort mysteriously. "But I'm a little old Ozark girl, and the tree doesn't live that can get me down."

"Maybe you should be lying down, Puppy," said Mr. Twyeffort to Mrs. Twyeffort.

One of the Chihuahuas gave us a nip in the Achilles' tendon, and we winced.

"That one never did take to strangers," said Mrs. Twyeffort.

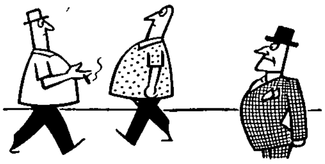
"Hurricane Carol almost got Puppy, here," said Mr. Twyeffort.

"That tree that Carol flung at me looked like a redwood," said Mrs. Twyeffort. "But actually all it did was bust up my car. I wrenched my back ducking."

Mrs. Twyeffort and the Chihuahuas proceeded to another section of the apartment, and Mr. Twyeffort peered at us earnestly. "You are like a house without a roof," he said. "That's what I always say about a man who wears no hat."

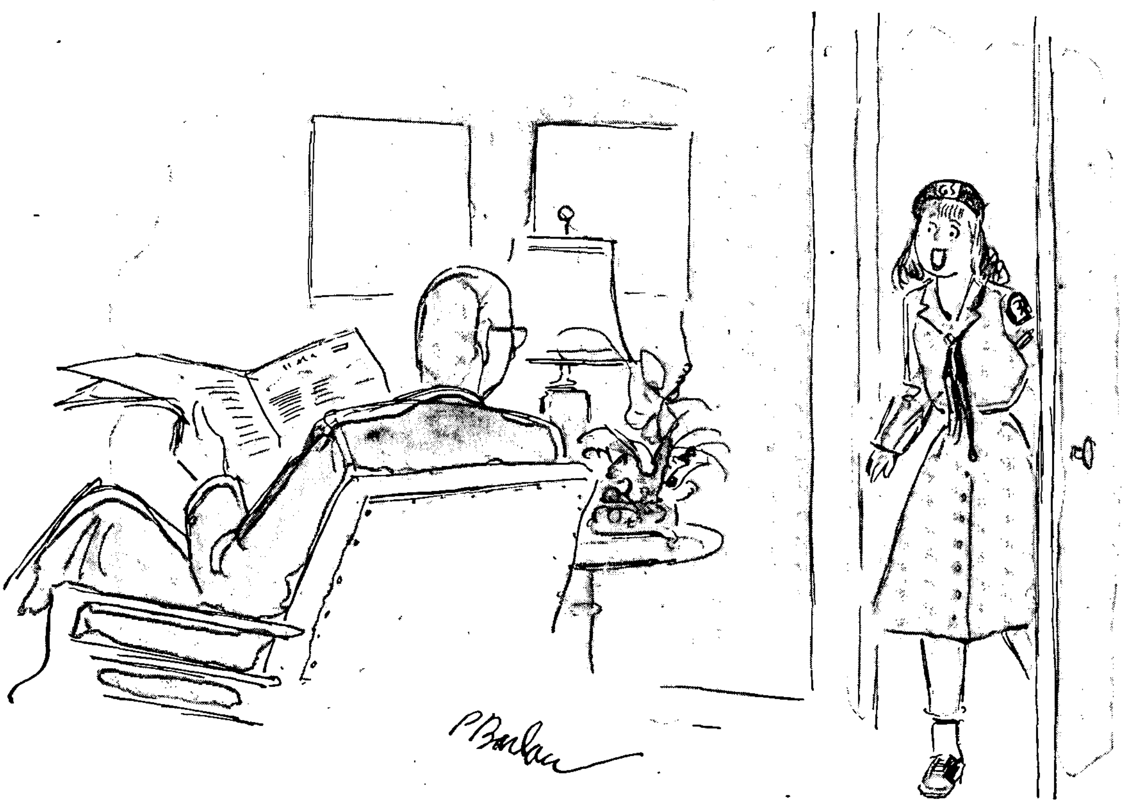
We thought about other details of our appearance that might arouse Mr. Twyeffort's disapproval—the poorly knotted tie, the buttoned-down collar, the shineless shoes, and the unvested midriff.

"Why have we defaulted our inheritance?" said Mr. Twyeffort. "Are we so lacking in self-esteem that we have become a nation of bums, slobs, and gorillas? I admit I talk strongly, but these are strong issues. I have told them in Pittsburgh and Detroit that I don't want men wandering around in maternity shirts—sportswear, they call them—looking as if they were concealing watermelons or pineapples. You will notice that today women complain of a lack of gallantry. How can there be gallantry with men dressed in suitings that Tony Galento might find objectionable?"



Mr. Twyeffort gave us a long, brooding stare, in the course of which we made a survey of his own sartorial effects. He was clad in a gray checked suit, a blue shirt with a detachable white collar and detachable white cuffs, and black shoes and socks. From his upper coat pocket there spilled, like a flame, a handkerchief of red, yellow, and black.

"It has always been my conviction that juvenile delinquency goes hand in hand with sloppy dress, if you know what I mean," Mr. Twyeffort said. "Look over the lists of jailbirds and try to find one who was arrested wearing a homburg. A man wearing a homburg commands the respect of one and all. As a New York stylist, I can remember the days when our fashions used to run through the country like a flood. Today that is no longer true. Styles emanate from places like California and Detroit. I have said many times that the people who own beautiful automobiles should not be so shab-



"Daddy, come at me with a knife."

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bily garbed that the cars are ashamed of them. Imagine fifty million automobiles in use, and think how few people dress to the style of their own vehicle! New things are sweeping the nation—deep freezes, air-conditioning, television—but for seventy years we have been in bondage to the black tuxedo. Out, I say! Out! We must have grays—gunmetal grays, charcoal grays, platinum grays—thirty different varieties of gray. What was I saying about juvenile delinquency?"

We reminded Mr. Twyeffort of his statement that youthful indiscretions are hooked up with slovenly tailoring.

"On that point, I am happy to report that the youth of the country may redeem us all," said Mr. Twyeffort. "The slim silhouette, the derby, the top hat, these I have seen among young sets all over the country. But the reason I wanted to have you here is to preach a revolution. Old Black Tux must go! Do we, when we take our beautiful women out, intend to discuss such grave matters that we must look like undertakers? Let us make gray the color of romance."

Mr. Twyeffort was still going strong on the subject of the gray tuxedo when Mrs. Twyeffort strolled back in with the Chihuahuas.

"How do you feel, Puppy?" asked Mr. Twyeffort.

"My back aches," said Mrs. Twyeffort.

"Even nations depend upon individuals," Mr. Twyeffort said. "We must have individualization. And where are we most individual? In dress, of course. If we ran around naked, we'd be savages."

"My aching back," said Mrs. Twyeffort.

"Puppy knows all this better than I do," said Mr. Twyeffort.

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Scottish Intelligence: Sign painted on municipal dustbins in Edinburgh: "The Amenity of Our Streets Is Recommended to Your Care."

Showcase

We have a new neighbor on Forty-third Street. That is, we have an old neighbor who has edged a bit closer to us. The branch of the Manufacturers Trust Company that has occupied quarters on the southeast corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue for over thirty years is moving this week into a shiny new five-story greenhouse on the southwest corner of Forty-third and Fifth. The greenhouse cost the Manufacturers a cool three million to build, which, we figure, makes the bank's little leap from east to west the costliest, foot for foot, on record. A huge glass toy, the sort of doll's house that an infant giant might hope to find under the tree on Christmas morning, the new bank must be seen to be believed and even then maybe you won't believe it—won't believe, at any rate, that it's a bank.

The old quarters (soon to be temporarily occupied by the Fifth Avenue Bank branch of the Bank of New York, which, not to be outdone by its southerly colleague, plans to pull down its agglomeration of remodelled mansions on the northwest corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue and put up a twenty-story building in their place) were just what you expect a bank to be: a cross between a church and a zoo, with pilastered walls and a coffered Renaissance ceiling, silent except for the tinkle of silver being reverently counted and stacked. Tellers crouched in the usual cages, and customers poked scraps of paper through the bars to them for all the world as if they were offering forbidden tidbits to a yak. In the new quarters, gone is the churchly air, banished the least hint of zoo, and the man to thank for it is Horace C. Flanigan, president of the Manufacturers Trust. Flanigan believes the bank's advertising slogans ("Everybody's Bank," "Just Around the Corner," "Come and See Us, You'll Be Very Welcome"), and he invited the architectural firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill to run up any sort of building they pleased, just so it was friendly. The architects, the designers of Lever House, Manhattan House, and other handsome structures, had never designed a bank before, and they made it their first rule to regard with suspicion everything that had been accepted as proper bank design. The high-spirited Fun Fair they have ended up with indicates (1) that they were right to be suspicious and (2) that Flanigan is a brave man.

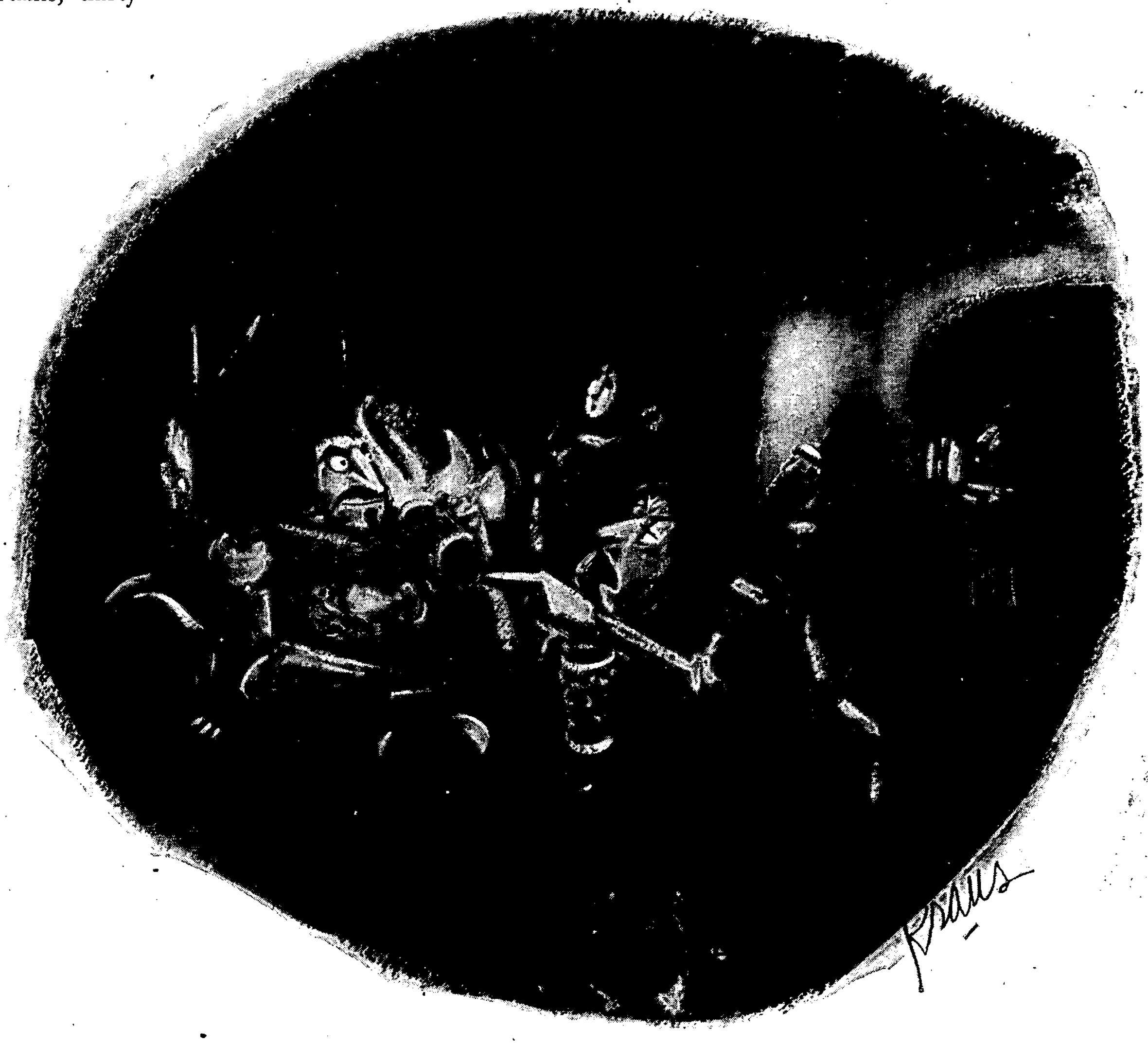
The press was permitted to inspect the bank a few days before the official opening, and we went over to see it in the double capacity of reporter and neighbor. Instead of depending on overweight bank executives or underweight public-relations men to act as the reporters' guides, Flanigan, to show how friendly he thinks a bank should be, arranged for a battery of pretty girls to take us about. It was pleasant indeed to be duty-bound to follow a pair of clicking high heels through that sunny place, among all those bright new things, while the most astounding information fell from the girl's lips. Information such as that the bank, though all glass, is technically windowless, the great panes being permanently sealed in place and the building air-conditioned from top to bottom; that the glass walls support no weight, not even their own, the steel-and-aluminum mullions of each story being hung from the floor above, and the floors, in turn, being supported by eight stout pillars set well in from the exterior walls of the building; and that the twenty-two panes of glass on the second-floor mezzanine are the largest in the country, each of them ten feet wide by twenty-two feet high and weighing fifteen hundred pounds. (The glass is half an inch thick and isn't likely to break, no matter what hits it.) We learned, too, that the gold-tinted Fiberglas curtains, thirty-three feet high, that hang at the ground-floor and mezzanine non-windows are so heavy that they must be drawn open and shut by electric motors; that the bank's vault is on the ground floor and not in the basement, where banks' vaults have always been tucked away before; and that the round door of the vault, which faces Fifth Avenue and gives passersby a chance to peek inside, weighs thirty tons, can be moved with one finger, and has two combination locks, each of them capable of a hundred million changes. Scarcely stopping to move the thirty-ton door with her finger, our guide pointed out that the tellers, instead of being housed in cages, sit at chest-high ebony counters topped with white Italian marble almost as good to touch as money; that the ceilings of the first four stories are made of paper-thin vinyl plastic, behind which lie thousands of feet of florescent tubing; and that in the Personal Loan Department the walls are of soundproof cork, as well they might be. Last of all, we were informed that the two metal sculptures on the mezzanine floor—one a delicate hanging sculpture of gilded steel wire, the other a massive gilded screen, sixteen feet high and seventy feet long—are the handiwork of Harry Bertoia, who sculpts in steel with a blowtorch and a nice, heavy hammer. The girl led us through thickets of greenery to a luminous aluminum escalator and down to the tempered-glass front doors. "It's more like a dream of a bank than a bank, isn't it?" she asked us, and we nodded, too dazzled by Flanigan friendliness to speak a word.

The American Dream

THE other morning, a milkman told a lady customer that she wouldn't be seeing him for a while. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Not another strike!" Not that at all, he replied—he was simply taking his family to Europe for a few weeks.

Adjuster

HAROLD F. AMSTER is a part-time lawyer and a full-time adjuster of ship's compasses, and if that isn't a rum combination of professions, we'd like to know what is. We've been to see Mr. Amster, a soft-spoken man of forty-three, at his law office and compass shop in the Minneford Yacht Yard and Marina, on City Island, off the reedy shores of the Bronx, and have learned from him that there are twenty-five or thirty professional adjusters of compasses along the Eastern coast, as well as a shoal of amateurs, whom he dismisses as unreliable interlopers; that his specialty is yacht compasses but he adjusts compasses on ships of all sizes, including ocean liners; that he believes compasses should be regulated at least once a year; that he himself regulates the compasses of more than two hundred yachts a year; and that he makes as tidy a living at it



"You know, the trouble with you, Humboldt—you've got no chivalry."

as he ever hoped to make from the law. Speaking of the law, which he rarely does if he's given a chance to speak of compasses, Amster told us that his practice consists mostly of contract and estate matters, and added in the same breath that we might be interested to hear that before the war the principal liquid components of a ship's compass were grain alcohol and distilled water, but these have been superseded by refined mineral oil, which discourages unrefined crew members from breaking open compasses in order to quench their thirst.

Though born on City Island, where the livelihood of most of the inhabitants has to do with boats, Mr. Amster felt no particular affection for compasses until 1942, when he entered the Navy and was taught how to adjust them. On returning to civilian life three years and hundreds of adjusted compasses later, he found his law practice in tatters, and to eke out his income put his Navy-acquired skill at the disposal of yachtsmen in the neighborhood. The turning point of his career came in 1949, when a group of ships' captains threw a fish-chowder party on City Island and Amster happened by with some liquor just as the captains' supply was running out. That splendid coincidence, coupled with the postwar boom in motorboats and sailing boats of every price and class, led to his present prosperity. Even his law work tends to have a nautical flavor. "I know most of the professional captains for miles around, and if they need a compass adjusted or a bit of legal advice, it's natural for them to turn to me," he explained. "As a matter of fact, I drew up the papers for an organization that includes about a hundred and fifty of the best skippers along this coast. It's called the Long Island Sound and Points East Marine Association. Isn't that a generous name?"

In the course of a stroll along the docks, Amster informed us that a thousand or so boats are generally at anchor there during the summer, and that every year the problem of adjusting their compasses grows harder, the rule of thumb being the more marine gadgets, the more headaches for Amster. He indicated a chromed and varnished cabin cruiser on our portside. "Look at that baby!" he exclaimed. "Among other things, she has a radio-telephone, an automatic steerer, a depth finder, a direction finder, an engine synchronizer, and a television set. Every one of those mechanisms sends out its own magnetic impulse and pulls the compass needle off magnetic north. What I do first is take an instrument called a pelorus and get a bearing on the sun or on some object ashore whose exact position I already know. That tells me how far off the compass is. Next, I track down the sources of distortion. Most of them can be taken care of by means of a built-in compensator, but sometimes I have to install compensating magnets near the compass." The average compass takes Amster about two hours to adjust. Small steel boats give him the most trouble; he claims that it's a lot easier to adjust the compasses on a liner than those on a yacht. His toughest job to date was a fifty-six-foot sailboat that was practically awash with magnetic cross-currents. By the time he was finished with her, she had a hundred and twenty-five compensating magnets concealed in the base of her compass, around her cockpit, and under her deck, and the law had never looked better.

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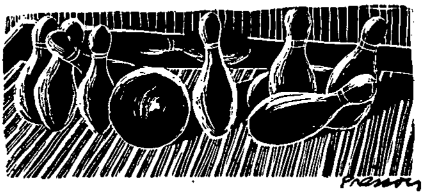
OVERHEARD in a Beverly Hills jewelry store: "Three hundred and ninety-five dollars for a topaz ring! Who ever would wear one that size anyway?" "It isn't a ring. It's for the top of the gearshift handle of a Jaguar."

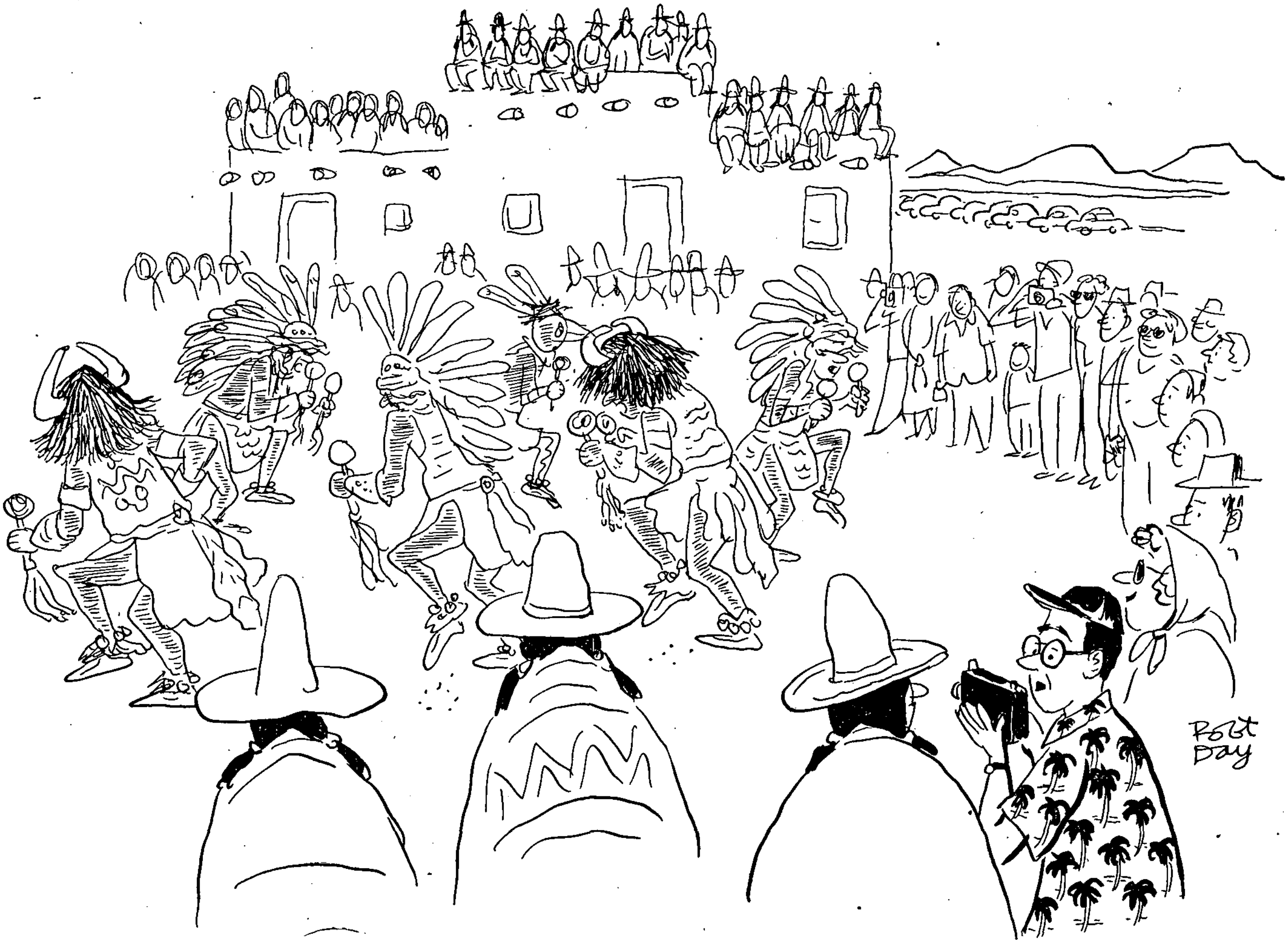
Convention

OUR man Stanley, who would rather attend a convention than be Governor of the State of New York, was on hand, festooned with credentials, the first night of the Democratic State Convention, held last week at the 165th Infantry Armory. Herewith his report:

"Spent all afternoon looking through files; apparently this first Democratic State Convention ever held on Island of Manhattan. Real first night. Sticky, rainy night. Hopped out of cab in front of Armory, was pushed back against cab by noisy crowd. Noisy crowd bucking heavy police line guarding main entrance. Figured this was duck soup, waved green silk riband marked 'Press.' Was told to keep moving. Waved blue-and-gold-tipped card marked 'For All Sessions.' Was told to keep moving. Made small speech about freedom of press. Was told to keep moving. Kept moving. Moved to edge of door, slipped into Armory, displaying no credentials whatsoever. Hall long and narrow, with green girders. Flags hanging from ceiling, huge portraits against rear wall, behind speakers' stand, of Cleveland, Jackson, Wilson, F.D.R., Sr., Truman, Barkley, other Democrats. Harriman and F.D.R., Jr., banners all over place. Names of counties displayed on wooden standards alongside delegates' seats: Allegany, Bronx, Cortland, Livingston, New York, Schoharie, Tioga, Wayne, and all the rest. Lady in booth near door selling pot holders with colorful calico borders ('Register and Vote Row B'). Bought one: 25c. Lady also selling small brass donkeys attached to flag attached to pin. Bought one: 25c. Lady handed me map of New York City, Shopping Guide, booklet entitled 'New York in Fall.' No charge. Hall filling up with delegates, alternates, and guests. James A. Farley walked past, shook hands. 'Delighted to see you,' he said. 'Likewise,' I replied. Man handed me blue-and-white Harriman pin. Lady in booth across from pot holders handed me copy of Buffalo *Beacon*. *Beacon* for F.D.R., Jr. Another lady handed me mimeographed sheet opposed to the Metcalf-Hatch Animal Seizure Law ('Do not say, "It Can't Happen Here."... IT HAS HAPPENED HERE!'). Man handed me reprint of recent Alsop column ('F.D.R., Jr., Down But Not Out'). Man handed me booklet entitled 'Averell Harriman—the Man—the Record.' Moved toward front of hall. Bumped into James A. Farley. 'Delighted to see you,' he said. 'Likewise,' I replied. Found empty space under chair, deposited overshoes and raincoat, moved over to platform reserved for photographers, in front of speakers' stand. Splendid spot. Bigwigs assembling on stand above; Carmine G. DeSapio sitting in delegate's chair directly below. DeSapio, wearing dark glasses, was gazing at huge F.D.R., Jr., pennant. Waved to DeSapio. He too absorbed to wave back.



"Convention attempted to get under way at 8:40. Someone on speakers' stand shouted, 'Clear the aisles!' Big joke. Lady photographer wondered if I thought she should change her lens. Told her it was optional. Aisles gradually cleared. At 9:18, Mayor Wagner called convention to order. Invocation. Introduction of distinguished guests. Massive rendition of 'Star-Spangled Banner' by man in yellow sports coat. Arrival of Paul E. Fitzpatrick, permanent chairman, down aisle with numerous heavyset escorts. Fitzpatrick, an imposing man, took command, mentioned Ed Flynn ('I hope he's watching tonight'), mentioned DeSapio (upstate boos, downstate cheers). DeSapio impassive behind dark glasses. Fitzpat-



"Pardon me, but I only have a few feet of film left. Is this the height of their frenzy?"

rick called for nominations, introduced Assemblyman James J. McGuiness, Jr., of Albany County. McGuiness red-faced firebrand, wound up like top. Waved arms like pinwheels. Stamped feet, shouted until rafters shook. Said he was mad at nobody, said he wanted a winner. Said he *had* a winner. Cries of 'Louder!' from downstate delegates. McGuiness said upstate folk wanted whips taken off backs. Mentioned name of his winner, F.D.R., Jr., at 10:13. Pandemonium. Balloons released from all quarters of Armory. Upstate delegates, hordes of others, snake-danced through hall. Many balloons punctured by anti-Roosevelt people. Band played 'Happy Days Are Here Again.' Shrill cries of joy. Fist fight broke out in front of me, standards trampled, torn standards held aloft. Fights quickly got under control by New York's finest. 'Don't sit down, don't sit down!' cried McGuiness, arms still revolving wildly. Demonstration practically unendurable now. Hall dense with smoke, heat, dampness. Farley whispered something into ear of McGuiness. McGuiness shook head. 'Don't sit down!' he cried to snake dancers. DeSapio climbed onto platform. Fitzpatrick whispered something into ear of McGuiness. McGuiness shook head. Three authoritative gentlemen, in succession, whispered something into ear of McGuiness. McGuiness asked crowd to sit down. 11:04.

"Harriman placed in nomination at 11:25. Pandemonium. Snake dance. Placards came by in wave after wave: 'In Elmira, Ave's the Rave,' 'We Crave Ave,' 'As Maine Went, Harriman Will Go!,' 'Ave for Guv,' 'The Next Hurricane: Harriman.' Scattered fist fights, quickly stopped by New York's finest. Man carrying placard tugged at my coat. Man had been drinking. 'When does daily double close?' he asked. Humidity in hall now 100 per cent. Interminable seconding speeches for Harriman and F.D.R., Jr.: 'We have a man . . .' 'Rights of the little people . . .' Roll call under way at 12:38. On rolled the counties: Niagara, Oneida, Onondaga. Harriman over the line with Onondaga. Crescendo of cheers. F.D.R., Jr., appeared on platform in sprint, took microphone, made clarionlike, impressive speech, called for 'Unity.' Slim, quiet-looking man sloped up behind him. The candidate. More cheers. Victory signs, upraised arms, handclasps of fraternal love. Harriman thanked everyone, said he thought Roosevelt had done the decent thing, told crowd he would see them following day. Session over at 1:20. Found overshoes, raincoat, left Armory. Streets dry."

Query

A LOCAL man we know, the father of a Harvard sophomore, answered his telephone the other evening and found himself speaking to a young man at the Orly airfield, in France. The call was for his son, who, as it happened, was not in. Our man relayed this information and added, "This is Tom's father." "Well, maybe you can help me," said the worried voice at the other end of the line. "When does college open?"

THE SECRET GARDEN

"LET me sweeten your drink, as you say down here, Professor," the woman student said.

The still-young man held out his glass. It was the first time he had been in her apartment; he had never seen her outside of class before, but when he ran into her on the library steps earlier, she had asked him to drop in at five.

"I hope you're getting to feel at home," he said. "It must be quite a change after New England."

"Oh, not such a change," she said, handing his glass back to him. "I feel New England and Virginia have a sort of bond—don't you?"

"I reckon so," he said, and there was a pause.

They sat side by side on a chintz sofa in the little room, facing a wide mirror, which reflected the mirror behind them and themselves sitting below it. The sofa must be her bed, he thought; one door led to the kitchenette, and the other, he figured, to the bathroom. She was a very pretty girl, but nervous.

"I certainly get a lot out of your Shelley class," she said. "There! You see how Southern I'm becoming? I'd never have said 'certainly' that way a year ago."

"A lot of our Northern students find it boring down here," he said. "Poky. I know it's a lot gayer up there."

"Oh, *that*," she said contemptuously. "I don't feel that way. I love quiet, and time to read, and an atmosphere of culture like you find here."

"Then you're not lonely."

"Not a bit!" she cried. She looked down into her drink and stirred the ice around with her forefinger. "When I was a little girl, I used to go off alone by myself. To a place up in the woods."

"Is that right?" he said.

"It was—sort of—my secret garden," she said. "It was a clearing in the woods, and in the spring the first flowers came there—bluets, and lady-slippers, and columbine."

"How old were you at the time?" he inquired, tipping his glass up.

"It began when I was really tiny," she said. "I used to go off there by myself, to be alone. It was so quiet. Sometimes, when I got older, I would take a book and sit under a tree on the pine needles and read it, but mostly I just wandered around looking to see what flowers had come out."

There was a pause.

"Here, I'm not taking care of your drink!" she exclaimed. "Let me fix you just a tetch."

He laughed, showing he appreciated the Southern locution, and handed her his glass. She made them each another bourbon-and-water.

"Drinkin' whiskey and branch water, coming up," she said.

"I reckon Northern girls are more withdrawn—reserved, perhaps you'd call it," he said reflectively. "Going off alone like that in the woods. More self-sufficient."

She abruptly threw him a small glance, but he was not looking. He was staring straight ahead into the mirror on the opposite wall. She cleared her throat.

"But then, you see," she said, "it all went sour on me."

"How do you mean?"

"My parents," she said. "They ruined it."

"Made fun of you?"

"Oh, no. Oh, no. I wish they had," she said. "They thought it was so damned wonderful."

It was the first time he had heard her swear.

"They thought it was so *romantic*," she mocked. "Dear little me, going off alone. So poetic. They told everybody I had a secret garden."

He shook his head.

"You shouldn't have told them," he said, smiling. "You should have kept your secret."

"Don't I know it!" she cried. "What is a secret garden if you *tell* it? But they were always saying I never told them anything. Always saying they wanted to *share* all my little joys and sorrows. God! The desire to please," she said. "Did you ever hear about the desire to please?"

He smiled again.

"So they began telling visitors about how I had this secret garden I'd discovered for myself, and how I went up there alone to meditate. Meditate! My God, I was maybe ten," she said.

ELECT
B. Wiseman

"Must have been embarrassing," he agreed.

"It was horror. The place turned into a place of horror for me. And the worst of it was they took to telling me to show my dear little secret garden to people. So I'd take their lousy old friends up into the woods and show them the lousy old secret garden. Feeling like a fool, of course."

"Of course," he said sympathetically. There was a pause.

"But you know what the worst was?" she said suddenly. "The worst was once when they made me write a poem."

"Oh, you wrote poetry?" he said politely. His students, the female ones, always turned out to have written poetry.

"Not poetry," she said fiercely. "Infantile junk. Anyway, there was this old aunt of mine, she was always giving me books and things. Burns, I remember, Keats—stuff in bound sets. And I had a birthday or something and she gave me some damned set or other, and my family decided I must write a poem to thank her for it. Because the present was poetry, see? The hell of it was—I did."

"You wrote the poem?"

"I wrote a little horror—I remember it yet. It haunts me. I wouldn't *insult* you telling it to you. The point is, I went and *got* this damned little bunch of columbine out of my horrible little secret garden to give to the old girl, and the quote poem unquote was supposed to be about that. 'You give me books/Not for their looks/But what I'll find inside/Here's columbine/With curl and twine/As if a south wind sighed/Sweet, simple, purified.' There. I've said the loathsome thing to you. Spit on me."

He laughed and looked into his drink. There was another pause.

"All I wanted was to have people like me, get along with people, and then they made me do that. I loathed myself. And I loathed myself because I'd done what they told me to do, written that god-awful thing to go with the flowers."

"Children don't have much comeback," he said soothingly.

"I know, but just doing what they wanted me to when it was— it was a *violation* to do it," she said. "You know, I've never told that to anybody before. I've always kept it to myself."

"About your secret garden?"

"No. About how it got ruined. Well, anyway, I've told you," she said. Then she laughed. "Now let me fix your drink."

"I won't have any more, thanks," he said.

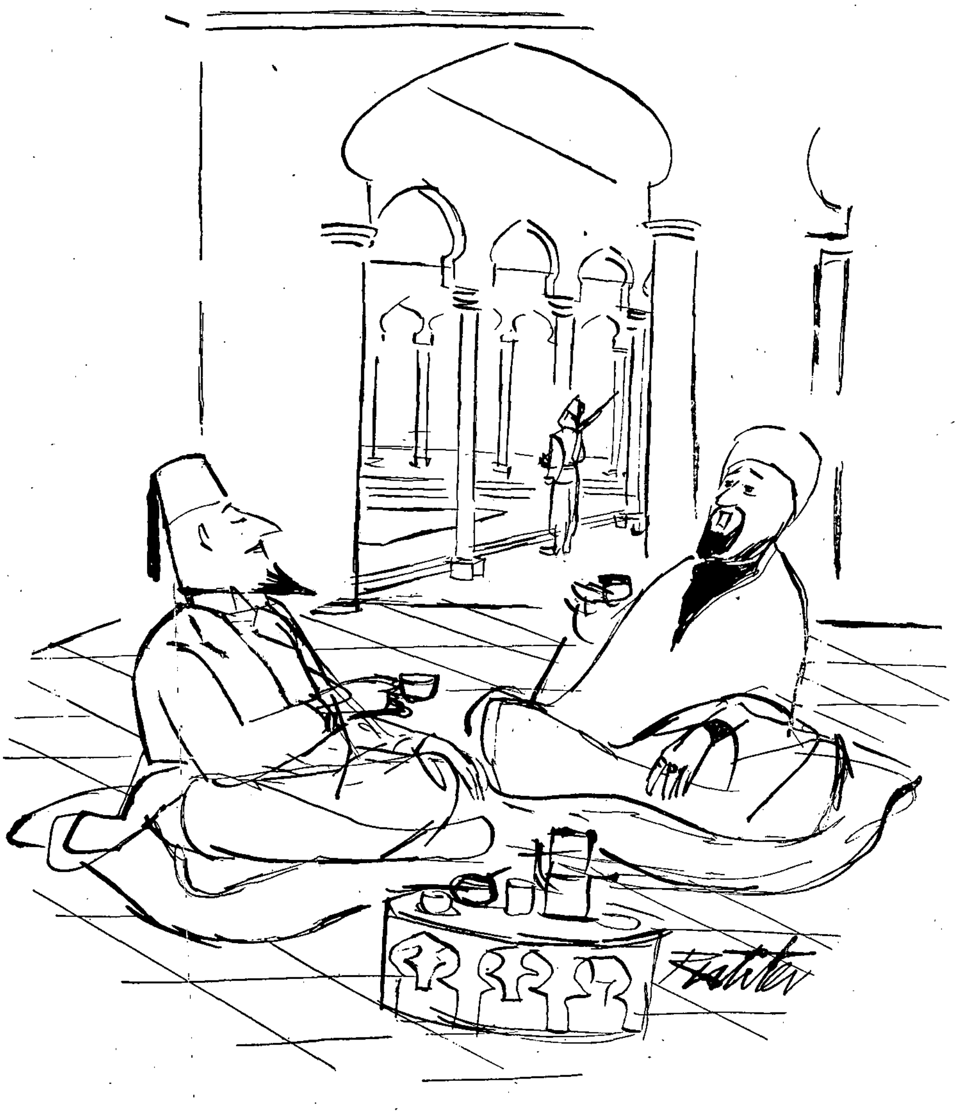
When she spoke again, her mood seemed changed.

"How do you like my little two-by-four?" she said, sipping her drink. "Compact, isn't it? To say the least. But I seem to have the necessities of life here, anyway. The bare necessities."

"It's right attractive," he said.

"Glad you think so."

There was a pause. She stared ahead of her into the opposite mirror. Suddenly she said, "When you look in that God-damned mirror, you can see yourself seeing yourself seeing yourself *seeing* yourself. Ad infinitum. Just sitting here staring at yourself. It's enough to drive you nuts."



"*Speaking for myself, I'd prefer aid to trade any day.*"

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"You'd better change it so the two mirrors don't reflect each other," he said, smiling.

"Yes, I probably *had* better."

"I'm afraid I must be going," he said after a minute.

"Oh, don't go! Please don't go just because I told you that God-damned story," she said.

"That's not why," he said. "Not at all. But it's getting late."

"Don't go. I feel awfully sociable. I hate quiet," she said.

He stood up.

"It was mighty nice," he said. "Thank you for asking me in."

"Oh," she said. "Do you *have* to go?"

WHEN she had shut the apartment door after him, she poured some more whiskey in her glass and sat down alone on the sofa. In front of her she saw reflected herself, staring at a smaller self, staring at a still smaller girl, staring at an even littler girl. Suddenly, she set the glass on the table before her and put her head down in her hands. "I did it again," she whispered. "Oh God, I did it again."

—Nancy Hale

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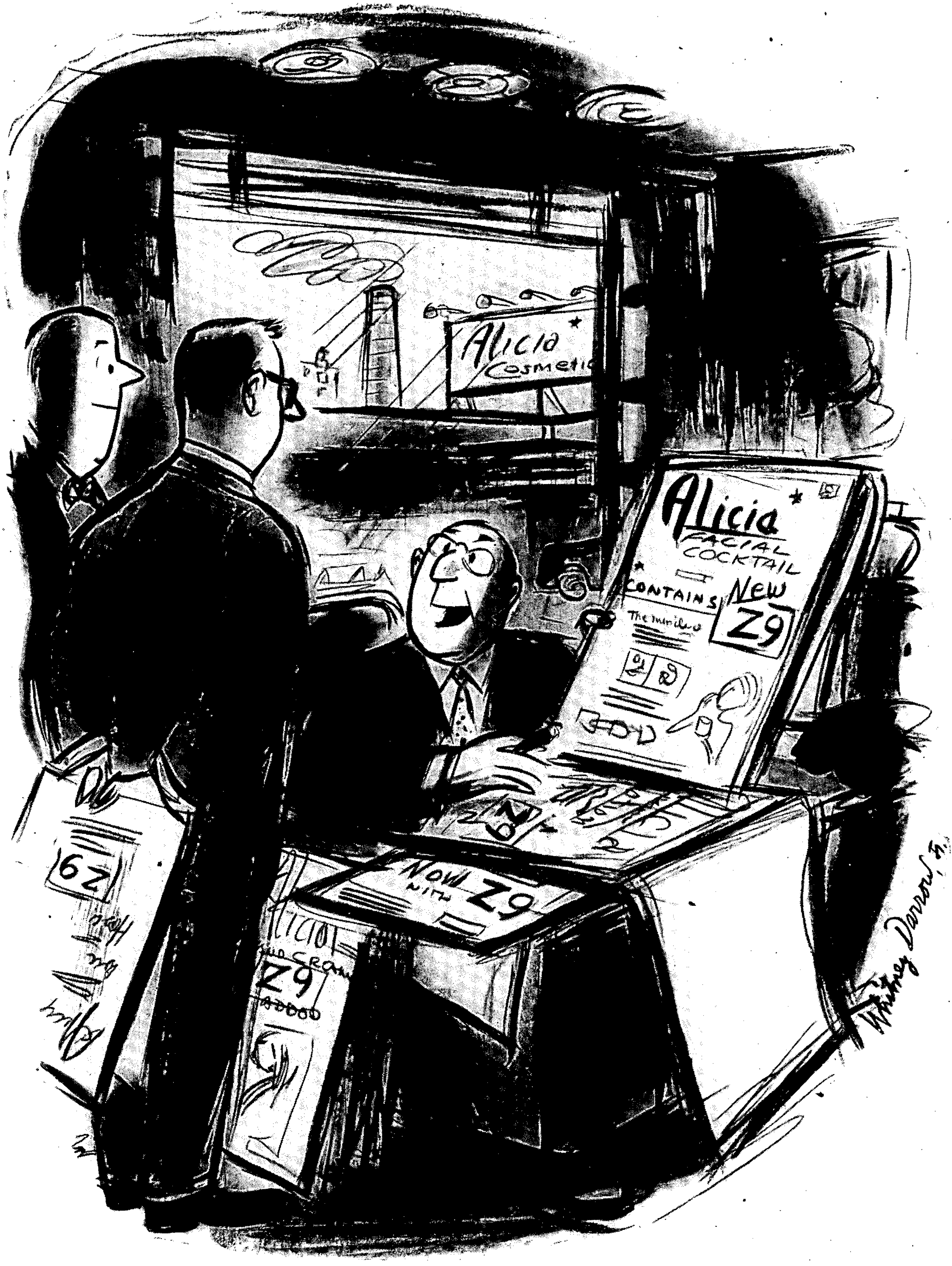
Washington—The Securities and Exchange Commission revoked the broker-dealer registrations of Charter Securities Corp. and B. G. Phillips & Co., both of New York.

...The S.E.C. said Ben Guy Phillips, president of Charter and a partner in Phillips, was "a cause" of the revocation and expulsion.

The commission said the two companies "aided and abetted by Phillips" violated its regulations by failing to maintain proper books and filing a false financial report. the end the end the end—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Alas, alas, alas!


Alicia
Cosmetic
Alicia
FACIAL
COCKTAIL
CONTAINS
New
Z9
Now with Z9
Z9
Z9
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Great layout. Like the whole campaign. Shoot the works. By the way, what the hell is *Z9?"*

THE WILLOUGHBYS

CHANCE friendships that begin on a holiday very seldom survive in the less genial and expansive air of everyday life. They have something in common with the delicate rosy shells, the strange pebbles, and the swatches of glistening, rubbery, frilled seaweed that, as children on the beach, we collect with such care and carry home, where, mysteriously, they lose their colors with their shine, and are quickly thrown away.

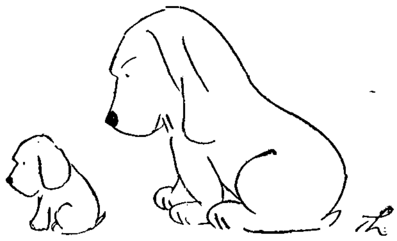
The Willoughbys were an exception to the rule. I met the three of them—mother, son, and daughter—in a small mountain hotel in Austria, where I was passing a few summer weeks, and I continued to see something of them after we all returned to London. The trio first became of interest to me in the hotel dining room, a long, narrow apartment, partly glassed in like a conservatory, against which some big trees in the garden pressed so closely that they seemed to be stooping their green heads to see what we were getting to eat. The light in this room was filtered through their boughs, and the effect was always of a cool, translucent aquarium, in which the faces of the guests swam like fish. I sat, a single woman at a little table near the wall, with nothing to do but watch the other inhabitants at their meals.

I would have remembered the Willoughbys' faces perfectly if I had never seen them again. There is something perverse about memory, which rejects so many important things yet picks up, as the hem of a coat will pick up a bur, the impression of some stranger watched for weeks or days, or even a few hours, in a hotel or on a ship. Perhaps it is when one is slightly bored that the burs begin sticking to the fibres of the memory. Probably I saw the Willoughbys with that intense, slightly abnormal holiday vision, but they were rather striking in themselves. I watched them across the room for some days before any of us exchanged a word, and by the end of that time they had caught, they had clung. Try as I would, I should not be able quite to brush these total strangers away.

In the first place, Mrs. Willoughby and her grown-up children all looked extremely English. When they arrived, in their good tweeds, there were few English visitors staying in the hotel. Among the other guests who stamped in hungrily in their nailed boots each mealtime, the Willoughbys were unmistakable. Mrs. Willoughby and her son were almost comically alike. She was a woman of about fifty-five. He was in his early thirties, I judged. They were both slim, handsome, elegant, and nervous. Their noses were also peculiarly English, being very straight, pinched bridges of bone across which the fine skin was tightly stretched, with a suggestion of alertness that made one feel they used these features as an insect uses its antennae. Eating is sometimes rather revealing, and both mother and son ate in nervous, quick mouthfuls, picking suspiciously at the food and often leaving their plates practically untouched. Then he would lean back and offer her a cigarette, which she would take and fit into a long ivory holder with precise movements of her well-shaped, blue-veined hands. It was evident that perfect accord existed between the pair. Sometimes he seemed to be teasing her fondly. Occasionally, glancing coolly round the tables in the dining room, he would murmur something that was evidently amusing at the expense of some of the other visitors. At such times, when their eyes sparkled and their noses appeared to sharpen, their resemblance to one another was ridiculous.

Speculations about the Willoughbys accompanied me on my walks and amused my solitary meals. At first, I thought that the young woman at their table could not be Mrs. Willoughby's daughter, but one day I heard her exclaim "Oh, Mummy, you've dropped your scarf!" as they rose to go after luncheon. Miss Willoughby was fat and jolly. Her nose was undistinguished, her cheeks were round and pink, and her flesh was pushed out in a soft bulge over her girdle. There was no suggestion of a delicate appetite in Miss Willoughby's performance at meals. She sat between those twin greyhounds and tucked into everything in sight. She watched the waitress coming down the dining room with the dishes for their table, and if she recognized something she liked, her blue eyes shone.

The brother and sister seemed to get on very well, too. When he pricked up his nose and made one of those (I feared) devastatingly critical remarks about their fellow-guests, she would look at him adoringly. They would stroll down the tiny village to post their postcards, her hand in his arm. It was pleasant to see them.



The weather had been dull, but suddenly, after the Willoughbys arrived, it turned hot and beautiful. The sky was the color of gentians, and a deep, happy grasshopper chorus scraped away without ceasing in the meadow grass. The Willoughbys shed their tweeds. The mother and daughter appeared in charming linen dresses, and the son, like all the other men in the hotel, wore shorts and an open-necked shirt—but shorts and shirt with an elegant difference. The whole family was always perfectly turned out, though Miss Willoughby was apt to look slightly crumpled as the day went on.

She and I spoke to each other first. It was my ambition to speak to no one, to rest and read, and to spend hours stretched out in the sun on the sweet-smelling turf, high up in some rock-sheltered spot on the mountain slopes. But one evening I met Miss Willoughby, also going down the track back to the hotel after a solitary walk, and we fell into step together. That night as I was going through the little room, lined with clean brown wood and like a cigar box, where the guests sat after dinner, the Willoughbys stopped me and asked me to join them for coffee and a brandy. So far as I knew, they had not spoken to another soul in the hotel. Either Miss Willoughby had reported favorably or they had decided that the correct English interval that must be observed before overtures are made to a stranger was now over.

"Oh, do join us! We're longing to talk," the daughter said, patting the seat beside her and smiling.

I sat down.

When I looked at Mrs. Willoughby face to face, and did not study merely her distinguished profile view in the green, underwater light of the dining room, I thought that her expression was somewhat petulant. It was not reconciled to something or other. Somewhere, life had disappointed. Though she was gracious, her glance raked one from head to foot in a cold, expert flash of appraisal. Behind those dark eyes, with their arched lids, a little sum of evaluation had taken place. Edward, the son, had exactly the same trick of looking one swiftly up and down, charming but wary, not yet sure if it was all right. Betty Willoughby welcomed me without reserve, friendly as a puppy. I supposed that she took after the absent or dead Mr. Willoughby, for she seemed to have no point of resemblance to either her mother or her brother.

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We talked of London, of people, of concerts (Mrs. Willoughby and Edward were, it appeared, devoted to music), of books. They pointed their noses inquiringly toward me, and I felt that they were getting their bearings on me with the help of these preternaturally gifted features. We discovered friends in common, and Mrs. Willoughby became markedly more cordial. It was so easy to go wrong. Their own opinions were all beautifully "right," like their clothes and their address. They were quick to explain why they were here, in this idyllic but far from fashionable spot. They had heard from friends that the hotel was good and reasonable, and, of course, it was "right" not to have too much spare money or to wish to go to a more luxurious hostelry. The people one met in such places were terrible, Mrs. Willoughby said. She told an amusing story about staying with a rich friend in Venice the summer before. She and Edward both had a sharp malice that made me wonder, while I laughed, exactly how they would set about carving me up after I left them.

"We're going to be energetic and try the glacier tomorrow," Betty said. "Why don't you come along? It would be fun."

"I promise to carry your sandwiches," Edward said. The evening had been quite a success. There was a modest sense of congratulation in the air.

I refused the glacier invitation, having my own reasons for being wary with kind people in hotels. It is difficult, however, to avoid catching someone's eye across a narrow glass tank of a dining room or across a cigar box of a sitting room. Next evening, the Willoughbys wanted to talk about their climb. Betty's face and neck were flaming with sunburn, but the sallow skins of her mother and brother had only acquired a warmer tan. Mrs. Willoughby looked extremely handsome, the extra glow in her cheeks setting off the silver blue of her carefully waved hair. Edward had broken off two or three coral-colored geranium heads from a hanging basket on the hotel veranda; she took them from him and tucked them into the neck of the white dress she was wearing, and they became her very well.

I liked her and Edward better that evening. They were less suspicious and therefore more relaxed, and their talk was entertaining. They played up to each other all the time. Betty kept looking from Edward to her mother, and then at me, with a fond, beaming expression of pride, as though to say, "There! Aren't they really wonderful?"

I saw a good deal of the Willoughbys in the remaining two weeks of my stay. They were far too sensitive to be intrusive, but they threw out little invitations now and then, and I found myself accepting them. We took picnics and walks together, and twice we explored the valleys in their car. The days smelled of hay, apples, and geranium leaves, the nights of snow off the glacier glittering at the head of our valley in the light of a moon that was like an apricot. When I left—the Willoughbys had a few days longer to stay—we parted with firm promises to meet again in London.

Mrs. Willoughby invited me to dinner not long after they got back. I had, of course, filled in all the missing details about them by now. Mr. Willoughby was dead, and Edward and Betty made their home with their mother. Edward was a barrister; with that nose, I thought, it was easy to imagine him worming the truth out of a witness. Betty was thirty-one—two years younger than her brother—and had a secretarial job of some sort. I felt curious to see them all in their own surroundings. It is always an adjustment, meeting people after a holiday on which one has made their acquaintance for the first time. With their bare legs and arms shrouded in dark city clothes, their sunburn beginning to fade, and everyday preoccupations visibly taking charge of their thoughts once more, they are apt to seem like strangers whom one must get to know all over again.

The Willoughbys had merely changed one set of becoming clothes for another, in which they settled against their native background as gracefully as they had against the mountains and the rushing torrents of green glacier water. Their house was a Regency cottage at the entrance of a mews, in St. John's Wood. The exterior was prettily dolled up with paint and sun blinds. Inside, it was perfection, though in the faintly lifeless manner of an illustration in an interior-decorating magazine. You could not imagine putting your feet up on the little striped sofa, or leaving a wet umbrella or untidy bundles in the hall, but the Willoughbys had been very artful in choosing their pieces of furniture, all of which were absolutely "right," well bred, and charmingly arranged. The taste was excellent, and there was so much of it that it seemed actually present in the air, like a curious, depressing gas that would make you yawn after a while.

The dinner was admirable, too. I suppose most of their money went on the good address and their pretty things, for Mrs. Willoughby, I discovered, had cooked the meal. I could understand why she and Edward had been so finicky with the food in Austria; her own was incomparably better. There were two other guests, as carefully chosen as the furniture. Conversation went

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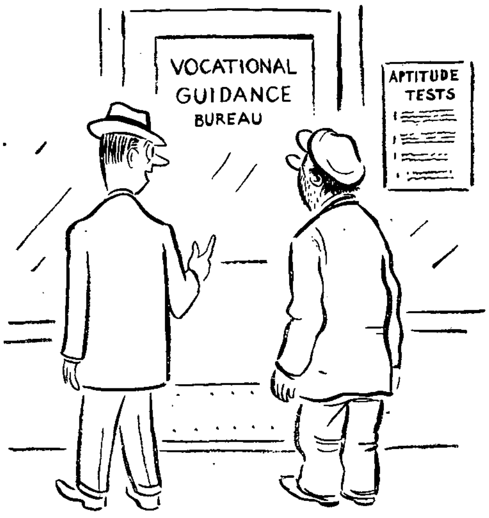

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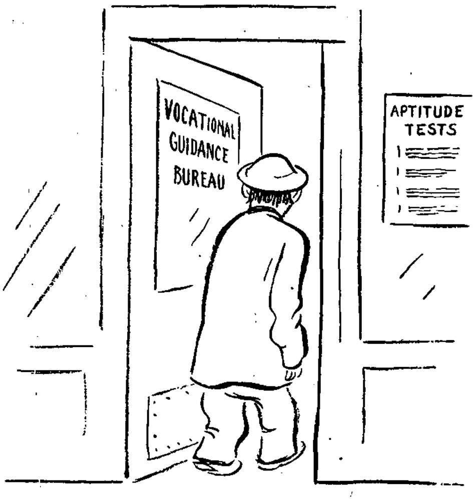

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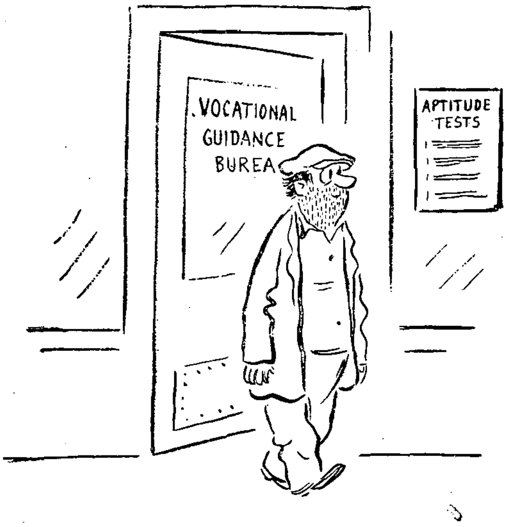

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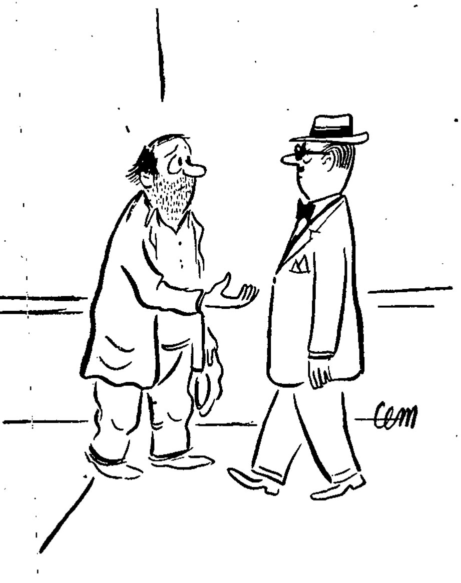


along very pleasantly. It struck me that Edward, directly he got back to London, must have run out and bought all the well-reviewed new books and tickets for the latest plays, as a naked man would send out hastily for clothes to cover his nudity, for he was wonderfully well equipped with a wardrobe of neat opinions on everything that was going. He and Mrs. Willoughby were in fine mettlesome form. The simple mountain hotel and the pastoral scene had not been right for them. London was their field of reference, and their home fitted them, exactly as a nest woven of twigs and hair would fit a couple of darting birds.

Betty and I talked for a bit after dinner. She was the only one of our holiday party who offered visible proof of having been in Arcady. Her freckled skin was still pink and peeling, and I had noticed with pleasure at dinner that she had not lost her hearty mountain appetite. Even her fatness seemed puppy fat, a soft, babyish padding that, one caught oneself thinking optimistically, must fine down before very long. The Austrian sunshine had bleached her brown hair, which was soft and babyish, too.

"Isn't it awful to be back?" she said. "I just loved it there."

"Don't you like London?" I asked.

"Well, I do, of course. But there was always something to do in Austria, wasn't there? What I call *do*, I mean. My job's fearfully boring."

She sighed, sitting clumsily hunched on a black-and-gold Empire stool, with her arms embracing her knees, so that her chiffon dress was crushed. For a moment, her cheerful face looked quite woebegone, and her sunburned hands, which on our mountain outings had seemed so businesslike as they gripped a hold in the rocks or used a bottle opener or smoothed out a map, were clasped limply against the folds of blue chiffon.

THE Willoughbys and I kept up in a sort of way after this reunion. I saw them no longer as sharply cut, absorbing figures, highlighted by their isolation and my own idleness. They had now sunk back into proper perspective as three people whom I had met on a holiday and did not really want to see a great deal of, I discovered, now that we had met again at home. I forgot about them for long stretches of time. But they clung, all the same, like burs. Betty lunched with me once or twice; I liked her the best of the three. When I saw Mrs. Willoughby and Edward, I had to admit that they were excellent company, and when I noticed yet again how devoted they were to each other, my heart smote me. I felt guilty for not liking them more. Sometimes after a rather lengthy period when I had not seen any of them, I would run into Mrs. Willoughby in the street or meet Edward at someone else's house, as though memory were jogging my elbow and offering the Willoughbys like something I had left behind in a shop.

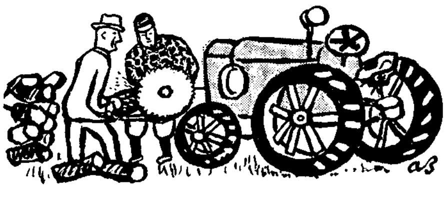
When I heard from a friend who was also a friend of the Willoughbys that Betty Willoughby was engaged to be married, I was surprised and pleased. It is always difficult for one woman to say to what degree another woman is attractive or unattractive to men; at any rate, a series of shocks is apt to follow any such highhanded evaluation. I had about decided in my mind, however, that the Willoughby daughter would not marry—not because her fat jolliness was definitely unpleasing, but because she seemed such a happy part of that tight little family trio. They were so absorbed in one another. I was intrigued to hear that an outsider had been admitted to their closed circle, and I was still more intrigued when I met Betty's betrothed, Fred Gates, at a small party at the Willoughbys' house.

I wondered, first of all, where Betty had met him. She lived, it had often struck me, an existence of childlike dependence and docility, roped to the other two and never scrambling off on any excursions of her own. But perhaps I had been wrong, for Edward replied in a curt undertone, "Oh, she picked him up somewhere—God knows where." I felt that this was an exaggeration, for, of course, not only God but Edward and Mrs. Willoughby knew where. They would immediately make it their business to find out. They would point their intelligent noses at poor Betty and her love, and draw information out of the very air.

But Edward's phrase did marvellously conjure up a picture of Betty coming in out of a dark night, dropping Fred down on the mushroom-colored carpet of their little house, and stubbornly refusing to explain, to excuse, or to eject her find. It dawned on me that though I had always thought of her as easy-going and good-humored, she must be capable of an amazing obstinacy. There are, of course, few objections that can be raised when a woman of thirty-one announces that she has made her choice and proceeds to follow it, but I could guess what heavy batteries of malice and sarcasm Betty's mother and brother had rolled up into the front line. Though they may have wounded, they had not been able to force a retreat. She had stood firm, a changed being, made bold and resolute by love. When I followed the direction of Edward's furious glare to Fred Gates, sitting on Mrs. Willoughby's striped sofa, and then glanced at Betty, who was sitting beside her lover, I thought that the pride in her face as she exhibited her own exclusive possession was extremely touching.

Fred Gates was a North Country businessman in his late forties, already with a little potbelly that strained at his waistcoat buttons as he sat spilling cigarette ash messily down it. He was badly dressed, and I noticed that this seemed to have provoked a joyful answering trill, so to speak, of dowdiness from Betty, who wore, for the first time since I had known her, a really unbecoming dress. He looked as though he would enjoy the pleasures of the table. I could imagine him and Betty, napkins tucked under their stout chins, sitting on either side of a loaded board and plying their knives and forks with the gusto of a couple of rustic diners in a Rowlandson drawing. His mouth was good-tempered, and strongly marked at the corners by little, kind half-crescent lines of laughter, and his small brown eyes surveyed the Willoughbys and their friends with a sort of practiced, humorous toughness. I felt that Betty had done very well.

She thought so, plainly. She glowed with happiness as she sat beside him, her left hand (with a fat and somehow remarkably hideous diamond on the third finger) resting peacefully on his knee. Whenever he said something, in his slow Lancashire voice, she turned on the rest of us the same look—shy, swimming with emotion, yet certain of our approval and admiration—that Mrs. Willoughby's and Edward's smart repartee used to evoke in the sitting room of the mountain hotel. It was obviously almost more than her mother and brother could endure, but I was pretty certain that she did not notice their expressions. What was still more extraordinary was Fred's effect on the Willoughbys' careful décor. Mrs. Willoughby's drawing room, in which all the things were so perfectly "right" that they cancelled each other out and the mind swam in period vacancy, positively drew back, wincing like Edward and Mrs. Willoughby. As he sat there, telling with a beautiful broad gift for mimicry a couple of extremely funny, ribald Lancashire stories, he seemed the



LETTER FROM THE LAND OF SINNERS

I write you this out of another province
That you may never see:
Country of rivers, its topography
Mutable in detail, yet always one,
Blasted in certain places, here by glaciers,
There by the work of man.

The fishers by the water have no boast
Save of their freedom; here
A man may cast a dozen kinds of lure
And think his days rewarded if he sight
Now and again the prize, unnetted, flicking
Its prism gleams of light.

The old lord lives secluded in his park,
Although the hall was burned
Years ago, by his tenants; both have learned
Better since then, and now our children run
To greet him. Quail and hunter have forgotten
The echo of the gun.

I said there are blasted places; we have kept
Their nakedness intact—
No marble to commemorate an act
Superhuman or merely rash. We know
Why they are there and why the seed that falls there
Is certain not to grow.

We keep these places as we keep the time,
Scarred on our recollection,
When some we loved broke from us in defection
Or we ourselves harried to death too soon
What we could least forgo. Our memories
Recur like the old moon.

But we have made another kind of peace,
And walk where boughs are green,
Forgiven by the selves that we have been,
And learning to forgive. Our apples taste
Sweeter this year; our gates are falling down,
And need not be replaced.

—Adrienne Cecile Rich

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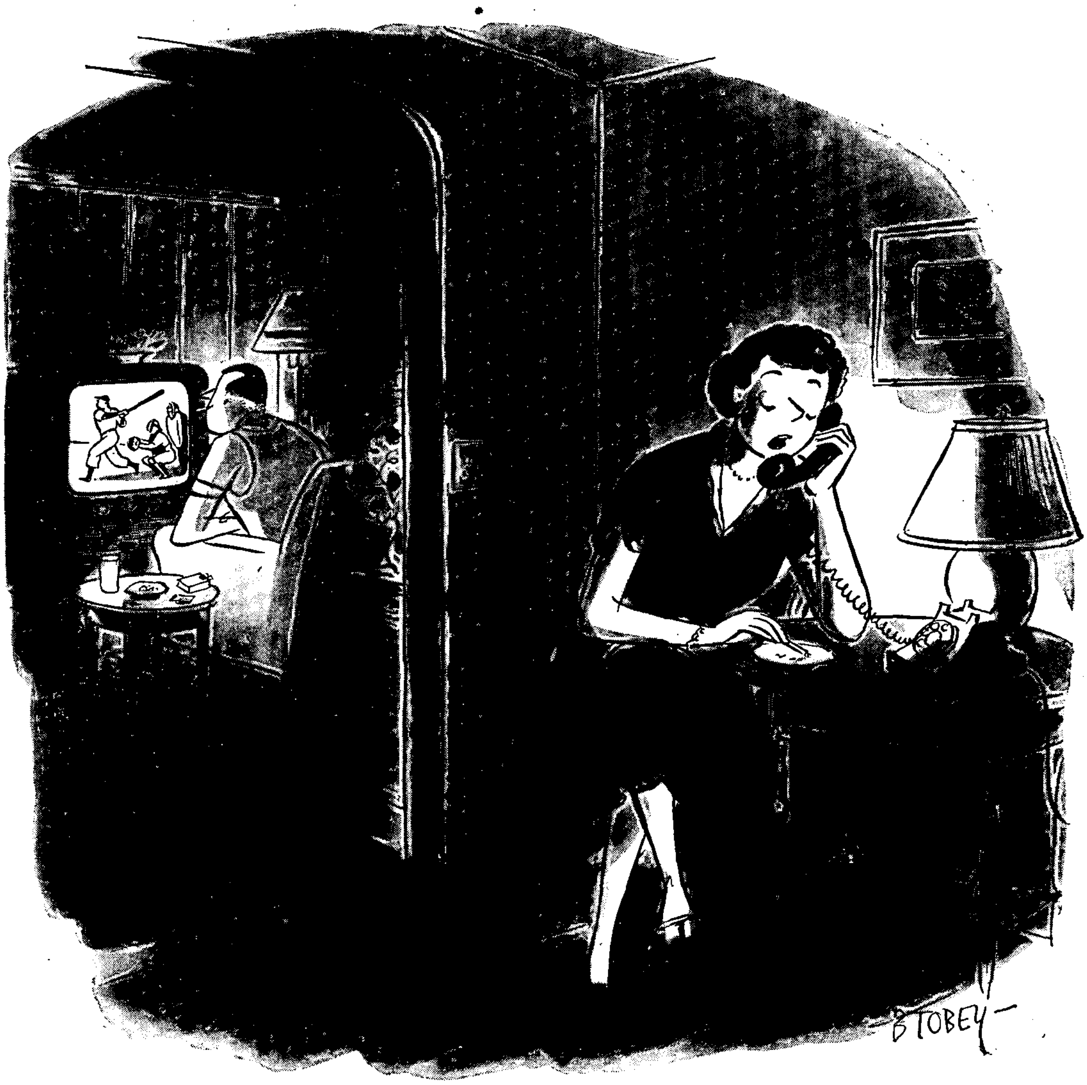
bold risk, the lovable, vulgar bloomer, the room had so knowingly avoided. The other guests were visibly affected by the change. They had started off by looking at Fred Gates out of the corners of their eyes and talking quickly and lightly of things he knew nothing about and people who were strangers to him. Now they began to laugh and talk loudly, slumping back on the frail furniture as though on shabby leather chairs in a gun room.

It was a fearful disaster for them, with their ingrained habit of being always on the side of the angels in taste, of avoiding everything that was not all right, and waiting to be sure before they plunged into anything, whether it was an opinion or the color of their dining-room walls. It was, moreover, disaster of a peculiarly humiliating kind that Betty should have blundered off by herself somewhere and returned, foolishly triumphant, with a Fred Gates. Their real defeat, I thought, would be that she did not know what she had so appallingly and joyously done. I caught Edward's cold look of horror repeated, and then instantly suppressed, on Mrs. Willoughby's handsome face. At one moment, just before I left, she happened to be standing beside Fred, and I saw him turn, roaring with laughter, and deal her a jovial whack on the rump. She took it admirably. Her expression and Edward's were wonderful to see, though. Mother and son were absolutely at a loss, for the first time in my acquaintance with them.



"Yeah, so is mine."

Betty followed me to the door, babbling of the wedding. "I'm going to wear white—do you think I'll look a fool? Mummy and Edward wanted us to be married quietly in a registry office, but I don't see why one shouldn't have the whole thing for once in one's life, do you?"

"Indeed I don't," I said.

As it happened, I was again out of England when they married. I heard later that Edward had given Betty away—and how like a martyr he would have been I could well imagine—and that the bridegroom had gone round genially telling people not to be frightened of the champagne, since it wasn't "the usual mucky stuff." It was delicately to be assumed that he had paid for it. The wedding had been a huge success—not because of the champagne, but on account of some quality that had shone in the faces of the somewhat ludicrous pair and spread its warmth intoxicatingly to all hearts.

So that was the end of the Willoughbys for me, I thought. At last I was free of a really rather unsatisfactory association that had continued to turn up like a dusty sprig of edelweiss brought back from a holiday and placed carelessly in the pages of a book—a souvenir that one intends to throw out but that still tumbles into one's lap at odd intervals.

But it was not quite the end, for there was one last flash of Mrs. Willoughby's face, suddenly before me at some crowded function, perhaps a year later, like a ghost, and reminding me of the green aquarium wash of our mountain dining room.

I asked after Edward. He was well, very busy, beginning to be very successful.

And Betty?

"Oh, she's well, and awfully happy." Mrs. Willoughby gave me a stare; her fine nose appeared to sharpen, and bewilderment passed almost like tears over her eyes. "Wonderfully happy!"

Forlorn, she sounded. Forlorn, I thought, the very word is like a bell, but it tolled me back to nothing. With finality and without sorrow, as though we were parting—as, after all, we should have done—on the steps of the little hotel under the glacier, we said goodbye.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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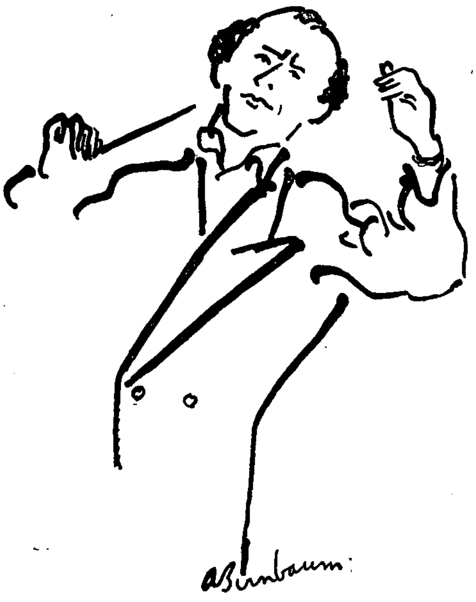
Formal promotion examinations will be of the question and answer type for promotion to lieutenant and lieutenant commander; while those for promotion to commander and captain will be of the easy type.—*Navy Times.*

Just have to know the right people.

PROFILES

DOWN THERE



Leopold Ludwig

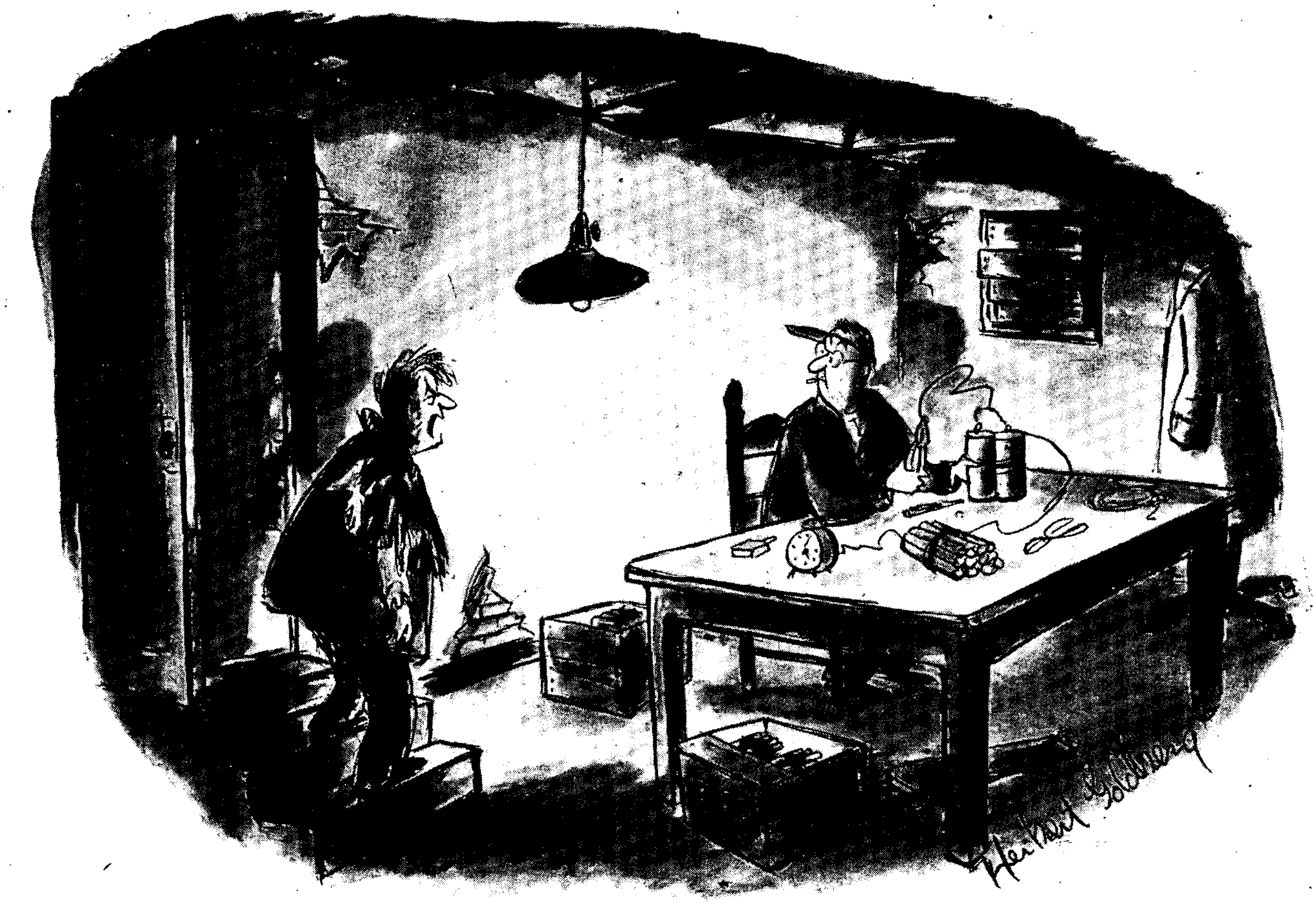
WHEN I was sixteen and in my sixth year at the *Gymnasium* in Moravská Ostrava, my home town in Czechoslovakia, I took part in a performance of Moritz Moszkowski's Spanish Dances No. 2 and No. 3, as my contribution to a show, called the *Akademie*, that the student body put on at the end of every school year. The show was made up of many forms of entertainment, from classical German drama to feats of strength and agility, and the audience consisted of the families and friends of the performers, who wouldn't have missed it for anything, and the families and friends of nonperformers, who couldn't get out of going, because each student had to sell five tickets. There was much jealousy among the parents of the performers, and much bitterness among the parents of the nonperformers; the *Akademie* invariably marked the end of many a beautiful friendship. The proceeds of this particular *Akademie* went to the geography teacher for the purchase of new maps of Central Europe, for this was shortly after Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon, and the old maps were out of date.

That year, the school was full of promising young actors, pantomimists, magicians, and acrobats, but there was a scarcity of musicians. Only three of us played instruments that were acceptable to the school authorities—Leopold Ludwig, who played the piano, and Fritz Pressburger and I, who both played the violin. One boy was an accomplished saxophonist, and another could play the xylophone passably, but their instruments were ruled out as fit only for night clubs and not for the *Akademie*, which took place at eleven o'clock in the morning. Unfortunately, the two-violins-and-piano combination has been neglected by most composers and arrangers, and there were few scores for us to choose from. Ludwig, Pressburger, and I were bursting with temerity, and we wanted to take on Bach's Double Violin Concerto in D Minor, but the principal, who taught Greek and believed in Spartan discipline, decided on Moszkowski. When we objected, he ordered us to memorize the first forty lines of the third book of the "Iliad" and to start rehearsing. Our rehearsals, which were held in Pressburger's home, were chaotic affairs, frequently interrupted by outbursts from Ludwig, who had a bad temper and a pianist's contempt for off-pitch violin playing, and by physical violence on the part of Pressburger's younger brother, who hated music, off pitch or on. Once, he attacked Ludwig's shinbone with an andiron, and our pianist had to be bandaged up by the Pressburgers' father, who was a physician.

Many artists believe that it is a good thing to have bad rehearsals, because they are always followed by a fine performance, but this wasn't true in our case—perhaps because we weren't artists. Everything went wrong. Ours was the last act before the grand finale, which was a full-scale production of "Wallenstein's Lager," by Friedrich Schiller. Four of Wallenstein's sturdiest warriors had been assigned to push Ludwig's piano onstage, but when the time came, they were nowhere to be found, and we had to go into the Moszkowski with Ludwig playing behind the scenes while Pressburger and I fiddled forlornly in the middle of a martial landscape, which had already been set up for Schiller's play. In the wings, Wallenstein and his men were spouting their lines and shuffling around, which drowned out our pianissimo, and one of them got lost among the ramparts and stumbled out onto the stage. The audience started to giggle. In its combination of sad music and low comedy, our performance had a good deal in common with Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos." We got through the Spanish Dances, but it wasn't fair to Moszkowski. There was a scattering of applause as we walked dejectedly offstage, and later my Uncle Bruno, who was the only musical member of my family, tried to cheer us up by remarking, "Well, anyway, all three of you finished at the same time." Ludwig still remembers that criticism as the most succinct he has ever received, and he has received a vast amount of criticism in the course of his rise to his present position, that of *Generalmusikdirektor* of the State Opera in Hamburg.

DURING the thirty-odd years that have elapsed since that *Akademie*, I have followed the career of Leopold Ludwig with considerable interest and some envy, for I have always had a sneaking ambition—though not the ability—to become a conductor myself. Ludwig has never had any serious doubts about *his* ability. He was a real *Wunderkind*, and he knew it. When he was hardly more than an infant, he used to sit on his father's lap at the piano, stretching his fingers in a determined effort to strike a full octave. He began playing the organ in church as soon as he could reach the pedals, and by the time he was in his second year at the *Gymnasium*, he could play the "Fledermaus" waltz backward. A few years later, his musical acrobatics enlivened the secret expeditions we used to make to the local dives; some time after midnight, Ludwig would take over the piano and amuse the other customers by playing the "Aïda" march with his left hand and Vincent Youmans' "Hallelujah!" with his right. He would clink a spoon against his beer glass and announce that the note was A flat, or C sharp, or whatever. He had absolute pitch. (He still has, of course, and not long ago he demonstrated it strikingly when he was called upon to take over as guest conductor of a hundred-and-five-piece orchestra whose members are noted for their skepticism about outsiders. By way of testing Ludwig at the first rehearsal, one of the second violinists tuned down his D string a quarter tone just before the entire orchestra launched into Prokofieff's Sixth Symphony. Ludwig stopped the orchestra at once and sharply told the violinist to cut out the nonsense and tune up his D string. The musicians applauded, and Ludwig was accepted.)

As a boy, Ludwig often used to come to our house to play duets with me, and this used to disturb my mother, because she was afraid that he would ruin our piano. Two uprights in our town had already broken down under his furioso



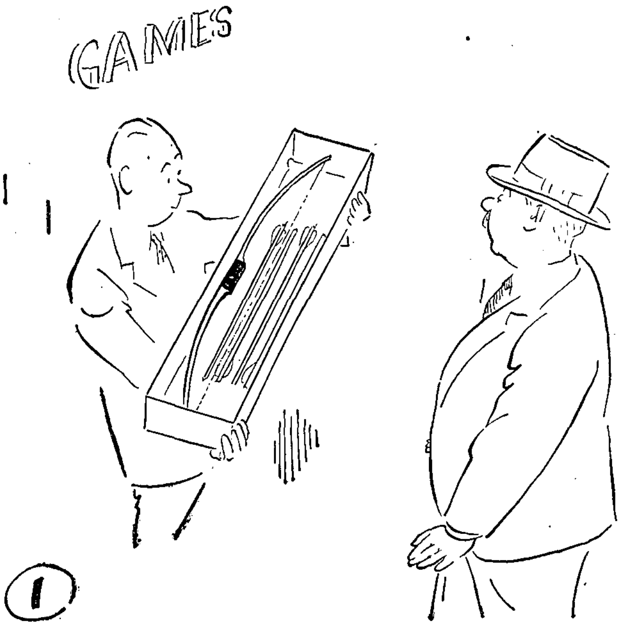
"When will you get it through that thick skull of yours that standard time is an hour back!"

sweep. He was an imposing figure at the piano—a tall, undernourished youth with a mane of long blond hair, which he would throw back with a majestic movement of his head. Someone had told him that with his high forehead, large mouth, and broad nose, he bore a distinct resemblance to the young Ludwig van Beethoven, and he tried to stress this by frowning and letting the corners of his mouth sag. On the street where my family lived, it was against the law to make unnecessary noise after ten o'clock in the evening, but when Ludwig and I started playing, we often forgot all about the curfew. As the evening wore on, we would switch from Beethoven and Bach to the violent dissonances of Hindemith and Bartók. At eleven o'clock one night, Frau Pick, a neighbor of ours, telephoned to ask us to stop the racket, and Ludwig responded by performing a deafening composition of his own. Before he had finished, the doorbell rang, and a policeman came in. My mother quickly produced a bottle of slivovitz, and Ludwig glided into a medley of Czech folk songs, played pianissimo. The policeman stayed and enjoyed the music until the bottle was empty.

Ludwig was born on January 12, 1908, into a poor family in Vitkovice, an industrial suburb of Moravská Ostrava. When he was ten, his father died, and his mother went to work as a telephone operator at the Vitkovice Ironworks, which was then owned jointly by the Vienna branch of the Rothschild family and the Guttmanns, and was the biggest industrial plant in Czechoslovakia. Ludwig attended the *Gymnasium* on a scholarship, and was eligible for free lunches at the nearby Family and Housekeeping School, where young girls were introduced into the mysteries of *la petite cuisine*. One of these girls later became my wife. She is now a first-rate *cuisinière*, but Ludwig remembers with anguish the burned stews and asphalt-hard dumplings that she and her classmates used to serve him. Their cooking may have had something to do with his skinniness as a boy. When we stripped to the waist for calisthenics, he would run his fingers over his ribs and compare them to organ pipes; he's the only person I've ever known who could play a Palestrina chorale on his chest. When he became an *Obergymnasiast*, he took to wearing a velvet coat and a silk shirt, and as he walked down the main street of Moravská Ostrava, with his long legs, his unruly hair, and his windmill-like arms all in motion, people would stop and look after him, perhaps suspecting that they were gazing upon a genius.

In our last year or two at the *Gymnasium*, Ludwig was in such demand as a pianist and an organist that he rarely found time to come over to my place and disturb the neighbors. His day started at six in the morning, when he played the harmonium during Mass in the chapel of the hospital at the ironworks. Afterward, the sisters would give him a substantial breakfast. On Sundays, he played the organ in the Catholic chapel at the *Gymnasium*, and every now and then he conducted a makeshift little orchestra in the music for the High Mass; he had an extremely nearsighted flutist and a cellist who knew only three positions, and he enlisted the services of Pressburger and me, though this meant crossing denominational lines. Somehow Ludwig blended the five of us into a seraphic musical body, and our presentation of the "Ave Maria" moved many worshippers to tears. Even in the chapel, Ludwig was not above a display of temperament. Once, after he had had an argument with Father Stancl, the instructor in religion, who celebrated the High Mass, he inserted a strain or two from Irving Berlin into the ecclesiastical music. After school was out, and well into the evening, Ludwig played the piano at the local cinema, providing a background for the silent films of the period. This sort of activity was frowned upon by the school authorities, who had a low opinion of piano playing and wanted Ludwig to devote more time to Greek and mathematics, neither of which he could stand, but the cinema was a respectable place and they couldn't actually prevent him from playing at it. They did take strenuous action, however, when they learned that he was also performing regularly at the Reis Bar, a local night club, which was off limits to students—I suppose because it employed hostesses. Ludwig, who played there from midnight until 2 A.M., was found out by our gymnastics teacher, an unmusical man, who said he had dropped in only to make sure that no students were there. Ludwig was expelled from school. He was overjoyed. At last, he said, he could go to Vienna and devote all his time to music. But his piano teacher, the great virtuoso Emil Paur, who was living in retirement in the nearby town of Místek and gave Ludwig free lessons, took a different view of the matter. He told Ludwig that the time to start devoting all one's time to music was *after* graduation, and he told the principal that since the boy turned his earnings over to his mother, there was no harm in his playing at the Reis Bar. Ludwig, to his disgust, was reinstated.

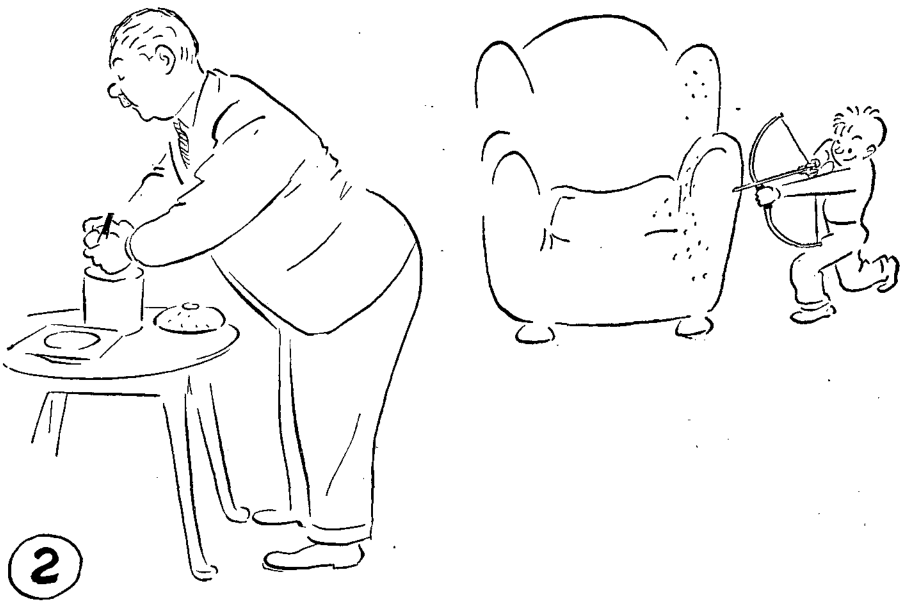
This incident came to the attention of Adolf Sonnenschein, the manager of the Vitkovice Ironworks, who was known as the General, and with reason, for his word was law in Vitkovice. The General had been a poor boy himself, and now he summoned Ludwig to his office and asked him to give an evening recital in the ballroom of the Vitkovice Works Hotel. A few hours before the recital began, word reached the General that the hall wasn't sold out, so he sent word out to all his *Direktoren*, *Oberinspektoren*, *Inspektoren*, *Oberverwalter*, and *Verwalter* to show up, with their wives. Ludwig's classmates acted as ushers and checkroom attendants, and one of them, Otto Kriso, who now runs an ear-nose-and-throat clinic in Vienna, presided in the box office. Kriso was swamped by the last-minute rush for tickets, and the recital was remembered locally for many years as the night when even *Frauen Direktoren* had to be content with standing room. The members of our class had chipped in and bought Ludwig a bust of Beethoven, and this stood on the piano, prompting many people to comment on the resemblance between the two Ludwigs. At the end of the concert, Sonnenschein walked out on the stage, pumped Ludwig's hand, and slipped him several bills—enough, it turned out, to support Ludwig and his mother for a year. Then, with a stern glance at the audience, the General started to clap, and his subordinates and their wives dutifully joined in. Everyone said that Ludwig was terrific, and the General was so pleased that he began to consider himself Ludwig's patron. When Ludwig did go to Vienna, after his graduation, the General gave him letters of introduction to the Rothschilds, and they helped the young man out while he was studying at the Academy of Music and Dramatic Art.



I, TOO, went to Vienna to study after graduation, but my school was the College for World Trade, and I saw Ludwig only at night—in the fourth gallery of the Vienna State Opera, where we were both active members of the claque. Even in our group, which had something of a reputation for enthusiasm, Ludwig was outstanding for his sheer exuberance. Applauding an opera was an exacting art then—not the production of vulgar noises at the wrong moment that it is nowadays. We had our cues, just as the singers had, and we would never have thought of breaking into applause when we weren't scheduled to. Most of us followed the performance with piano scores, but a piano score was not enough for Ludwig. He used to lug up the full orchestral score, sit down on the floor under one of the exit lights, and conduct an imaginary orchestra and cast with a baton. Kriso, who was studying medicine by then, had sandpapered Ludwig's baton to give it what Ludwig called "the right weight in the hand." The balance of his baton was as important to Ludwig as the balance of a violin bow is to a fiddler.

Although Ludwig attended zealously to his duties as a claqueur, he showed scant respect for the State Opera in his conducting up there in the fourth gallery. He went along at his own tempo, which was seldom that of the other conductor, down in the pit. One evening, for example, Richard Strauss conducted the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" too swiftly for Ludwig's taste, and Ludwig and his imaginary orchestra fell far behind. On other occasions, the performance was too slow for him, and he would finish triumphantly while the orchestra was still playing. Ludwig's conducting irritated some people in the fourth gallery—it was as if the sound track of a film were running a good bit ahead of or behind the action on the screen—but when anyone complained, Ludwig would point to the pit and retort that someday he would be "down there," conducting opera as opera should be conducted. Those who knew that at the Academy Ludwig was confined to piano and composition, and was never allowed to conduct the school orchestra, felt that he was fooling nobody but himself.

In 1928, I left Vienna, and lost track of Ludwig. During the next few years, I played the violin in an orchestra aboard ships of the French Line, and I was just as glad that he didn't know how low I had fallen. Once, when I returned home on a visit, my mother told me that he was conducting in some pro-



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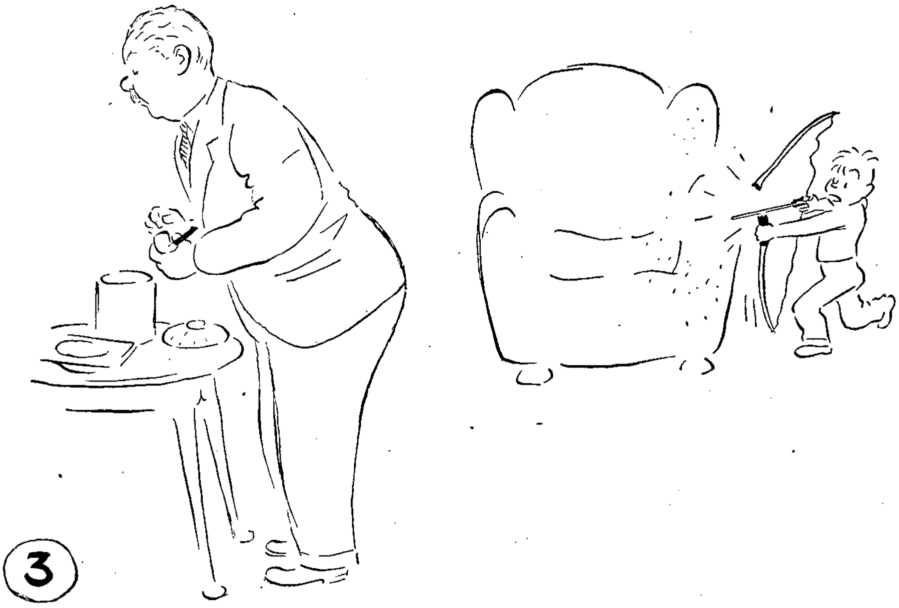

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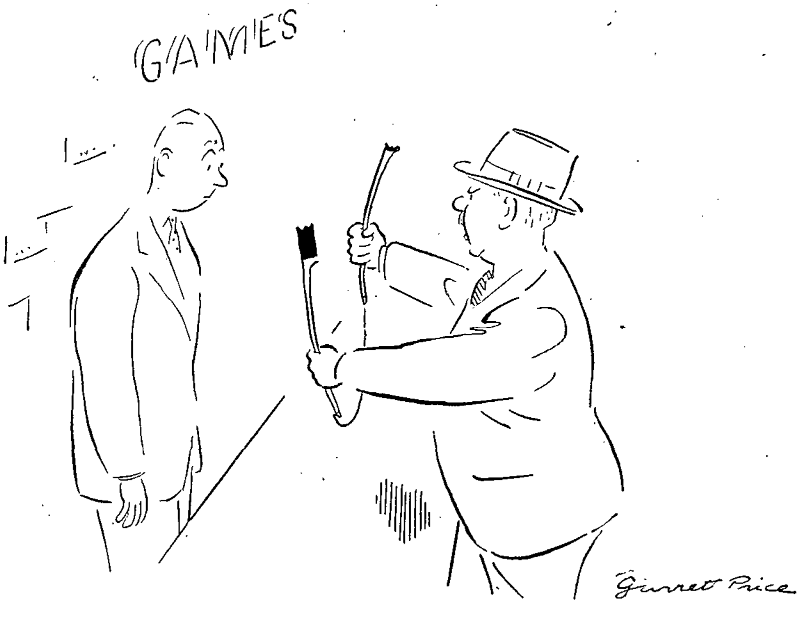

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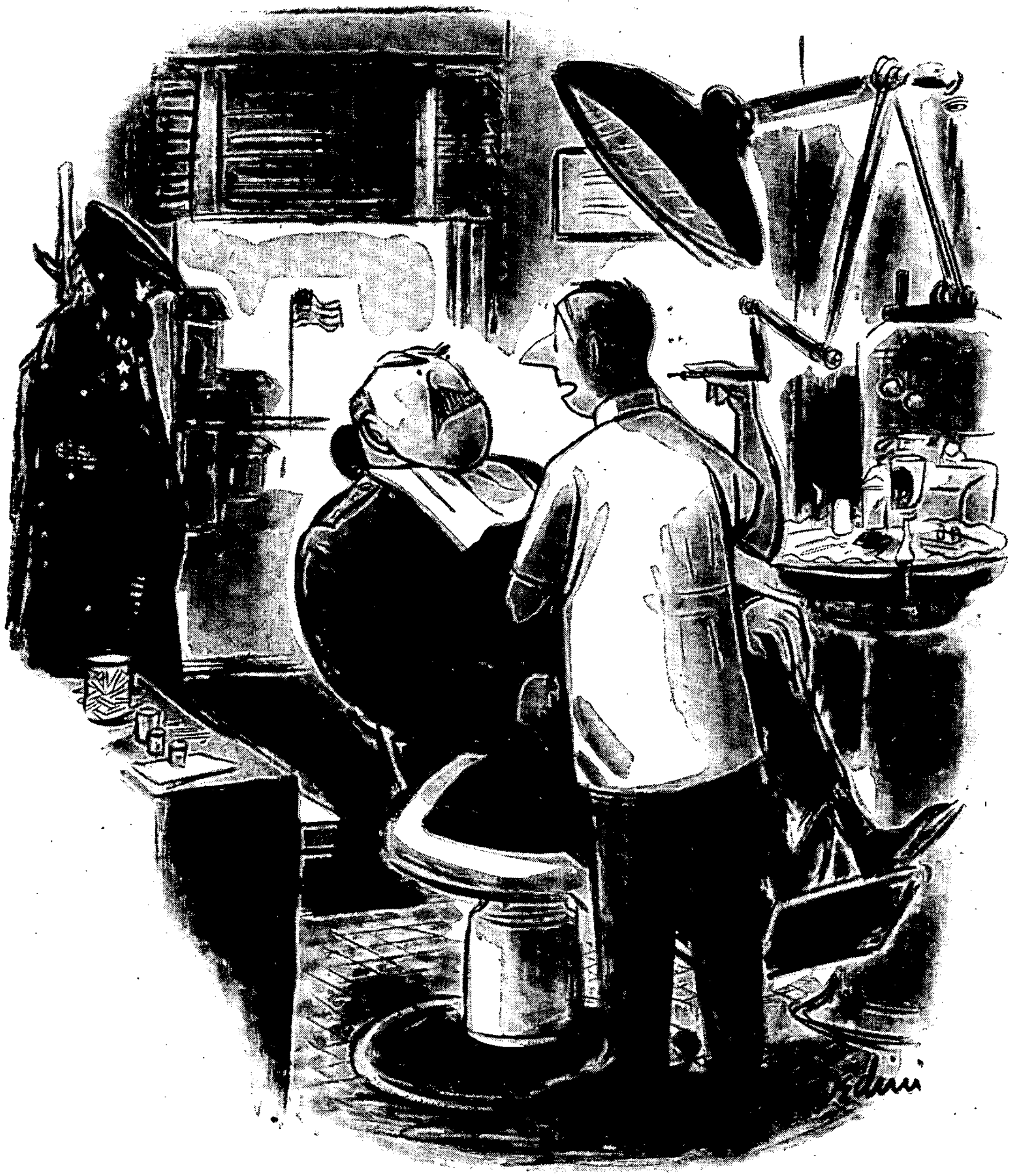
vincial opera house, but she wasn't sure what one. Time passed, and I got married and began practicing law in Prague, and the days of the *Gymnasium* and the fourth gallery hardly ever entered my thoughts. On the few occasions when I ran into one of my former classmates, we found we had little to say to each other, and we would feel secretly relieved when we parted. In the fall of 1938, I moved to the United States. When the Second World War broke out, communication with my homeland practically ceased, but in one of my mother's last letters to me (it was transmitted by the Red Cross), she wrote that Ludwig had become First Conductor of the Vienna State Opera. So he'd made it after all, I thought; he was now sitting "down there," on the seat once occupied by Gustav Mahler, Franz Schalk, Bruno Walter, and Richard Strauss, and was probably convinced that his "Tristan" was the best of all.

Two weeks after V-E Day, I was in Prague again, this time as an American soldier, and I went to visit some friends. We turned on the radio at the moment when an announcer was saying that a concert just broadcast from Berlin had consisted of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Tchaikovsky's Fifth and had been conducted by Leopold Ludwig. There was a good deal of cheering and applause, and I regretted that we had not tuned in earlier. My friends were sorry, too, but it hadn't occurred to them to tune in on Berlin, which they had assumed was in ruins.

In the years immediately after the war, I made several trips to Europe, and each time I hoped that I could manage to see Ludwig, but I kept just missing him. I would arrive in a city a few nights after he had conducted there, or would have to leave a few days before he was to appear. A modern conductor, I gathered, spends almost as much time in airplanes as at rehearsals. Once, in Vienna, I met Kriso, who was combining his interests in music and medicine by serving as the personal throat specialist for some of the singers in the State Opera. He told me that Ludwig had got married and was now *Generalmusikdirektor* of the Hamburg State Opera, which is one of Germany's three big opera companies, the other two being the State Operas in Berlin and Munich. In spite of the eminence of this position—a *Generalmusikdirektor* is virtually the musical dictator of an opera company, as well as its leading conductor—Kriso, a man of some civic pride, seemed to think that Ludwig had come down in the world since he left Vienna. "He was very popular with everybody here when he started," Kriso said to me. "But you know him. He seems to go out of his way to offend people. As you remember, Ludwig has always liked *zeitgenössische* [contemporary] music, and most of the Viennese have no use for it, even now. They had even less during the war, for the local Nazi boss also liked *zeitgenössische* music, and to oppose it became a way of expressing one's opposition to the Nazi regime. Well, there were turbulent scenes over the matter. Once, the Nazis wanted the Vienna Philharmonic to put in a solid week of *zeitgenössische* music, and Furtwängler refused to conduct, because he had heard that there would be demonstrations. Ludwig was asked to take over, and he accepted. All week long, the hall was surrounded by police cars and there were policemen at the exits. Every night Ludwig walked onstage expecting to be hit by ripe tomatoes. The presence of the policemen discouraged that sort of thing, but there's no question that a good many people were disgusted with Ludwig. And then he turned around and offended the Nazi boss by declining an invitation to a banquet he was giving. Like so many artists, Ludwig is naïve about politics, and at one time or another he was in trouble with the Nazis, the Western Allies, and the Russians."

From other old friends in Vienna, I learned that Ludwig had been quite a man-about-town while he was conductor of the State Opera there—a job that he held from 1939 right through to the end of the war. In Vienna, conducting "Tristan" is almost like celebrating a High Mass, and it came as quite a shock to the operatic world to learn that after conducting a moving performance of "Tristan," Ludwig habitually went straight to the Moulin Rouge or to a gambling casino in Baden. He was a bad gambler; he couldn't bring himself to stop, even when luck was running against him, and as a result his financial affairs were generally in chaos. He always travelled with two suitcases, in which contracts and bank statements were all jumbled together with scores, love letters, and pictures of girls, and when he wanted to find a paper, he would turn the suitcases upside-down and empty their contents on the floor. During the war years, he was famous in Vienna for the lengths he would go to to acquire a pound or two of coffee. He claimed that without a half-dozen cups of thick, black coffee a day he was done for, and he would pay any price to get them. He was also fanatical about automobiles. When he left Vienna in the spring of 1945, shortly before the Russians arrived, he hid his car somewhere out in the suburbs. After things quieted down, some friends of his tried to find it for him, but either it was too well hidden or the Russians had already found it, and for a time, Ludwig had to do without a car, which must have been a severe deprivation.

ONE day in 1952, when I was back in New York, I read that the Hamburg State Opera, under Leopold Ludwig, had given a number of successful performances at the Edinburgh Festival, and I resolved that at the next opportunity I really would go out of my way to see him. But one thing or another interfered until a few weeks ago, when I discovered that I could get to Hamburg the very day that Ludwig was to conduct "Die Meistersinger" there. I wrote a few days before to tell him I was coming and to give him the name of my hotel, and shortly after I checked in, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I received a long-distance call from him. I was afraid that he might have become



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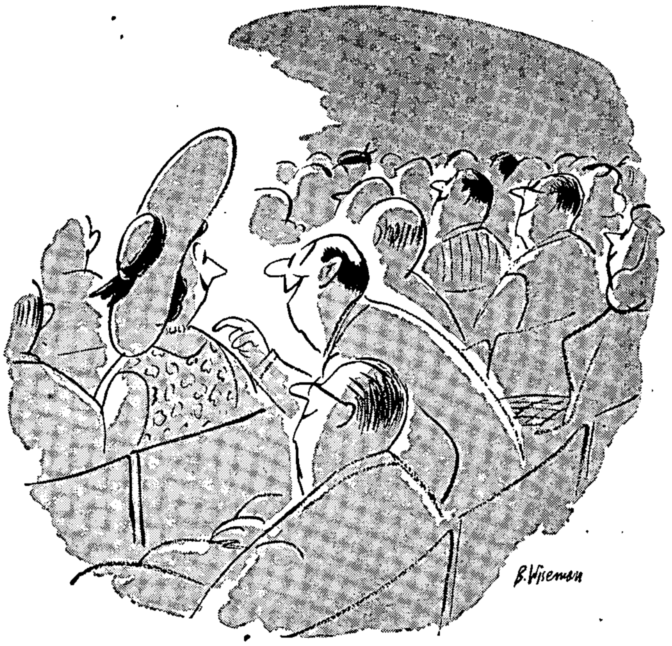

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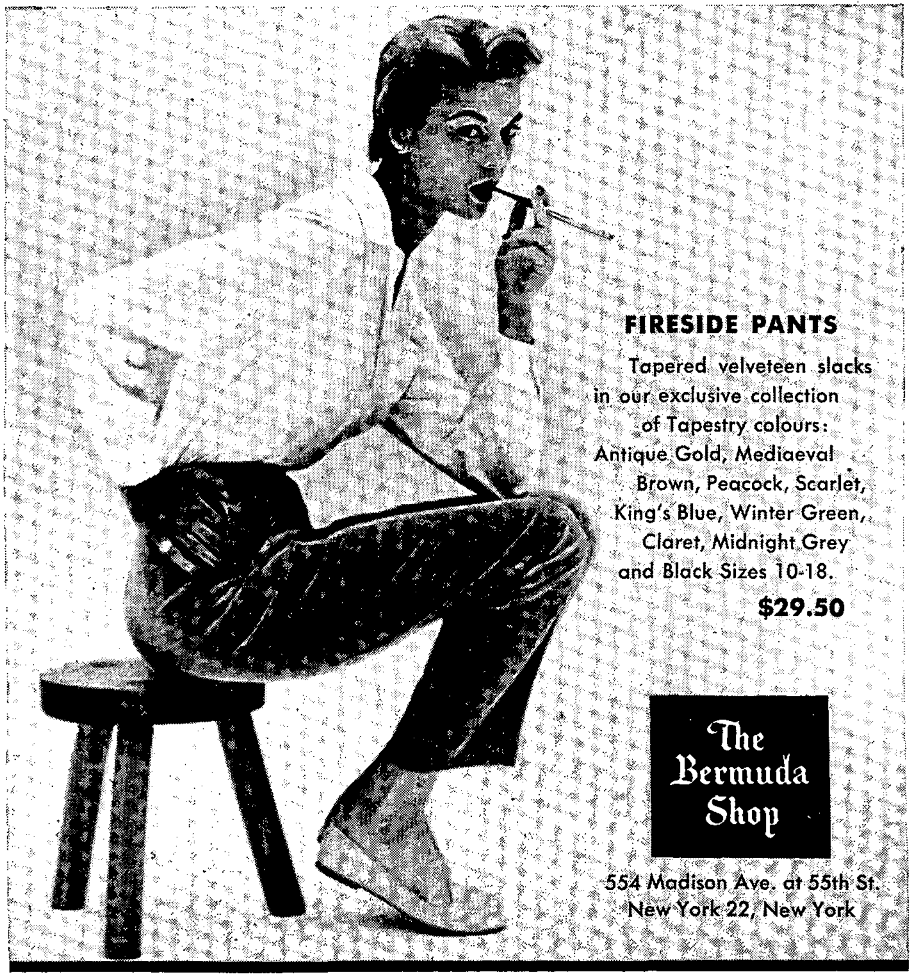

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stuffy, but his voice had all its old enthusiasm and freshness. "I'm driving back to Hamburg this afternoon," he said. "I'll get there by two. The opera starts at five. That will give us time to talk. I want to see you before the performance. Wait for me in your room."

"Where are you?" I asked.

"In Braunlage," Ludwig replied. "The Harz. For the first time in four months I take a couple of days off, and what do I get? Nothing but rain and wind. Terrible! Well, at least I've been able to get some sleep. I slept fourteen hours last night."

It is close to a hundred and fifty miles from Braunlage to Hamburg, and the roads are by no means fast. I told Ludwig that he'd have a hard time making it by two. He laughed scornfully—the laugh of Iago in "Otello" at the end of his "Credo." Of course he would make it, he said; in fact, he would arrive in Hamburg *before* two. If he only still had his Mercedes, he went on, he could make it by one, but his wife had objected to his fast driving and now he had an American car that didn't have nearly the speed. "But this is just wasting good time," he said, and told me again to wait for him in my room.

At a quarter to two, my phone rang, and the desk clerk, his voice hushed with respect, announced that the *Generalmusikdirektor* was on his way up. I had hardly put the phone down when I heard barking and scratching outside the door, followed by an impatient rapping of the ta-ta-ta-*tah* from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and then Ludwig made his entrance, preceded by an Irish setter, which jumped up on me. "Down, Lord!" Ludwig said. He laughed uproariously and embraced me, and then we stood looking at each other. The wrinkles in Ludwig's face had deepened, and he had gained weight—obviously he could no longer play Palestrina on his ribs—but otherwise he showed little wear and tear. His hair was still long and disorderly, and he still spoke in staccato sentences and waved his arms around as though he were conducting the "Ride of the Valkyries." He was wearing unpressed slacks, a leather vest, and suède shoes. When friends meet for the first time after many years, their conversation is likely to get bogged down in pauses and platitudes, but Ludwig and I had no trouble getting started. We talked in half-finished sentences, interrupting each other as we touched upon this subject and that—our mothers, my wife and the cannon-ball dumplings, friends

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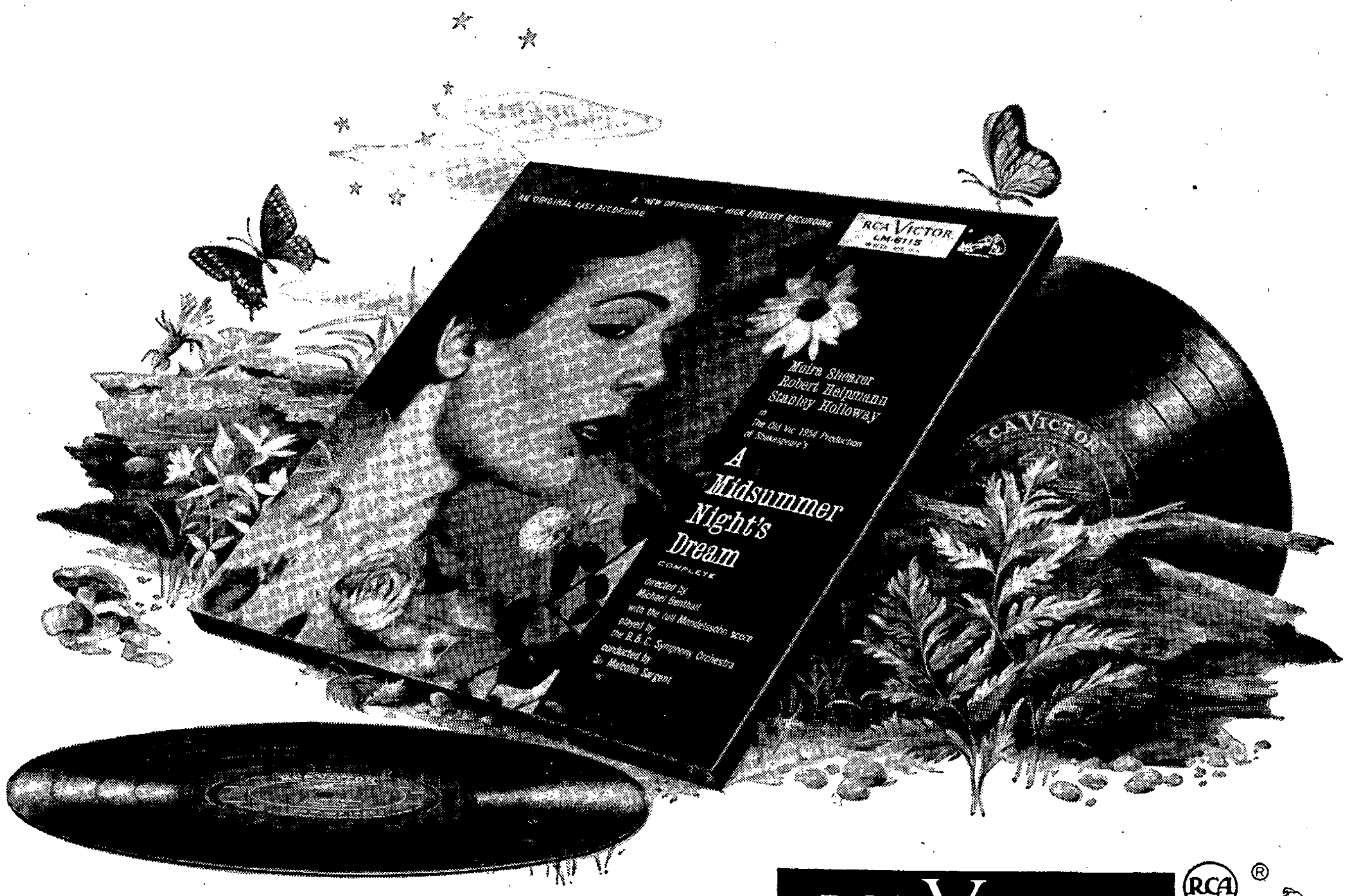
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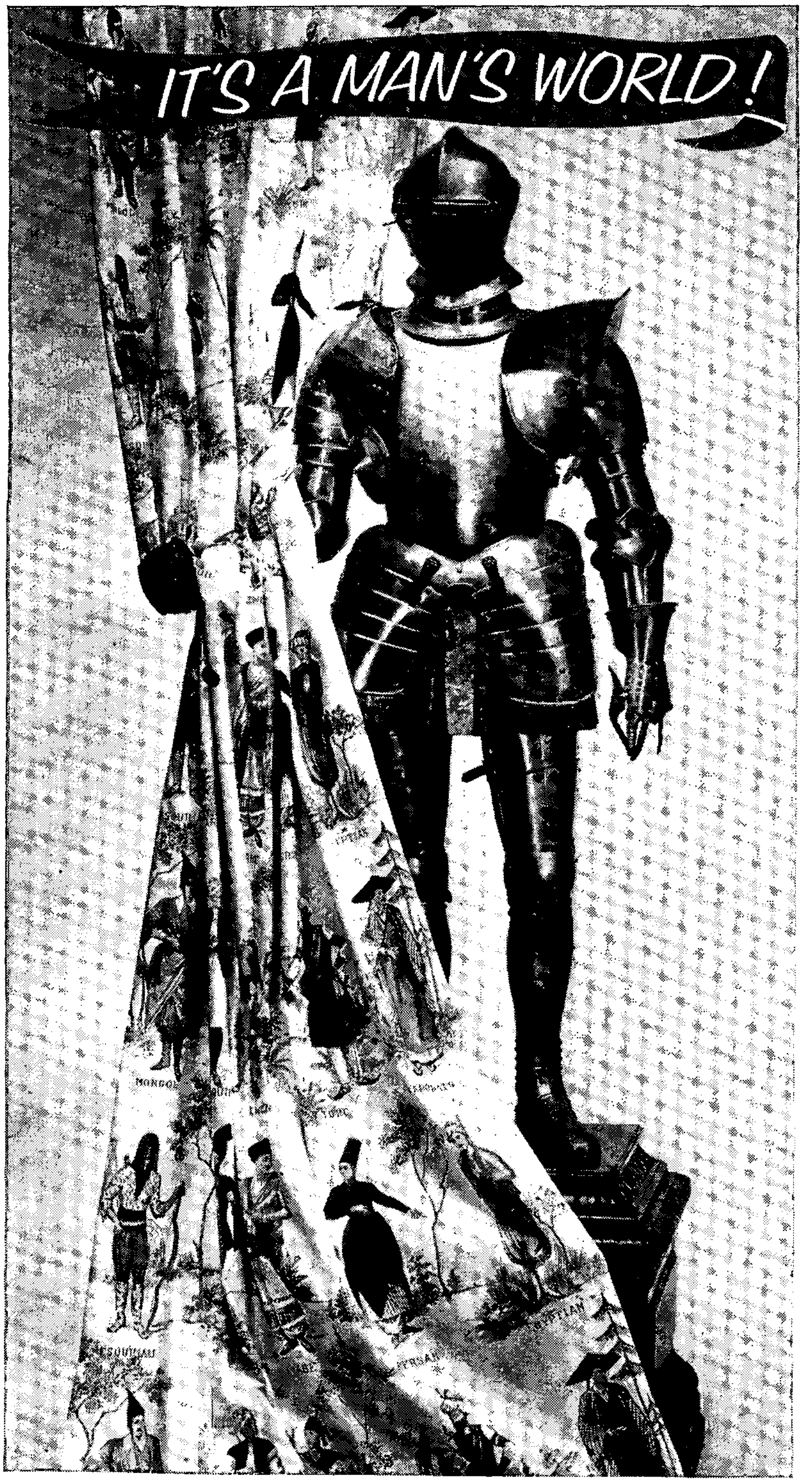

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both living and dead, the Reis Bar, the *Akademie*, and Fritz Pressburger, our second violinist, who had left Europe when the Nazis proved too much for him and had gone to Shanghai, where the Communists proved too much for him, and who is now living in Canada, trying to start life all over again. Ludwig lifted his right trouser leg and showed me a scar on his shin. "Remember when young Pressburger hit me with the andiron during the Moszkowski?" he said. "I hear he's in Canada, too. I've been trying to keep up with our old friends, but it's not an easy job." He walked to the window and looked out at the street below. "Is one of those your car?" he asked. "Which one? The big Buick? How fast do you drive it?"

I told him that sixty miles an hour was as fast as I ever went.

"Sixty!" he exclaimed. "That's only—let's see—ninety-six kilometres an hour. Why, I go a hundred and twenty kilometres in my Chevrolet! What's the Autobahn for if not for driving fast? Driving fast is good for you. Driving a car is like conducting an orchestra. When you stand in the pit, you never know what's going to happen next. Something is always going wrong with the singers or the chorus or the orchestra, and you've got to think quickly or you wind up in a ditch. You must never relax. Three weeks ago, I drove through the Soviet Zone from Munich to Berlin in less than seven hours. I was chased by the Soviet Military Police, but they couldn't catch me. I arrived in Berlin at six-thirty, had just time to change, and was on the podium at seven. Good performance of 'Don Carlos.' "

I asked Ludwig whether he'd ever gone back to Moravská Ostrava. "I haven't been there for years," he said. "The last time was in March, 1945, and it wasn't at all pleasant. The Red Air Force had made a shambles of the place. I conducted a symphony concert at the theatre, and my mother sat in a box and cried. Herr Dorasil, the man who owns that cinema I used to work in, gave me a rubber tree. I started to take it back to Vienna on the train, but near Deutsch Wagram, there was an air raid, and everybody had to get out and walk. I carried the rubber tree in my arms all the way to Vienna—thirty kilometres. A couple of months later, I took the last train from Vienna to Berlin, which everybody said was safer. Well, you know how safe it was. I still have the rubber tree, though."

Ludwig looked at his wristwatch,

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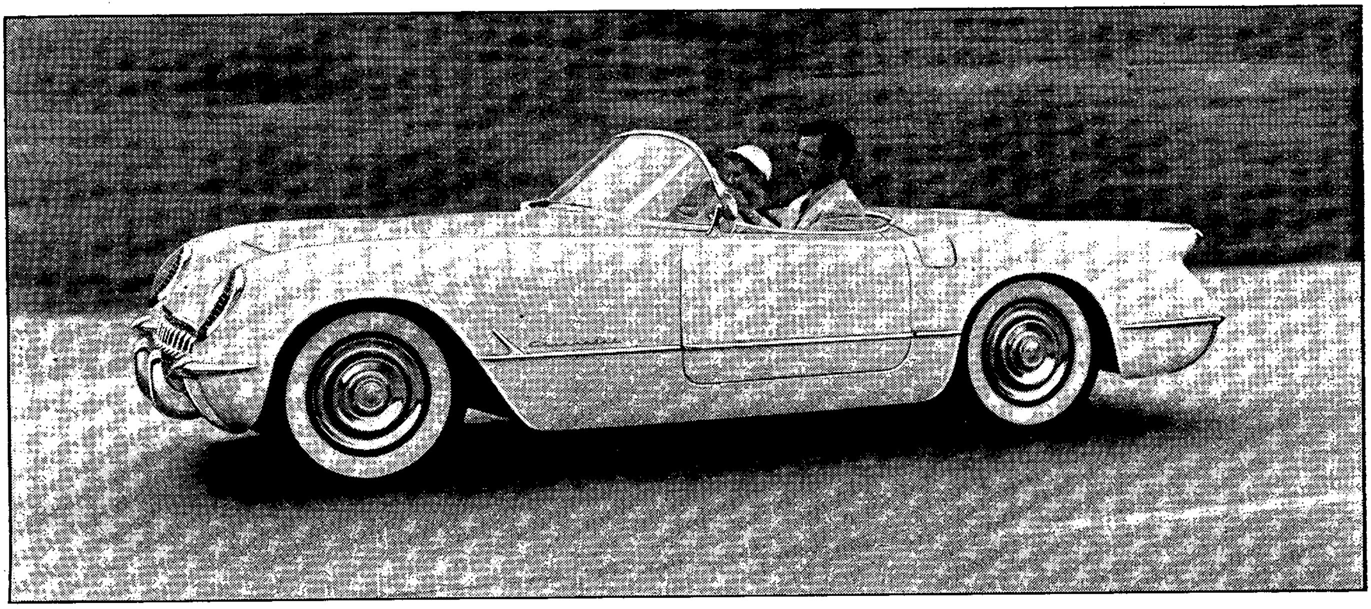

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The Corvette blends all these—and more. For it is a *driver's* car . . . a low-slung torpedo with a center of gravity only 18 inches above the concrete . . . with outrigger rear springs that make it hold to the road like a stripe of paint . . . with a 16-to-1 steering ratio that puts needle-threading accuracy at your finger tips.

Frankly, the Corvette is a "limited edition," made only in small numbers. It is intended only for the man or woman to whom driving is not just transportation but an exhilarating game, a sparkling challenge to skill and judgment. If you are one of these, then you owe yourself an hour with a Chevrolet Corvette.

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MAURICE EVANS in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER presents
BURGESS MEREDITH • SCOTT McKAY
the Teahouse of the August Moon

A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • JONATHAN HARRIS • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Settings by PETER LARKIN • Costumes by NOEL TAYLOR
Music Composed by DAI-KEONG LEE
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify alternate dates.
Mon. thru Thurs: Evs. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Evgs. Orch. $6.25; Mezz. $5.20; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed, & Sat. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Taxes Incl.

"A SMASH HIT!" —Coleman, Mirror
"SOCKO SUCCESS!" —McClain, Journal Amer.
"DANCING SPECTACULAR!" —Atkinson, Times
COLE PORTER'S CAN-CAN
book and direction by ABE BURROWS
dances and musical numbers staged by MICHAEL KIDD
settings and lighting by JO MIELZINER costumes by MOTLEY
Evgs. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 2.88, 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30, 1.73. Sat. Mat. $4.60, 4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30, 1.73. Tax Incl.
Air-Cond. SAM S. SHUBERT 44th W. of B'way. CI 6-5990

"Restores our theatre to an art again" —ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
The Playwrights' Company in association with Mary K. Frank present
JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN'S production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON
ANTHONY PERKINS
BARRYMORE Theatre W. 47th St. Eves. 8:35 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Tallulah's dynamite" —CHAPMAN, NEWS
MOROSCO THEA.

said he ought to be getting home, and insisted that I go along. Led by Lord, we hurried downstairs. In front of the hotel, Ludwig became engrossed in my Buick. He asked me many technical questions about it, and was irritated with me for not being able to answer them. At last he tore himself away, proclaiming with an air of finality that my car was inferior to his, and climbed under the wheel of the Chevrolet, with Lord crouching between his legs. I got in on the other side, and Ludwig started off with a neck-wrenching spurt of speed. He snapped the radio on, and when it began playing jazz, turned it up. I asked him if he didn't find that sort of music upsetting just before "Die Meistersinger."

"Music? What music?" he said, swerving to avoid an old woman. "Oh, *that!* That's just background noise. I don't really hear it. But I can't bear quiet." With that, he jammed on the brakes so violently that my head was thrown against the windshield. "Let's get out here for a while," he said.

Ludwig had stopped on the shore of the Aussen-Alster, one of Hamburg's two lovely lakes. It was gaily dotted with sailboats, motor launches, and rowboats, and in the background stood stately, tree-shaded residences, with green lawns that came right down to the water's edge. "Isn't this beautiful?" Ludwig said. "I always stop here on my way back from the Opera, and get out for a while. When I signed up for Hamburg, my friends in Berlin said I was crazy. Well, now I think maybe they're the ones who are crazy. I still conduct a lot in Berlin, but I'd much rather work here. People in northern Germany are supposed to be dour and unenthusiastic, but the audiences in Hamburg have taste, and they are not horrified when we try an experiment. We put on a new opera here every year—Carl Orff, Gottfried von Einem, Stravinsky, Luigi Dallapiccola. People may not like them, but at least they don't stay away, as they do in Vienna. I'm going to Buenos Aires in October for a series of concerts, and I've had an offer from San Francisco, but in the long run, this is the place for me. There's no pressure from managers, or trade unions, or society people, and I don't have to attend boring parties. The Hamburg Senate gives the State Opera a yearly subsidy, with no strings attached. No senator tells us what opera we should perform or what lady should sing the leading role."

"Speaking of opera," I said, "hadn't

"SHIRLEY BOOTH IS THE CHAMP!" —WALTER KERR, HERALD TRIBUNE
"'BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA' IS 'AN ELEGANT SPREE!'" —BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES
SHIRLEY BOOTH

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IMPERIAL THEA., W. 45th St., N. Y. 36

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IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
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ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.
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"ORIGINAL and FUNNY." —Atkinson, N. Y Times
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ELLIOTT NUGENT in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
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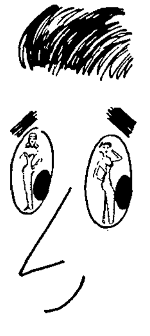
Air-Cond. FULTON Theatre, 210 W. 46th St.



"EXTREMELY FUNNY—A DANDY SHOW!" —WALTER KERR, HERALD-TRIBUNE
CHERYL CRAWFORD in association with Anderson Lawler presents
LLOYD BRIDGES in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
Air.-Cond. HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
BR. 9-3970 Evgs 8:40 Mats Thurs & Sat 2:40

Three of a kind

No beards, no sandals, no long hair, no frantic gestures—but artists just the same. They aren't frenetic movie directors, either, but art directors for an advertising agency, creating an ad.

They know their art, all right. Theirs is the toughest job in art—conceiving it. Their job is not just making pictures, but also creating honest, believable advertising that attracts readers. They're three of a kind—yet as different as diamonds and spades.

They're hardly "arty." Georges Michel, the rugged boy on the left, comes closest, even though he doesn't look it. Michel grew up in Kansas City, Mo., surrounded by men who made words and by women who made pictures. He's an artist by vocation, but he writes, too—so well, in fact, that he's taken first prizes in Stephen Vincent Benet poetry competitions, and has scripted a successful movie. He's done illustrative work for many top agencies. Michel has been at Campbell-Ewald just a few months, brought here because the agency is constantly seeking new blood for the creative departments.

Don Hume, pointing, is an example of what can be done by a young man with faith in himself and a company with faith in him, too. In 1947, Hume was out of the Army and at loose ends. He came here as an apprentice and found a new home in the agency business. He worked days and went to art school nights, and now he's an associate art director, assistant to the director.

That's the director, at the right, talking with his hands, as usual. Al Scott has been here 14 years. To him, "credibility is the most important thing in any advertising." And credibility, he says, depends to a great degree on human emotion. Therefore, as Scott sees it, the art director's job is the sensitive blending of imagery and realism so that people will actually be eager to own the product advertised. A lifelong student of photography and an amateur photographer of note, Scott also relaxes by painting, and driving his Corvette.

This trio and their 20-odd colleagues in Campbell-Ewald's art department haven't time to be arty and probably wouldn't know how to be. They're in business, making advertising that people heed, advertising that has built Campbell-Ewald and its clients for 43 years.

They come from a multitude of places and jobs—from farms, from cities, from art studios, from Hollywood, from lumber camps, and from nowhere. They bring the urge, the ability and the creative ambition to an agency that insists on these basic, indispensable ingredients of readable, believable advertising.

But they are alike in one thing—their art. Their art is advertising.

CAMPBELL-EWALD COMPANY
ADVERTISING

Detroit • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles
San Francisco • Washington • Atlanta • Dallas • Kansas City

Memo from the Management

We used to know an advertising agency man who would let us talk as long as we liked. He'd always sit back in his chair, look us right in the eye, and seem to be listening with both ears. Then, when we'd talked ourselves out, he'd always say, "Excellent. Now, would you just put that in a short memo to me?"

Perhaps that's what this business needs — more short memos and fewer long-winded sales spiels. After all, there are thousands of magazines, newspapers, radio and television stations, billboards, blotters and what not. If an advertiser listened to all of them, he'd never have any time to do his work.

So, if we may, just let us tell you quickly, that as we finish the ninth lap this year, Nation's Business is doing dandy. Editorial content continues to grow livelier, more readable, and more useful. That's what the reader mail keeps saying over and over again.

Circulation, over three-quarters of a million net ABC paid, continues to be the largest executive audience offered by any businessman's magazine. Advertising, too, continues up. Through September we're leading our field in rate of gain — and only two of us are showing increases. Ours, incidentally, have been going on pretty steadily for the past 30 months.

Just thought you'd like to know everything's going well. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D.C.

(*Advertisement*)

we better move on? You haven't much time."

Ludwig looked at his watch, but he didn't seem worried, and it took me a moment or two to persuade him to get back in the car. After a short drive, we stopped in front of a pleasant suburban villa, in which he and his wife rent a small apartment. (They own a large house in Berlin.) We went in, and Ludwig introduced me to his wife, Ilse, an attractive brunette with a strong Berlin accent and a streak of tough Berlin humor, and to her children by a previous marriage—Doris, sixteen, and Jochen, fifteen. I could see that the youngsters and Ludwig adored each other. He bellowed at Jochen to bring him the score of "Meistersinger" and at Doris to bring him a cup of coffee. I asked Ilse if he was always so casual about getting to the opera house, and she sighed. "Leopold is supposed to arrive an hour before the performance starts, but they're lucky if he's there by the time the curtain bell starts ringing," she said. "It makes him too tense to get there early and have to wait. He shows up everywhere at the last moment. Someday he's going to crack up if he keeps going at this pace. He looks well now, but you should have seen him back in '46, when he married me. He was so sick he—"

"I didn't marry Ilse, she married me," Ludwig said. He sat down in an easy chair, stretched his legs out, and began teasing Lord. Ilse and I sat on a couch. "They were all after me," he added, with relish. "Ilse just happened to be the lucky one. She owned two factories, a fleet of trucks, and a farm in Eastern Germany, and she had more food than anyone else in Berlin. Also, she had cultural ambitions. She was going to give a drawing-room concert, so she invited me, thinking I'd perform. As if Leopold Ludwig could be bought for a pound of butter!"

"Leopold Ludwig was bought for a pound of *Kirschkuchen*," Ilse said. "I invited him through a mutual friend, a tenor. First, Leopold asked him, 'How old is she?' Then he asked, 'Is she pretty?' And finally he asked, 'Is there enough to eat in her house?' Evidently the answers satisfied him, because he came to the party. We asked him to play, but he refused to touch the piano. Then he discovered my *Kirschkuchen*. Goodness, he ate half of it, he was so *starved!* Then he ate a lot of other things and drank a lot, too, and finally he sat down at the piano. He played until all hours. The next day, he sent me a first-row ticket for a performance

Julie Wilson
Ted Straeter
HIS SONGS, PIANO AND ORCHESTRA
Mark Monte's Continentals
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SELECTIVE LUNCHEON $2.50
Persian Room
THE PLAZA • 5th AVE. at 59th ST.

this is the place they mean ...fabulous mutton chops, steaks and roast beef...old tavern atmosphere... clay pipes and traditions!
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72 West 36th Street

GEORGE KONDOLF presents
CHESTER MORRIS JOSEPH BULOFF
IN "THE 5th SEASON"
by SYLVIA REGAN Staged by GREGORY RATOFF
CORT THEATRE, 48 St. East of Broadway
Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.). $4.60, $4.05, $3.45, $2.90, $2.30, $1.75. Mats. Sat. & Sun. $3.45, $2.90, $2.30, $1.75, $1.15.

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TAKE a lesson TODAY
PLAY a song TONIGHT
NO PREVIOUS TRAINING NECESSARY
Short INTERESTING Course for Adult Beginners
DAILY 1-8 P.M. • SATURDAY BY APP'T.
BERNARD SPENCER, M.A.
STEINWAY HALL, 113 W. 57th St. CO 5-1418

of the Brahms Requiem, so that I could admire him at close range."

"Don't pay any attention to her," Ludwig said gruffly. "Next, she'll be telling you she didn't like my Brahms."

"It was beautiful," Ilse said. "A few weeks later, his right arm swelled up. No one knew what was wrong with it. The doctors thought it might be nervous exhaustion, or an infection. He lost weight and had to be taken to the hospital, and then he went completely blind for fourteen days. It was terrible."

"No wonder," Ludwig said. "Those months right after the end of the war were worse than the war itself—the hunger, and the cold, and always the Russians behind you." He paused, and then said that a few days after V-E Day he had been called to the Russian Kommandantura in Berlin and told to get an orchestra together for a symphony concert. The city was a mountain of rubble, with tens of thousands of bodies buried in it; there was no electricity, no water, no telephone service, no drainage, and practically no food. Conceivably there were more urgent problems than putting on a concert, but the Russians seemed to feel that culture came first. Ludwig was chosen because he happened to be the only well-known conductor in town. He told the colonel in charge that the musicians were too hungry to play and had no way of getting to rehearsal, and the colonel came through with special rations and bicycles. The concert took place on May 18th at the Rundfunkhaus. It was the one I had just missed hearing over the radio in Prague.

"I thought it was preposterous," Ludwig said. "*Mein Gott*, parents were still searching for their children, and wives for their husbands. Surely no one would be interested in music at a time like that, I thought. Well, I was wrong. The concert we gave was the first since the battle for the city had started. All

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Storm warnings hold no terrors for the man in the original Macintosh. The staunch English poplin easily holds off winds and rains. And, when the sun breaks through, the handsome London tailoring easily holds its own as the town's most distinctive fair-weather topcoat. $29.50 at stores listed. Or write Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Duluth, Minn............Harry Allenfall
Evanston, Ill. ....Williams
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Grand Rapids
Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greenwich, Conn..............Van Driver
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Houston, Texas........Norton-Ditto Co.
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S. E. Post	14 ($219,800)	14	62,228,600	$3.53
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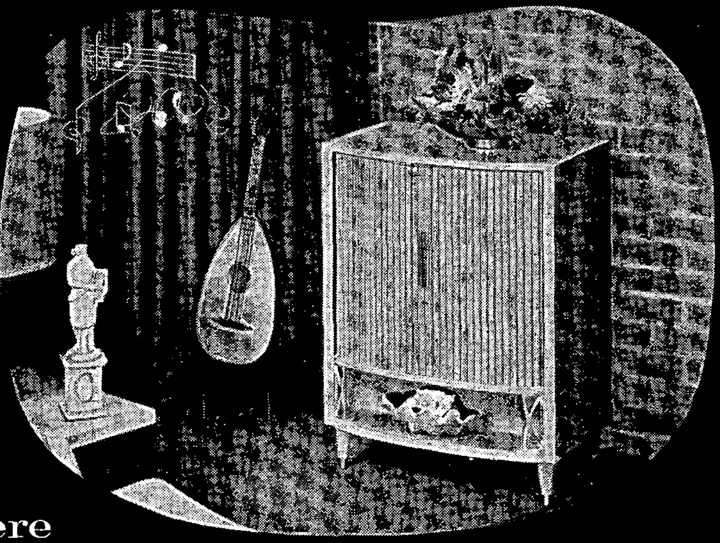

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night long before our performance, people were queued up in front of the Rundfunkhaus. Some came on foot from as far away as Potsdam. I had recruited most of the members of the State Opera orchestra, and we played the Beethoven Seventh and the Tchaikovsky Fifth. I'll never forget that night. At the end, everybody was crying—the musicians, the Germans, and the Russians, generals and all. Perhaps the Russians cried because our Tchaikovsky made them homesick."

After the concert, Ludwig went on, there was the customary lavish Russian banquet, at which he was treated with great respect and offered quantities of vodka and caviar. Having been on a starvation diet for months, he found his system highly vulnerable to hard liquor, and a little after midnight, he got into an argument with the commanding general—he thinks it was over a pretty member of the ballet. Whatever the argument was about, Ludwig settled it by spilling a glass of Crimean wine over the general's tunic. Everybody expected that Ludwig would be executed at dawn, but dawn found him sitting at the piano, playing the "Song of the Volga Boatman." "I must have played it for hours," Ludwig told me. "I played it slow and fast and forte and pianissimo, the way Wagner and Chopin and Bach and Beethoven would have played it. I was exhausted, but they wouldn't let me stop. I also played 'Otchi Tchornyia,' and the 'Partisans' Song,' and the entire score of 'Boris Godunov.' When I played 'Kremlin Bells,' everybody cried again. Unfortunately, the Russians always seem to warm up around five in the morning, when everybody else is about to drop."

Jochen came back in and told Ludwig that he had put a bottle of grapefruit juice in his briefcase. Ludwig stared at him, opened the "Meistersinger" score, and announced that with a performance imminent, he was not to be bothered by children about such matters as grapefruit juice. He needed to meditate, he said, and sank back in his deep chair, softly scratching Lord's head.

Jochen fled. Ilse said philosophically, "Of course, it serves me right. That's what you get for marrying a conductor. They're all megalomaniacs. I suppose they have to be if they want to be good conductors. Up until last year, Leopold recognized Toscanini and Furtwängler, but now he recognizes only Ludwig."

"How about that time Furtwängler and I conducted the Schubert Seventh in Stuttgart a few nights apart?" Ludwig said. "*You* know who got better reviews."

"Oh, sure," Ilse said. "And in Bordeaux they called you the Hans Sachs of the baton."

"Right!" said Ludwig, standing up and raising his right hand dramatically. " '*Un homme puissant, une admirable tête impérieuse et profonde, une face à la Hans Sachs—des gestes simples, élémentaires, irrésistibles, d'une précision métronomique, créant le rythme à chaque pas—c'est Léopold Ludwig.*' "

"I didn't know you spoke French," I said.

"He doesn't," Ilse told me. "He just memorized that particular review. He had to look up most of the words in the dictionary."

"You'll never understand," Ludwig said, slowly and coldly. "Women never do. A man can do anything if he concentrates on the job at hand and excludes all nonessentials. I'll prove it to you tonight, if you will *please* let me study the score for a while."

Ilse went out, and I started to follow her, but Ludwig asked me to stay. For a while, he silently turned the pages of the huge score, frowning and tense. Then he put it aside and closed his eyes. I asked him if he didn't want to be alone. He shook his head. "No," he said. "Let's talk."

When I said that it seemed to me hardly the time for a chat, Ludwig replied that conversation was what he needed just then, so I asked him the first question that came into my head: How had he happened to become a conductor? "I always thought I ought to conduct," he told me. "No one else thought so, though. In Vienna, they made me stick to piano and composition. Remember how I wasn't even allowed to conduct the school orchestra? I did all my conducting either in the fourth gallery of the State Opera or in front of a radio while Furtwängler was conducting the Philharmonic. After I graduated, an agent offered me a job with the opera company at Jablonec. 'As conductor?' I asked. 'No, as third coach,' he said. Naturally, I was depressed, but what could I do? I needed the money."

In those days, Jablonec, a town in northern Bohemia, was famous for its costume jewelry but not for its opera company, which had long been a haven for aging coloraturas and tenors. For four terrible months, Ludwig said, he coached the coloraturas and tenors. In his spare time, he worked hard at the piano—in preparation, he thought, for

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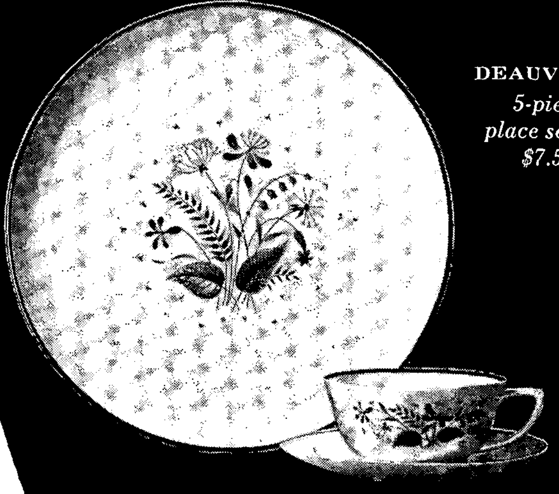

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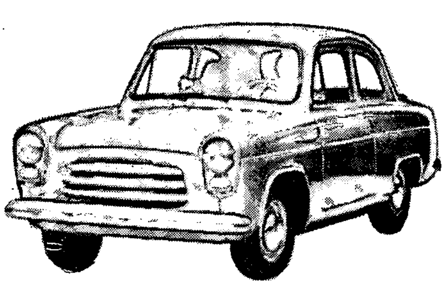
a career as a concert pianist. During rehearsals, he would sit in the rear of the orchestra pit, next to the harpist, and watch the conductor. Then one evening, shortly before the performance, the director called him over and asked whether he had ever conducted. "I said of course I had, and I wasn't lying," Ludwig told me. "He hadn't asked me whether I'd conducted an *orchestra*. The regular conductor had suddenly fallen ill, the performance of Lehár's operetta 'Der Rastelbinder' was about to begin, and the director told me to take over. I didn't even have time to change. I'll never forget the moment when I got into the pit and faced the musicians. I'd been friendly with them, but now, as I sat there, their faces seemed hostile and sullen. I began to sweat. I was sure they would refuse to play when I raised the baton."

Ludwig got up and started pacing back and forth across the room. "I raised my arms and let them fall again," he said. "And then I almost fainted. Because sound came up from all over the pit! They were *playing*—imagine! They were playing because I had raised my baton. The rest of that evening is hazy in my mind. I seemed to be floating in the air, I was so happy. I knew right then that I would never do anything but conduct. I didn't know the score of 'Der Rastelbinder,' but I had heard it a few times and, luckily, I had learned to read scores in Vienna. My beat must have been terrible, but no one seemed to mind. It was one of the two great moments of my life. The other was my first night as regular conductor of the State Opera in Vienna—'Tannhäuser,' with Set Svanholm. During the overture, I turned around twice and looked up at the balcony where I used to sit and conduct under the exit light. It seemed very, very far away, in time and in space."

After proving himself at Jablonec, Ludwig took a job with the opera company in the neighboring town of Teplice-Šanov, and there he put in a season that he described as an artistic success and a financial failure—good from his point of view and bad from that of the company's business manager, an earnest young man named Rudolf Bing. When it was over, he signed a contract, to start the following fall, as chief conductor of the company in Brno, which is the capital of Moravia and Czechoslovakia's second-largest city; he thought he had reached the zenith of his career. He went home for the summer, and found that he was a celeb-



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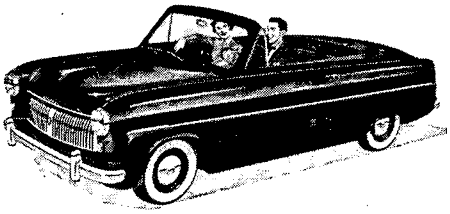

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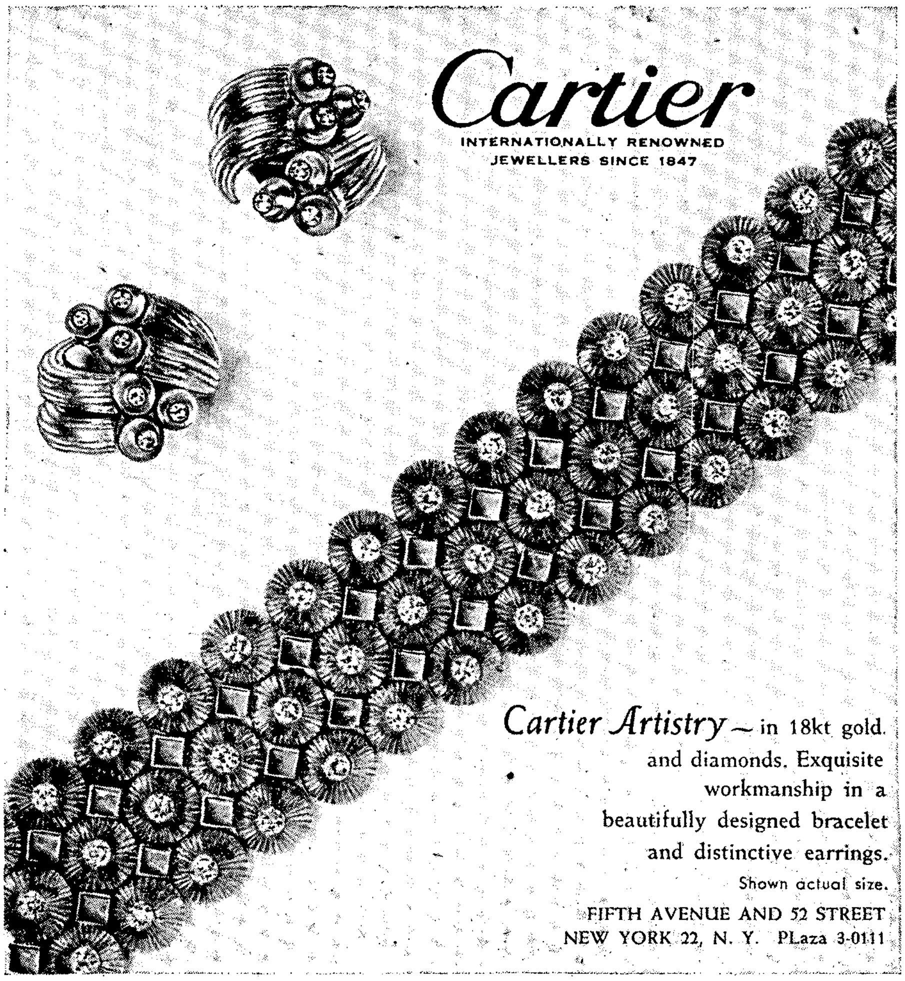

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rity. One afternoon when Ludwig was swimming in a public pool just outside Moravská Ostrava, his name was called over the loudspeaker. He was wanted at home for a long-distance call. This turned out to be an offer to compete in a conducting contest for the job of *Generalmusikdirektor* of the opera company in Oldenburg, a town in northwest Germany. He became so excited at the prospect of going to Germany, where a real reputation was to be made and the real money was, that the job in Brno seemed obscure and pedestrian. When he got to Oldenburg, he found that he was up against a group of older and more experienced men, but he conducted such an impressive performance of Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3 that the jury awarded him the job. Thus, at the age of twenty-eight, Ludwig became the youngest of Germany's twenty-odd *Generalmusikdirektoren.* He had to pay a stiff fine for breaking his contract in Brno, but the money seemed to him well spent.

In the next three years, Ludwig conducted much of the operatic repertory in Oldenburg, and learned a lot. In 1939, he was invited to the Vienna State Opera as guest conductor for a performance of Verdi's "Don Carlos." During the intermission, he was offered a contract as a regular conductor there. He signed it sight unseen. He was successful from the start, but he didn't feel that he had really arrived until after a performance of "Rosenkavalier," when the critics complimented him for conducting what they called a "real Viennese waltz"—with a slight lift on the second beat. The Viennese usually insist that only their musicians can bring off this subtle effect.

IT was half past four, and Ludwig's wife came in and told him that he really must get going. "Even if you leave right now, you'll have to drive awfully fast to make it," she said.

"I always make it," Ludwig said.

"You didn't last winter when you missed that plane to Berlin."

"The plane was still on the runway, revving up its engines, but they refused to let me get on," said Ludwig. "Stupid of them. Well, are you ready? I've been waiting for you for the past half hour. Where are the kids? Where are my shirts? Why don't we get started?"

Ilse, Doris, Jochen, Lord, and I piled into the car after Ludwig. He turned the radio on, and then we raced furiously off, with Lord barking, Doris and Jochen chattering, and Ilse com-

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Arnold Newman

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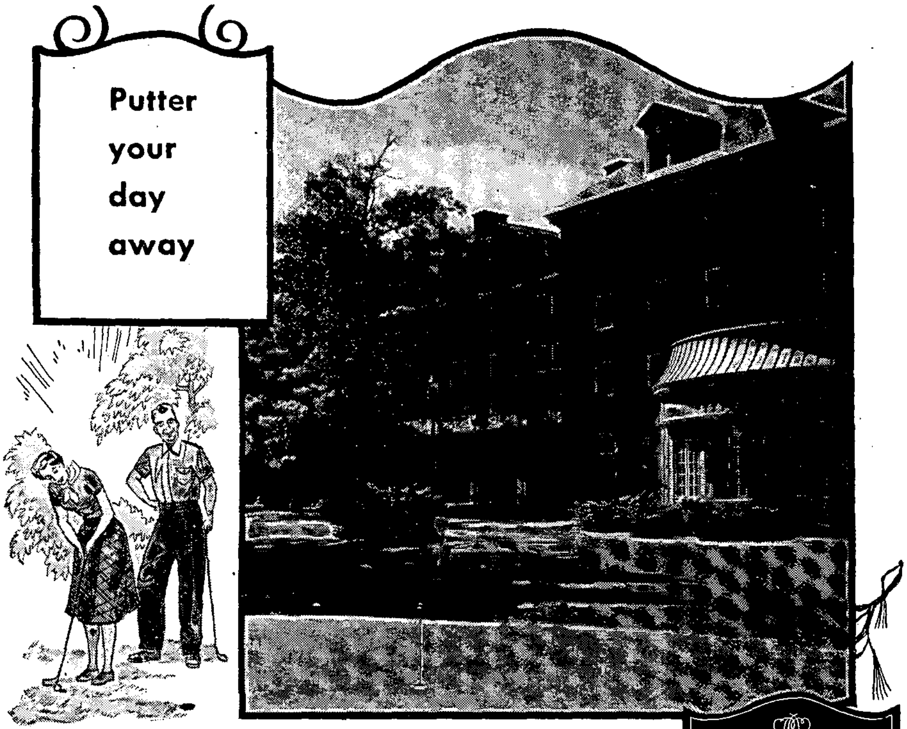

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GIDEON PUTNAM HOTEL

plaining about life with a conductor, all against a background of loud jazz. Ludwig himself, silent now, stared straight ahead and drove very fast. When we arrived at the opera house, Ludwig, with the rest of us at his heels, ran in through the stage door and up a stairway, taking three steps at a time and shouting greetings to sundry Meistersinger and members of the chorus who were standing around, ready to go onstage. In the anteroom of his office, which he also uses as a dressing room, his secretary, Fräulein Stech, handed him a batch of letters and telegrams and told him that some people were waiting to see him. He shouted that he could see no one now, and rushed into his office, followed by Lord. A few minutes later, he stuck his head out and asked Ilse to come in and help him fix his white tie. A bell rang, and I could hear the sounds of instruments being tuned up.

Ilse and the children led me down to the auditorium, and we settled into first-row seats, behind the conductor's stand, just as the house lights dimmed and Ludwig entered the orchestra pit. The audience applauded, and he bowed perfunctorily. Then he spun around, raised and lowered his baton, and the crashing fortissimo of the "Meistersinger" prelude burst forth.

I didn't see Ludwig during the intermission. He had sent word by his secretary that he wanted to be alone. "On big nights, no one but Lord is allowed in there," Ilse told me. "And not even Lord is allowed in when he conducts 'Tristan.' During 'Tristan,' Leopold seems to be in a trance, but God help the musician who slips up! The back of Leopold's head turns purple. I can see it from my seat, and it's always a sign that there will be hell to pay. But the musicians respect Leopold. They know he's right. And anyway, he never stays mad very long."

LUDWIG conducted a fine performance of "Die Meistersinger," and there was much clapping and cheering when it was over. The singers took several bows, and then Ludwig joined them. The applause increased. Jochen touched my elbow. "Wasn't he wonderful?" he said, his eyes shining. I replied that he certainly was. "Let's go backstage," Jochen said. We walked down a passage at one side of the pit and up to the stage. Behind the curtain, Ludwig and the singers were talking happily. The audience was still applauding. Ludwig told the baritone who had sung the role of Hans Sachs to take a solo bow, but

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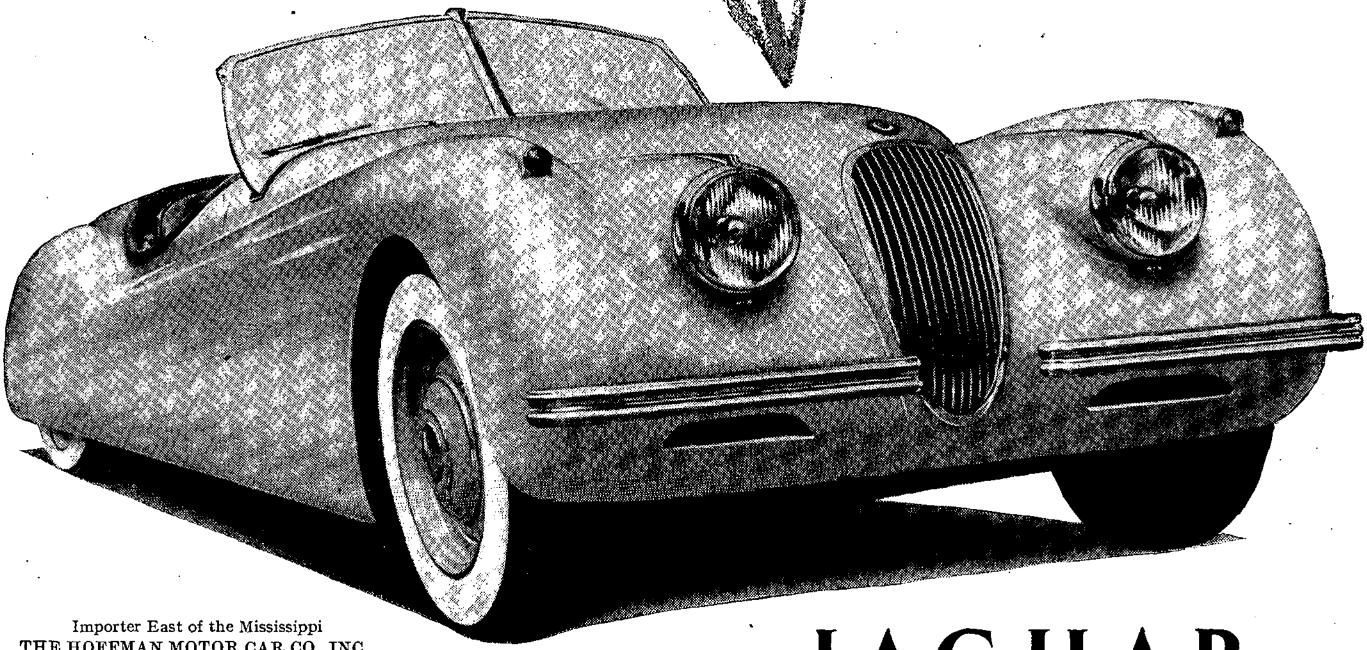

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as he started off, the singer grabbed Ludwig's arm, and the two of them stepped out in front of the curtain together. The audience roared its approval.

I joined Ilse on the stairway leading to the stage door. "Wasn't he wonderful?" she asked. Before I could answer, she said, "Leopold performs miracles. It's his personality. He hadn't conducted 'Meistersinger' for six months and there was no rehearsal, but everything went beautifully. Leopold *is* wonderful, all right, but you mustn't tell him so. He's already hopeless. And he's obsessed with his work. Sometimes I don't know whether he's married to me or to his orchestra. I keep begging him to take a few days off. And what happens? Once in a blue moon, he drives me somewhere like a madman, and as soon as we get wherever it is he starts fretting about things here. He keeps calling the concertmaster to make sure that everything is all right. He reads scores in bed before falling asleep, the way I read mysteries. He won't even play the piano at parties any more. It's not like the old days, when he would entertain the guests from ten in the evening to five in the morning, starting with Bach and winding up with 'St. Louis Blues.' Oh, and Leopold can be so willful, too. He can be charming to pretty girls and mean to elderly ladies. I think he's terrible. All men are terrible. Let's go and see Leopold." —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

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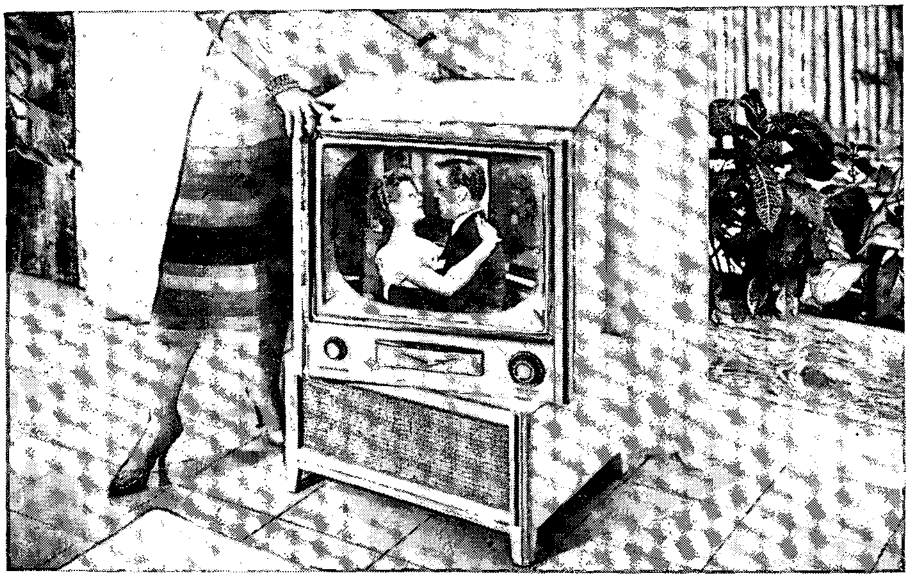
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Atlanta Journal*]

NEWARK, N.J., Aug. 25 (AP)—The husband of a cleaning establishment manager waited in a car outside the shop reading about a recent wave of robberies in cleaners. He made a mental note to warn his wife.



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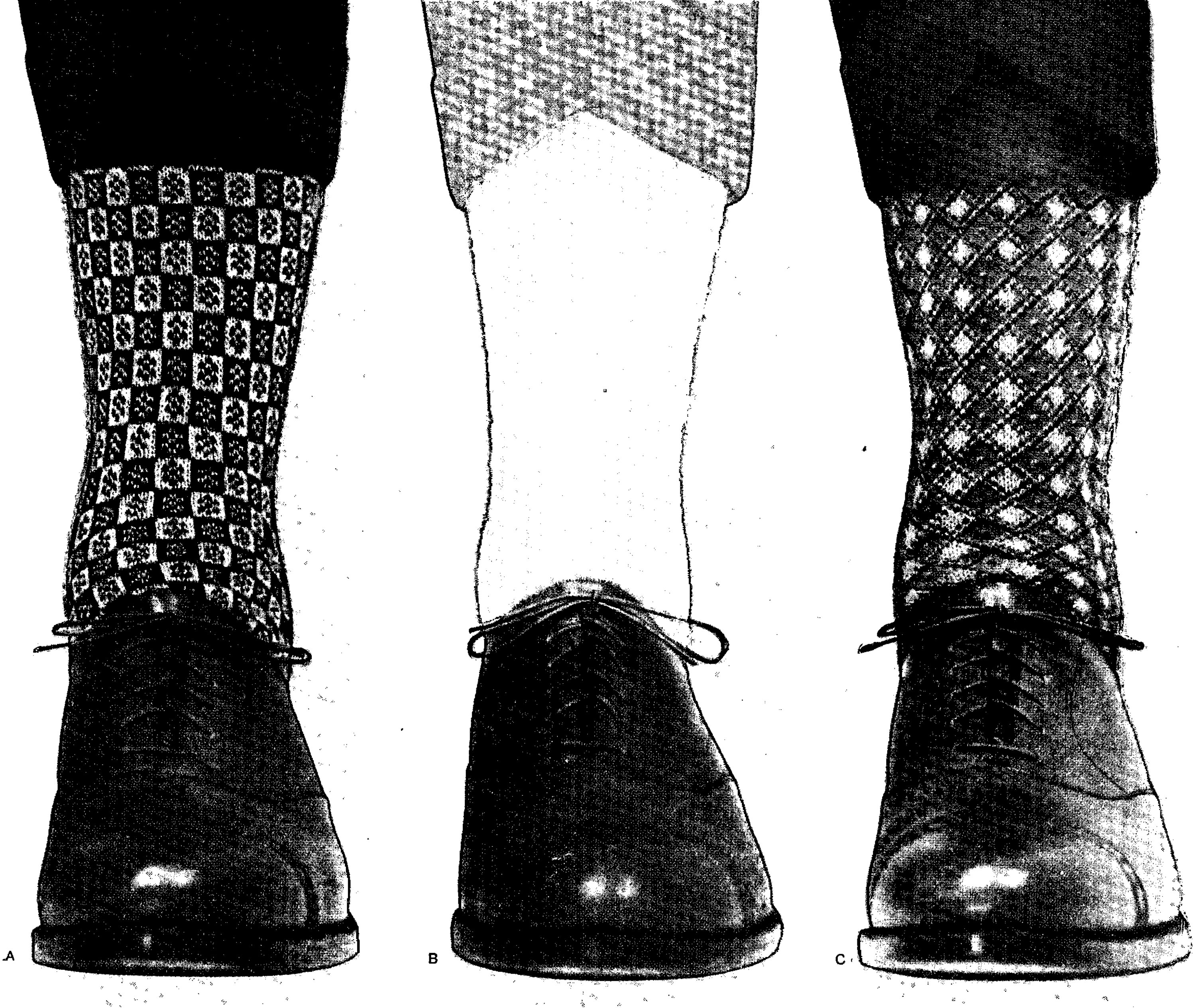

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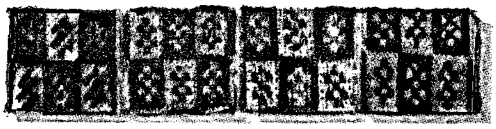

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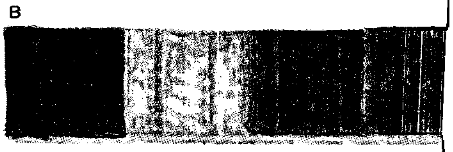

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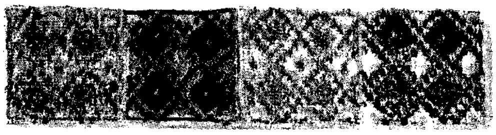


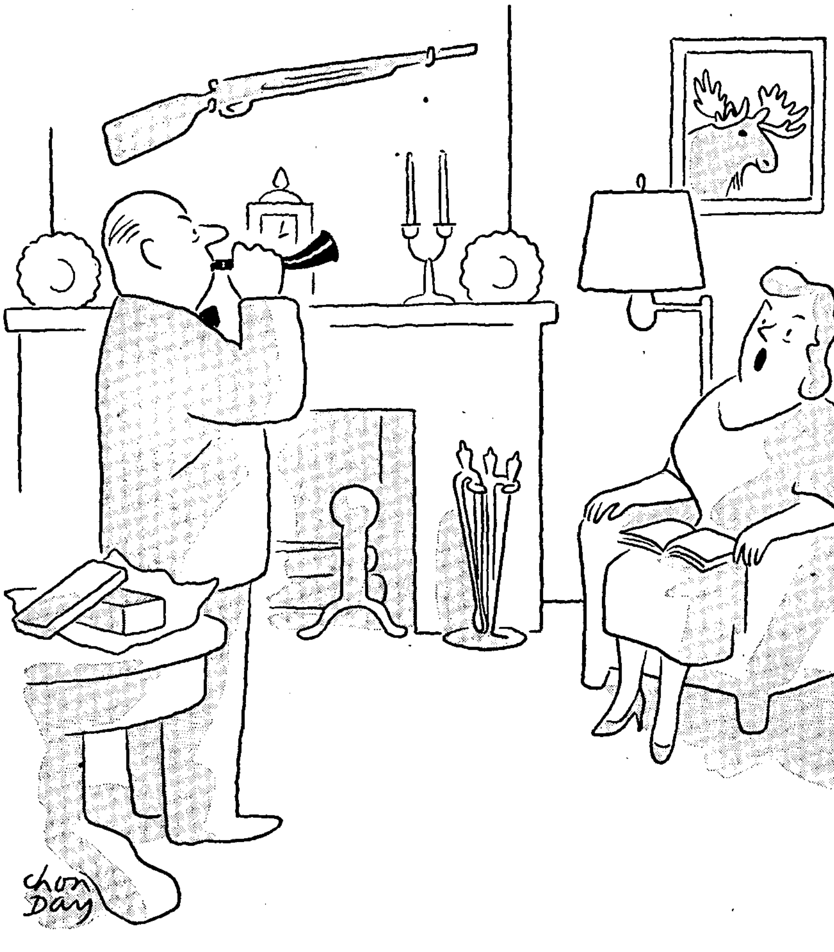
THE THEATRE

MORE TEA

Robert Anderson, whose "Tea and Sympathy" established him as one of our foremost authorities on the sensitive young man in a hostile world, has practically sewed up this title with his new play, called "All Summer Long," which opened last week at the Coronet. Inevitably, there have been some changes in plot and personnel. The unhappy adolescent this time is harried not by a false charge of homosexuality but only by the stupidity of his family, and the boy-and-older-woman relationship has been discarded in favor of a similar tender understanding between two brothers. The play, however, remains substantially the same in mood and message. The young, Mr. Anderson continues to insist, suffer with an intensity that is far beyond the average comprehension, and our society, generally speaking, is ruthlessly organized against them. Since it is without the automatic shock and calculated dénouement of its predecessor, "All Summer Long" seems to me a better and more reputable play, but I still can't help feeling that the author's tendency to identify himself with children in a child's world, to see life sheerly as a war between passionate young innocence and tarnished adult experience, keeps his work from being really very stimulating to the mature. In this case, the enormous volume of evidence advanced to prove that grownups are awful strikes me as more than a little dull, and since his contrasting affirmations of faith in their juniors depress me only slightly less, I think we'll just let that point go.

The action of the play focusses on a boy who celebrates his twelfth birthday midway in the proceedings. The argument—which I might debate but won't—is that this is a peculiarly significant age. Social criticism is born, and for the first time the child is aware of cruelty, vulgarity, and futility, and, of course, their opposites, as actual qualities in those around him. It is a time when models for future behavior are chosen, when the first genuine moral decisions are made, and, especially, when sex can turn into a wonder or a horror overnight. Booth Tarkington wrote of this age in "Penrod," and if he found it in the main hilariously funny, it must be remembered that he was a humorist and as such, of course, a profoundly insensitive man. Anyway, Mr. Anderson's little hero is impressionable, and with one notable exception, he could hardly have picked a more discouraging family to live with. His father is a bitter failure who divides his time about equally between yelling at his wife and children and making incompetent attempts to electrocute a neighbor's chickens; his mother is a fond and foolish woman with a grisly platitude for every occasion; his sister is a beautiful moron so preoccupied with keeping her shape that at one point she throws herself on the electrified chicken wire in an effort to bring on an abortion; and her husband is a fat cipher who exists principally in the form of hideous noises from a machine shop back in the barn. In addition to these personality problems, the child is confronted with a physical threat to his peace of mind—a turbulent river that is in the final stages of undermining the foundation of the house, a circumstance that all these other people accept with spectacular apathy.

The boy's only solace for these torments is his elder brother, a former college basketball star who has been permanently crippled in an automobile accident resulting from their father's carelessness. He is only one compensation for a multitude of sorrows, but actually he is more than enough, since, remarkably like the lady in "Tea and Sympathy," he is a veritable wellspring of correct and elevated thought. Together, the brothers meet and rout the family's concerted efforts to corrupt the younger boy's dreams, and together they try to fight back the river, and though they fail pathetically at that, the great affirmative lesson is learned. This would seem to be that, on the whole, love and faith are better weapons than hatred and despair, and what reasonable man would think of quarrelling with that? In justice to Mr. Anderson, it should be stated that "All Summer Long" contains a good many quite funny and touching



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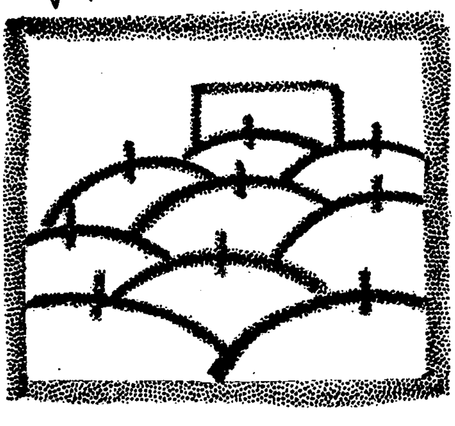
things. The complaints against it here are, first, that there are not nearly enough of them; second, that the drawing of character in almost absolute terms of black and white has a rather naïve air on a modern stage; and, third, that having said just about the same thing once, the author might have been well advised to refrain from saying it again.

The production, arranged by the Playwrights' Company, is commendable, though occasionally perhaps unduly portentous for so slight an affair, and the acting, especially that of John Kerr and Clay Hall as the two boys, is astonishingly good. The rest of the cast is composed of June Walker, Ed Begley, John Randolph, Carroll Baker, and Daniela Boni; they were directed by Alan Schneider, who, except for an inclination to overreach for an effect now and then, did a straightforward job; and the setting was designed by Jo Mielziner, who has turned out one of those skeletal houses that are rapidly becoming the only form of architecture visible on our stage.

WHILE there is practically everything in the world wrong with the Old Vic's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which turned up last week at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the whole I should say that the incalculable tons and acres of scenery are the most antagonistic to any effect of bodiless enchantment. Theseus's court and the quayside bazaar where we first meet Bottom and his crew are bad enough, having the general air of religious prints of a singularly heavy-handed and literal period, but the magic wood, which holds the real secret of the play, is infinitely worse. In the beginning, this is simply painting of what is known as the Hudson River school—a mountain greenery far less evocative of Shakespeare than of Washington Irving—but it progresses swiftly to much more wayward designs. The vegetation grows African and malarial; elegant, Byronic ruins spring up; a scrim descends, repulsively ornamented with giant cobwebs; finally, with the fading of the dream, the jungle retreats, and we are left on what is, or seems to be, a barren rock. Almost never, I should think, has fantasy been attempted in surroundings so elaborately—and at the same time so unimaginatively—hostile to it.

The costumes that go with these rather stupefying backgrounds are probably best described as uninteresting. The mortal Athenians are dressed in im-

WHAT is It?



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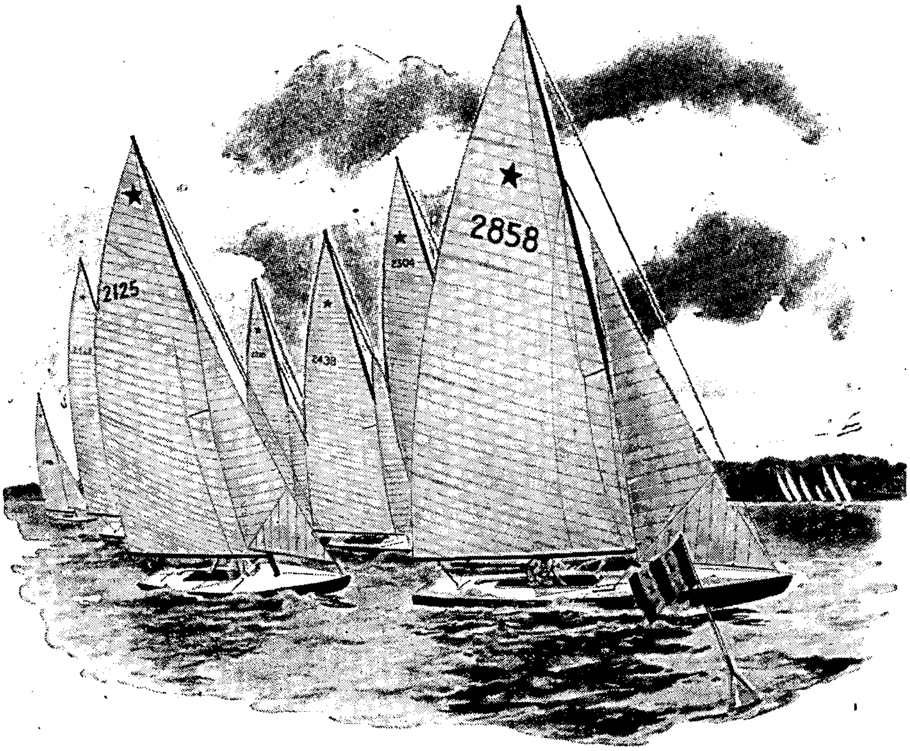
memorial Sothern and Marlowe fashion; the gentlemen, that is, are attired in bits and pieces of impractical armor, while the ladies wear those shapeless gowns, vaguely suggestive of maternity, that custom has dictated. The hair styling is usually profuse but does, as the saying goes, very little for anybody. Somewhat more work has been put in on the fairies, but not enough. A common observation on opening night was that Oberon and his attendant sprites looked like space cadets, and their greenish uniforms had indeed a distinctly scientific and metallic air. Titania and her court had a more conventional aspect, being distinguished from their earthly sisters chiefly by neat cellophane wings, like bows, in the back, and Puck's garb was only a pair of drastically abbreviated shorts. Altogether, in fact, except for Bottom's extra head, which was a small engineering triumph, capable not only of opening and shutting its mouth but also of rolling its eyes and raising its ears, there was practically nothing in the way of dress on the stage calculated to distract anybody from the miseries of the scenery.

The acting was also more or less discouraging. The horridly involved plot about the two young couples and their love potions is, of course, one of Shakespeare's most impressive ventures in unactable comedy, and it is not particularly surprising that nobody gets very far with that, or even that the interminable low-comedy goings on about Pyramus and Thisbe remain as exhausting as they ever were. The fairies, however, ought to be something else, and it is embarrassing to have to report that, except for Robert Helpmann's Oberon, which has its moments of high, supernatural charm, they don't really amount to much, either. In this connection, I can say only that while Moira Shearer makes a beautiful Titania and dances with lovely precision and grace, her reading of the lines can hardly be praised as anything more than ladylike and intelligent, with all the subordinate clauses firmly stressed; and that Philip Guard's Puck, though also impeccably phrased, reminded me strongly of a performance of the same role I once saw executed by Mickey Rooney on the screen. Stanley Holloway's Bottom, to close out this catalogue, is sometimes funny in the ass's-head sequences, but this, as noted above, seems fundamentally a victory of puppet-designing over art.

The other features of the evening—the choreography, provided by Mr. Helpmann and Frederick Ashton, and the Mendelssohn score, arranged by



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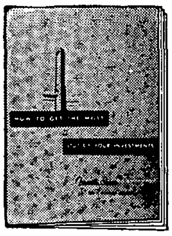

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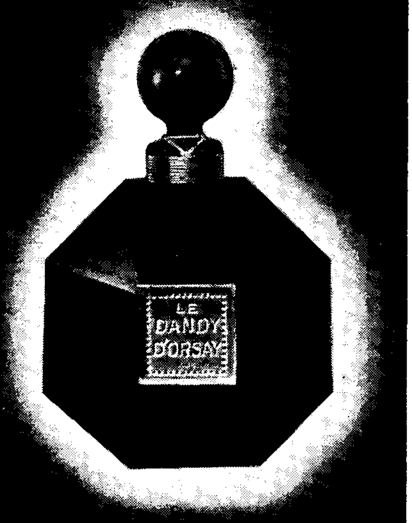

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Gordon Jacob—may easily be regarded by many people as enough to make up for the deficiencies of the production. They are often quite pretty, but I'm afraid they did very little to abate my general discontent.

IN "Home Is the Hero," at the Booth, the Irish playwright and actor named Walter Macken has tried to tell a story that is, I should say, a bit too complex and evasive for his talents. The man he is interested in is one Paddo O'Reilly, a proud, passionate, and fatally deluded countryman who at the opening of the play is just returning to the arms of his family after serving a five-year jail sentence for killing his best friend during a drunken brawl in a pub. In Paddo's opinion, life in his establishment has deteriorated to a remarkable degree since he left. Not only has his wife taken to consoling herself with an occasional nip of Guinness but she has also installed an itinerant junkman and his mate as paying guests in the attic; his daughter has taken up with a glossy young gambler; his crippled son, in addition to condoning all this loose behavior, proposes to marry the daughter of the very man he murdered, a girl clearly lost to decent self-respect. With the traditional and terrible zeal of the reformed alcoholic, plus the natural instincts of a born tyrant, Paddo goes about setting all this to rights: reproaching his wife fiercely for her innocent tippling; demanding that the boarders vacate his premises, though there is evidently no other roof for them in all Ireland; dismissing his children's suitors; and, in a rather more subtle scene, reducing his victim's widow to hysteria with the fury and insistence of his remorse. The almost inevitable result of this is that he very nearly succeeds in destroying them all before they are saved by the circumstance that a narrow escape from a second homicide sends him on his way again.

Much of "Home Is the Hero" is both interesting and dramatic, but it has its more than overbalancing faults. The most unfortunate of these is probably in the matter of the definition and coherent development of character. The idea apparently is that Paddo was a picturesque and even a lovable despot in the great days before he went to jail and his enormous vitality was channelled into bitterness. This conception of him is, however, stated rather than demonstrated. We are shown only a stupid, ruined, and querulous bully, almost incredibly wrongheaded in every particular. The arrogant charm that

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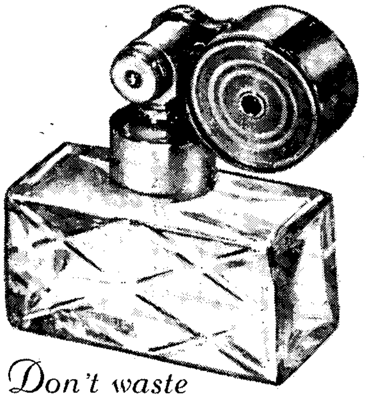

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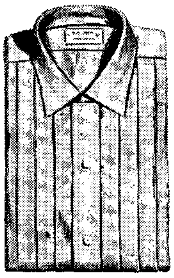

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made him at least endurable in the past is no more than a matter of report, and it can be doubted whether this is enough for the purposes of the theatre. The other flaws are less important. Basically, for instance, the play is arranged in a series of scenes between the protagonist and one or another of the subordinate characters, and the effect is not only monotonous but highly predictable in content, and it might even be said that the speech, though generally literate and serviceable, shows very little trace of the poetry, eloquence, and wit that we have been led to expect from Mr. Macken's compatriots. All in all, I don't believe that the piece at the Booth can be described as much more than a serious and laudable undertaking that somehow fails to accomplish its difficult purpose.

As his own confused and belligerent hero, Mr. Macken gives an admirable performance, managing to suggest a great deal more than is apparent in the text. The supporting cast, directed by Worthington Miner, includes Peggy Ann Garner, Glenda Farrell, J. Pat O'Malley, Donald Harron, Ann Thomas, Art Smith, Christopher Plummer, and Loretta Leversee. They are usually excellent, too, though there are times when the peculiar rhythm and accent of Erin seem just a bit outside their range. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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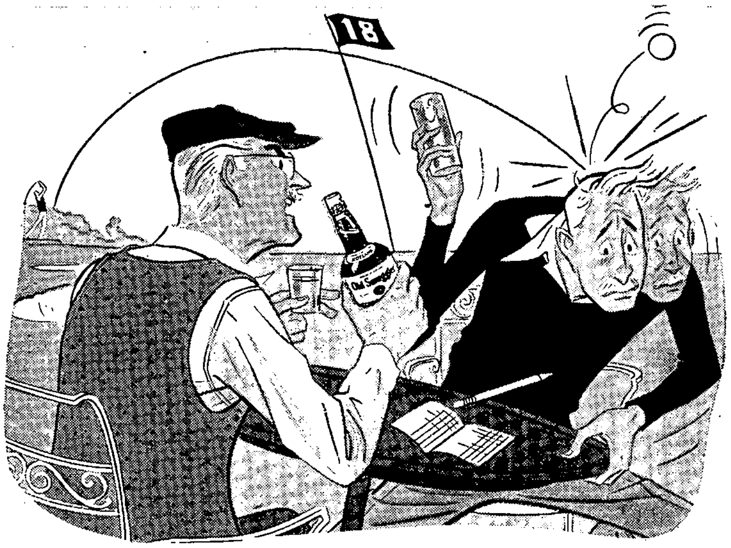

"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Bob Dingwall

The 19th hole at our club is quite close to the 18th—which is a practical convenience though a trifle hazardous. A friend and I had just settled down to enjoy some Old Smuggler there one day when I suddenly noticed he was waving his drink wildly through the air. "Careful, Jim," I exclaimed, "don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler." I must confess I felt like a heel as soon as I realized the reason for his odd behavior was that a stray ball had landed on his head. But my words did bring him to in a hurry. Since then, instead of shouting "Fore" when they approach the 18th, many members call out, "Careful, don't waste a drop."

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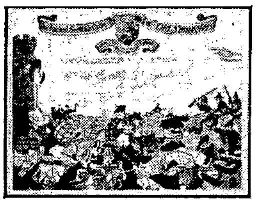

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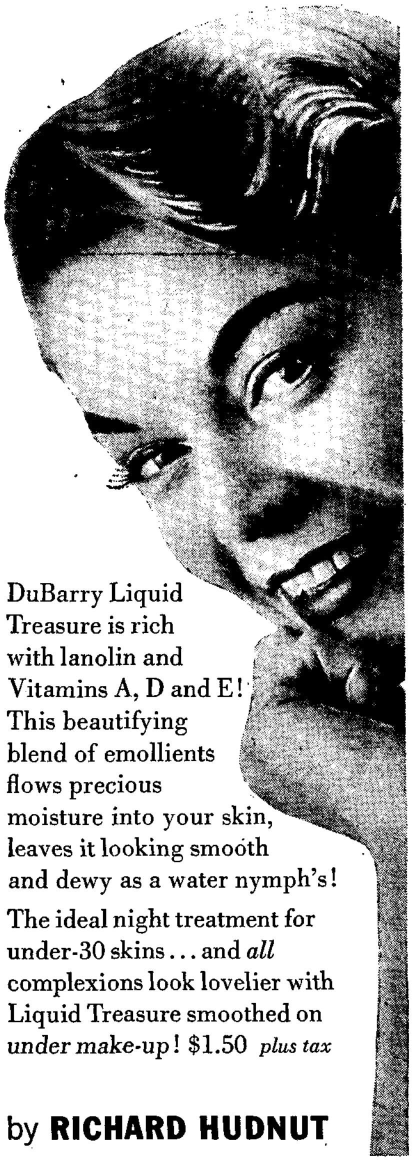

THE RACE TRACK

Great Expectations

MAURICE FREED

PLAYING truant from Belmont Park last weekend, I saw the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City, and I am pleased to report that it was an almost completely satisfactory race. (I suppose no race is ever completely satisfactory, for where there's a winner, there must be losers.) At any rate, all the runners did their best, there was no rough riding or similar hoopla, and it ended in a photo finish, in which Closed Door beat Royal Vale. Kaster was third, and the five other starters were close up. The United Nations Handicap was the third of a series of special events over the Atlantic City turf course. Earlier in the meeting there had been a race for horses foaled in this country, and one for those from abroad, and the first four horses in each met last Saturday. Closed Door, who was second to Brush Burn in the first of these events, the American Bred Stakes, was away well, was never far from the early pace, and, under smart handling by Hartack, the favorite jockey of Jersey racegoers, put in some good licks in the last quarter of the mile and three-sixteenths. (Hartack, by the way, rode three other winners in the course of the afternoon.) Royal Vale, the English racer who was second in the second event, the Foreign Bred Stakes, and the favorite last weekend, was slow to begin, and although he finished fast, it wasn't quite fast enough. Other disappointments to their stables were Iceberg II, the Chilean who won the fixture last year, and Brush Burn, an up-and-coming turf runner who is the image of his daddy, the famous Australian Bernborough. It was Closed Door's first notable success, and his share of the purse was an even $50,000. He was bought as a three-year-old by the Jaclyn Stable two years ago at a weeding-out sale of the Brookmeade Stable. Brookmeade had a starter, too—County Clare, who ran fourth. Well, that's how the ball bounces.

Though the newness has worn off the Atlantic City track since my last visit, everything was as bright as paint and care could make it. What I liked especially was the grass course, which

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the management can be—and, to tell you the truth, is—pretty proud of. It's exactly a mile around, the turns are well banked, and trainers tell me the footing is so good it's a pleasure to run horses over it. Let's hope the new Belmont Park everybody is discussing will have a proper turf course—and no hurdles.

FOR most of the past week, the air was so full of talk about the proposed rehabilitation of the New York tracks that the older horseplayers could hardly keep their minds on picking the daily double. This state of affairs followed the report of a special Jockey Club committee, made up of John W. Hanes, Harry F. Guggenheim, and C. T. Chenery, who have been working on the problem for more than a year. The report—actually, it was a plan, and it was approved by the Jockey Club three days after its announcement—calls for merging the Belmont, Saratoga, Aqueduct, and Jamaica managements into a Greater New York Racing Association, which would operate its tracks on a strictly nonprofit basis. (In point of fact, they would be operated by the Jockey Club, which would own all the stock.) First off, Belmont Park would be rebuilt on a grand scale, and the work, if approved by the State Racing Commission, could begin the first week in November. Saratoga would be modernized, but no date has been mentioned for this. Jamaica would be junked, as I long ago thought it should be. As for Aqueduct, it would be placed on a sort of standby basis. It is a very valuable property, you know—particularly because the subway is going to take over the section of the Long Island Rail Road that runs right by its door. Mr. Hanes, a reorganizer of big business before he became an Under-Secretary of the Treasury or a steward of the Jockey Club, estimated that the program would cost at least fifty million dollars, which would be raised by issuing bonds. Colonel Martingale, whose mathematics never went beyond 8–5, says that sounds about right.

I don't want to give the impression that this department is against progress; I'd like to see the plan come off, and I have no doubt that Mr. Hanes, Mr. Guggenheim, and Mr. Chenery know what they're doing. Still, I think it's a large order, and it won't be filled overnight. It seems to me that there are a number of obstacles the committee hasn't touched on. For one, the politicians at Albany, who might think

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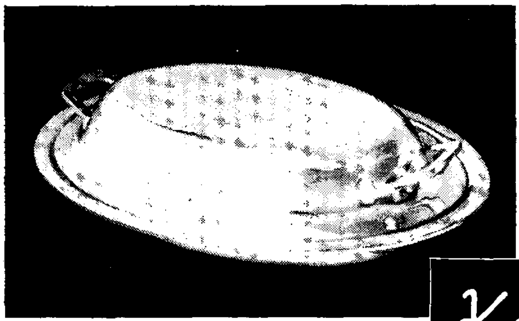

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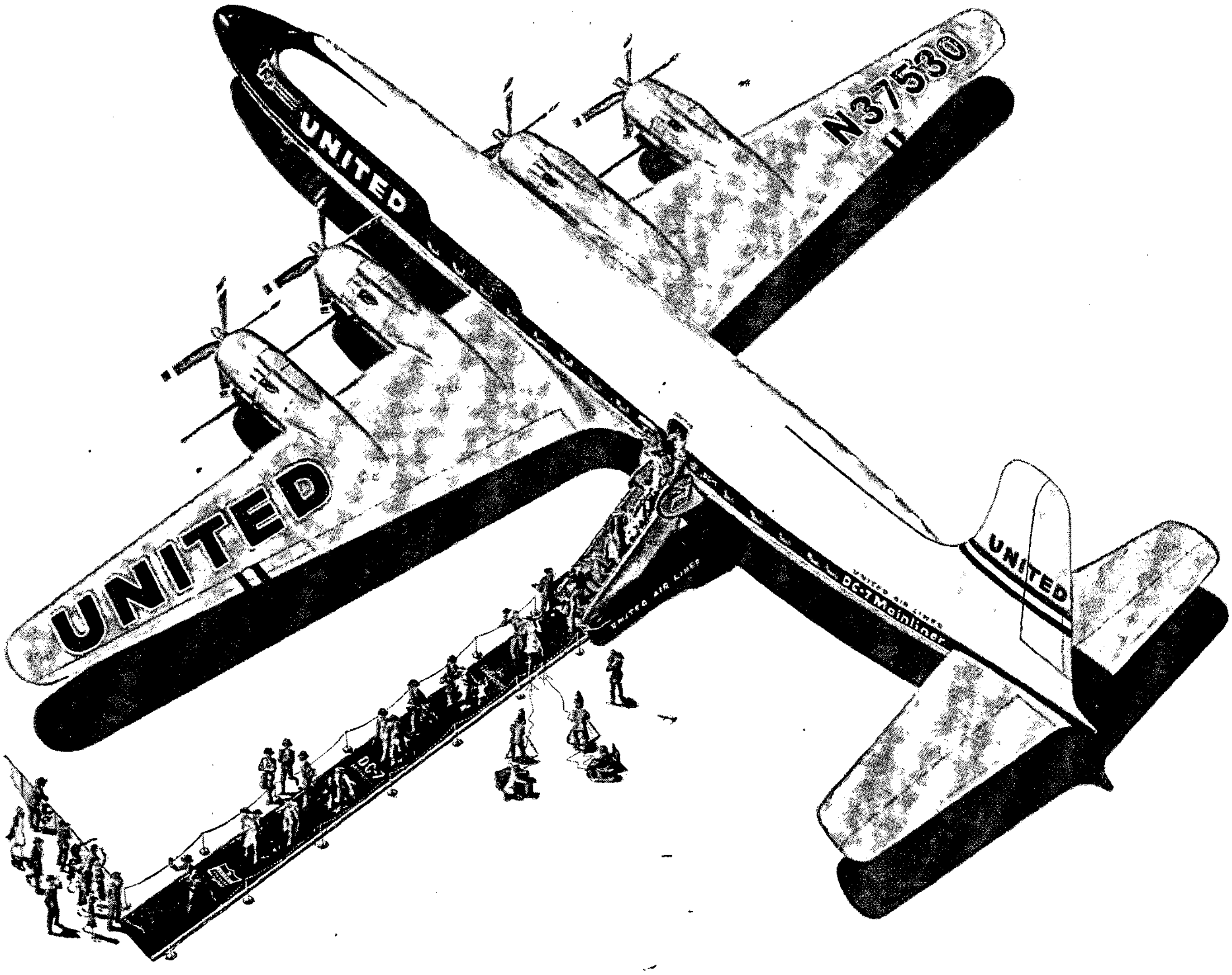
we need more than two or three tracks. (The present law permits five.) For another, the stockholders in Jamaica and Aqueduct, who might not want to let go. I'm all for making Belmont Park the finest race track in the world—and it's a pretty nice place as it is—but a lot of people I know would shiver at the mere thought of going there a hundred and seventy-odd days a year. They'd be off to Jersey in droves.

After a good deal of sober thought, and some hesitation, I must say that I'm going to give Nashua another chance. There's no doubt that his performance in the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct last week was disappointing. He ran well enough up to the head of the stretch, then seemed to go to pieces. He rallied under the whip and, as the horsemen say, ran in spots, but he was by no means the colt he was at Saratoga. Oh, well, I suppose every horse is entitled to one bad race a season. Summer Tan, who beat him, and did a very convincing job of it, is a much improved fellow. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we had all underestimated him. I gather that Nashua and Summer Tan will have their work cut out for them in the Belmont Futurity a week from Saturday, for I'm told that Georgian, who won the Washington Park Futurity in Chicago several weeks ago and who will run against them, is quite a horse. He looks like Menow, although he's no kin to him, and the morning watchers declare he's a runner. We'll find out.

Apparently, those horses from Chicago have something. Pet Bully, who won the Washington Park Handicap, took the Fall Highweight Handicap at Belmont in fine style last Wednesday, the opening day. I must say, however, that I've seldom seen as fast a runner with as clumsy an action. It wasn't so long ago that Pet Bully was scarcely better than a high-class selling plater, but his new trainer, Tom Kelly, has done wonders with him. There was one Chicago winner who didn't fare so well at Belmont last week, though—Errard King, who, you may remember, romped off with the Classic Stakes at Arlington. He was down the course in the Jerome Handicap. I fancy that the weight he carried—a hundred and thirty pounds—was too much for him. As a matter of fact, he gave Martyr, the winner, twenty pounds. Only a few months back, Martyr was running in claiming races. So it goes.

—Audax Minor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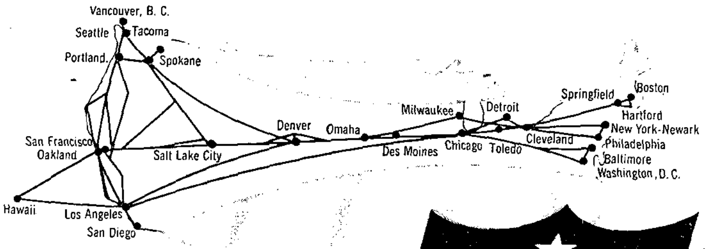
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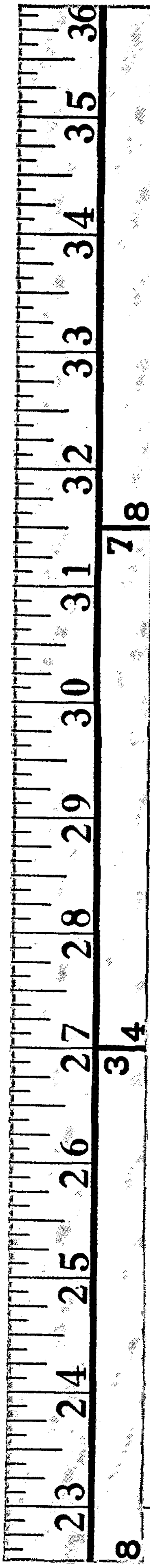

for color

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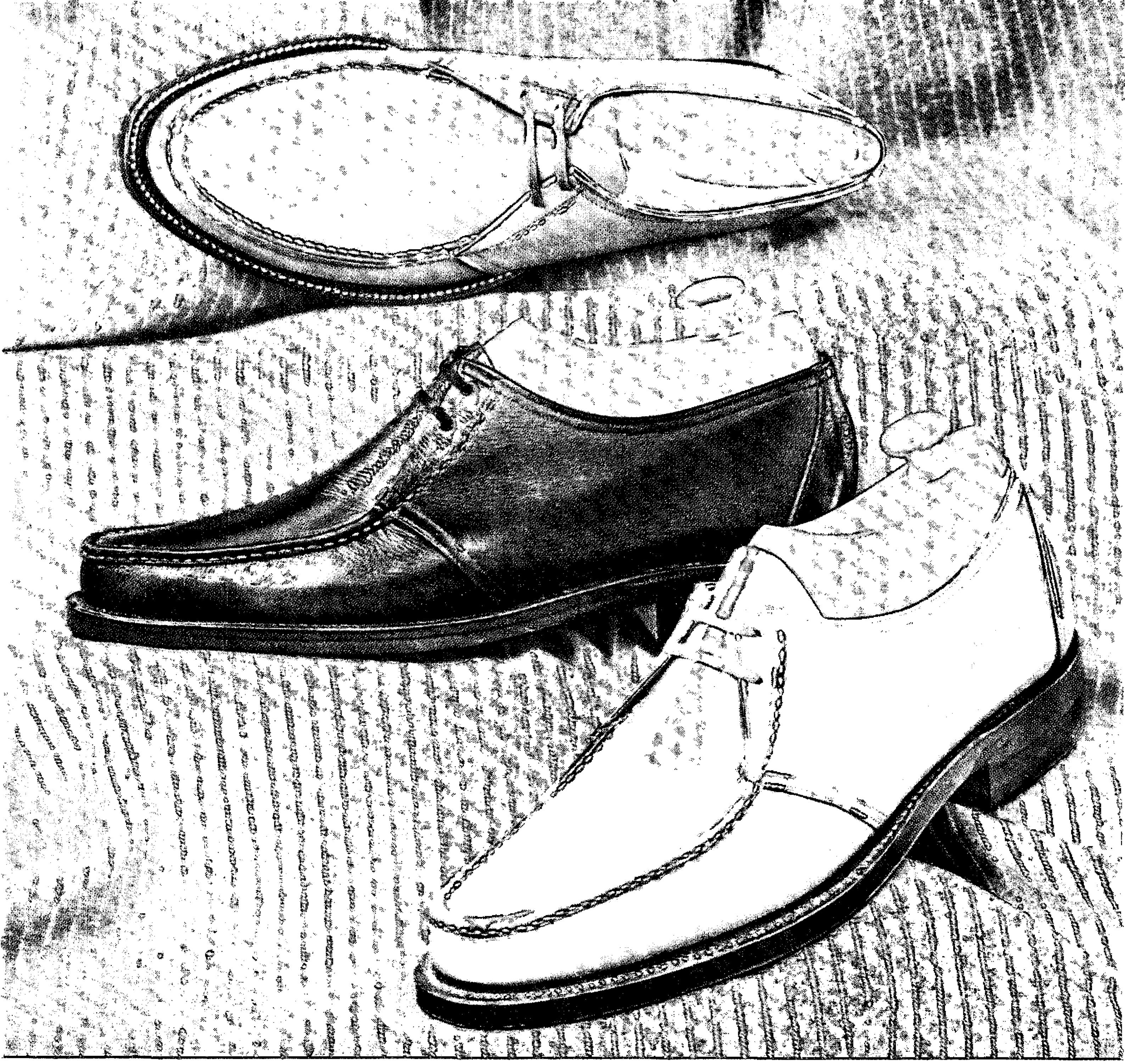

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DOC PICKS ROCK

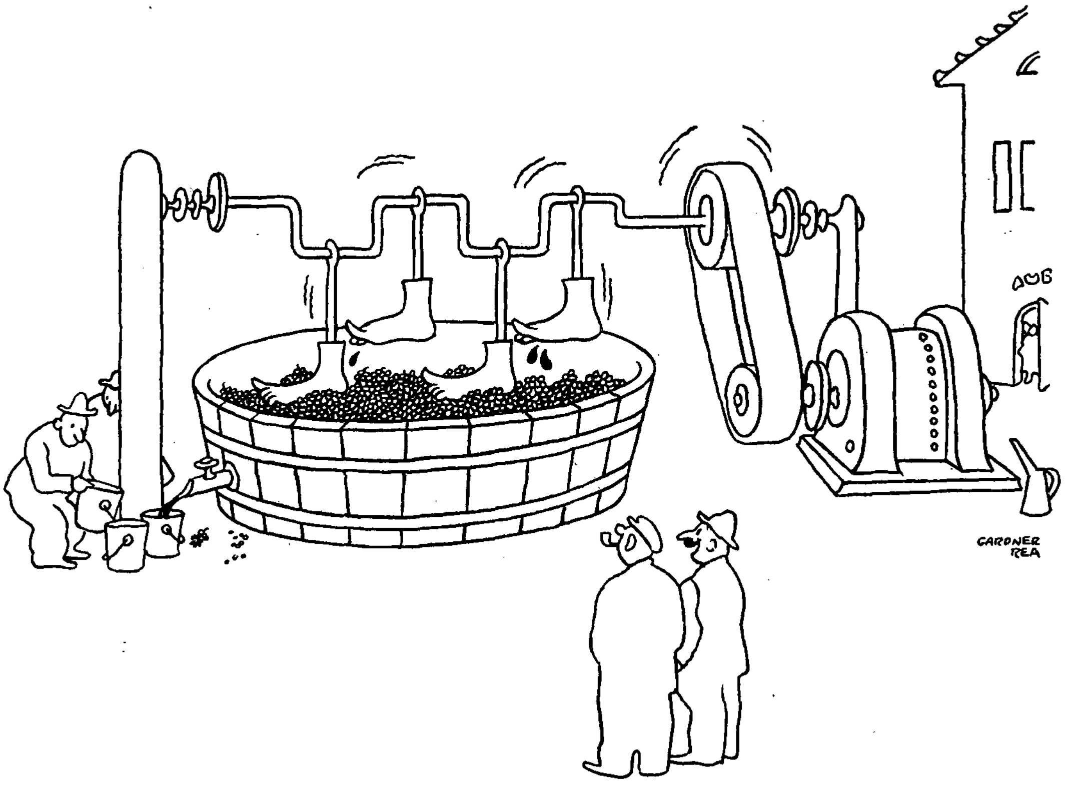
Pierce Egan, the Sire de Joinville of the London prize ring, who discoursed of the personalities as well as the methodology of his subjects, characterized the immortal Tom Cribb as "placid, condescending, and obliging." "If not possessing the volubility of an orator," Egan wrote, "the CHAMPION, in company, is facetious, and endeavours to render himself pleasant and sociable to those around him, with a modest and unassuming deportment." Dr. J. L. Moreno, described by the Associated Press as a noted psychiatrist and author, visited the training camps of Ezzard Charles and Rocky Marciano before their recent fight at Yankee Stadium, and gave Marciano even higher marks. Marciano, like Cribb, is a forthright, outgoing type in the ring. "He has poise, charm, sensitivity, imagination, a remarkably retentive memory, and a rugged handsomeness," Dr. Moreno wrote in the second article of a series of three sent out to all A.P. member papers but, unfortunately for the local reading public, not used by any of the New York dailies. I was wised to Dr. Moreno by a member of the staff of the Newark *Evening News*, which had better editorial judgment. "He is friendly, warm, winning, and appeals to women, especially when he smiles," the analysis continued. Dr. Moreno is not a woman, but he took his wife along to the training camps to supply feminine reactions. "Marciano has presence of mind," he wrote. "That is a most important thing—a most decisive factor in the ring. Absence of mind is most devastating to a pugilist. Marciano has the ability to concentrate immediately on the crisis. . . . He is not calculable. His concentration is intense. . . . Unlike Ezzard Charles, Marciano has no inhibitions. Charles is the dreamer type."

I suppose the A.P. sent a psychiatrist to the two camps because last June, when Marciano and Charles fought for the first time, Charles, who was in the estimation of the fancy a timid fighter, stood up to the champion for fifteen rounds, thus confounding the lay analysts who hang out in Stillman's gymnasium. It was the general opinion of these unlicensed practitioners that Charles' brave fight had been a temporary flight from reality, or fugue, which was not to be expected in the return match. "That kind of beating stays with a guy" was how one of them explained his prognosis.

The schema, or main idea, of the training-camp series was that Dr. Moreno would visit Charles and analyze him in his first article, visit and analyze Rocky in his second, and then, in his third article, for release on the day set for the fight—Wednesday, September 15th—tell who was going to win. But for an old psychiatric buff like me, that line about inhibitions blew the gaff. I knew a day in advance that Dr. Moreno was touting Marciano. It was not a highly negotiable piece of information, because so was everybody else.

From the first article, however, I could see that Charles was really the one who interested Dr. Moreno. He probably wished he had had time to work on those inhibitions before they calcified. An inhibition is a challenge to most psychiatrists, like a leaky faucet to an amateur plumber, and, seeing Charles on the rubbing table, Dr. Moreno must have felt tempted to get out his notebook and have a try, even at the eleventh hour. "Charles is a dreamer," he wrote. "In his dreams, he is a mighty, invincible fighter, who sweeps all before him in a reckless, savage, destructive fashion. In the ring, however, he loses the spontaneity he has in his dreams." It was almost a miracle, he went on, that Charles had got as far as he had in the ring. "Can a 'miracle' happen again?" he asked himself pointblank. "Yes," he answered himself. "If Charles can wipe out his inhibitions in a frenzy—for just thirty seconds—if he is as spontaneous as he is in his dreams, he might knock out Marciano or anyone else. He would be irresistible. He would be like a tiger fighting for his mate. If the dream man can loose the tiger from within him, then Marciano had better watch out. There are several mental blocks, however, that have held back the tiger. Charles is an intelligent, cultured, well-mannered, sensitive person. He intuitively resents that part of his primitiveness which he loathes at times in other fighters. . . . Because of this conflict, Charles is neither a primitive slugger nor is he a classic boxer. [Here the Doctor may have stumbled on the explanation of switch hitters in baseball.] He is part puncher and part boxer."

The Wednesday piece appeared in the Newark *Evening News* under a



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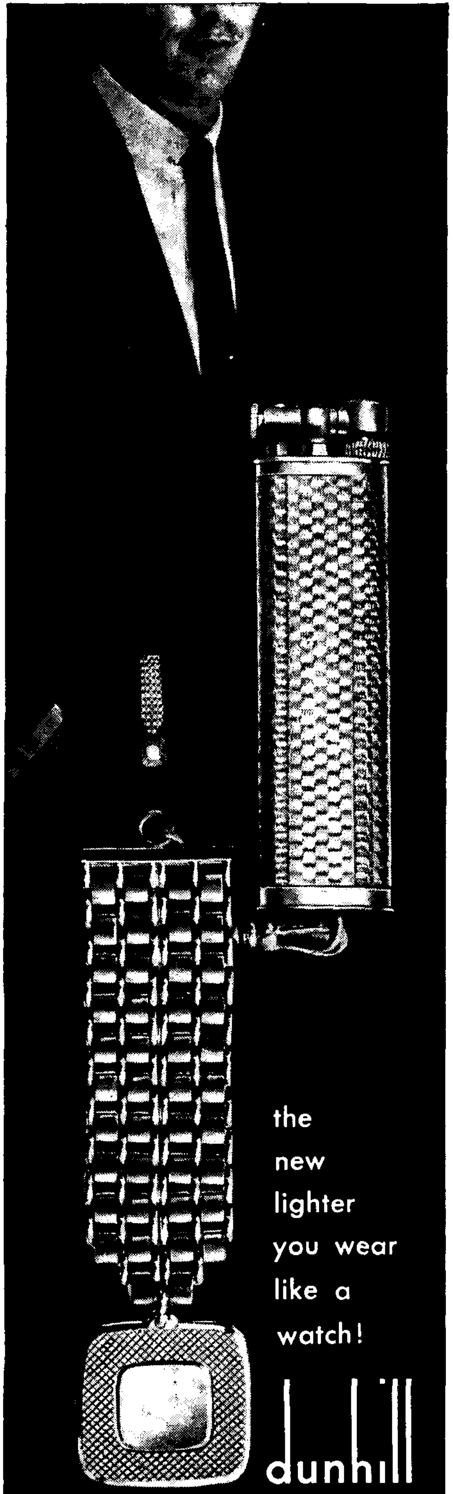
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headline contributed by a member of the staff who is probably an extrovert, like Rocky:

DOC PICKS ROCK
BY A KNOCKOUT

"After making a psychological study of Rocky Marciano and Ezzard Charles, and weighing all the factors involved," Dr. Moreno said, "I pick Marciano to knock out Charles tonight in one of the middle rounds, probably the seventh or eighth. Charles, a split personality, has to fight himself as well as the champion. . . . Ezzard, the way I see it, has but one way to win—a slim one at best. If he can rid himself of his emotional blocks in a frenzy, if he should cut or hurt Rocky and then turn loose the 'tiger' of his dream personality, then he could stop Marciano. But he must knock out Marciano to win. As the rounds go by, the possibility of a wild onslaught by Charles decreases. . . . Psychologically, the chances for this to happen are extremely small. Rocky is positive and supremely confident. He has no fears to hold him back. He is of one piece."

After that, the Doctor began to sound like an old A.P. sportswriter. "I expect to see them both start slowly tonight," he wrote, "with Marciano permitting Charles to meet him halfway. Charles will be cautious. He will retreat and counter. In the second or third round, Marciano, who generally warms up slowly, will suddenly take over the offensive and begin to crowd Ezzard. In the fourth and fifth, Charles may break loose once or twice in short spurts, but something will hold him back from letting loose to the fullest. Then Marciano, supremely assured and confident, will assert himself. He will move in with short, punishing blows and begin to wear Ezzard down. Rocky may knock Charles down in the seventh and finish him in the eighth round."

HAVING read Dr. Moreno day by day, I felt *au courant* with the psychological situation when I walked over to Madison Square Garden at noon on Wednesday to see Charles and Marciano weigh in. In addition, I had acquired a pretty good notion of the somatic prospects from a piece in a magazine called *Sports Illustrated* by a Dr. Paul Peck, an anatomist, who had furnished drawings of both men stripped of their skins, like the charts in patent-medicine shows. Dr. Peck had labelled all the muscles from the zygomaticus to the gastrocnemius. (The zygomaticus is the muscle under the cheekbone; the gastrocnemius is way down in the leg.)

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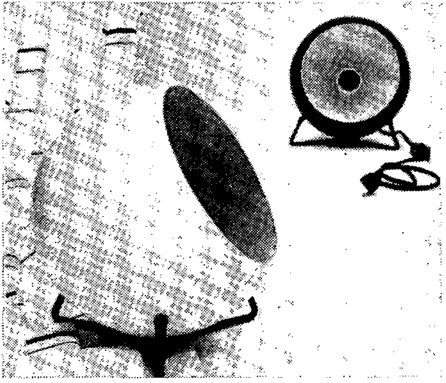
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"If the fight were held in a swimming pool, with both boxers treading water," Dr. Peck said, "Rocky wouldn't be able to hit very hard. Charles would." As it was already raining when I set out for the Garden, I thought this might be worth pasting in my chart book.

The weighing-in before a heavyweight fight is completely irrelevant, since the men do not have to make any stipulated weight. It provides photographs and new leads for the afternoon newspapers, however, and has a social function. Admission is by card (police) or badge (a tin ear), giving all visiting journalists and milling coves, active or retired, a place of rendezvous where they can exchange autobiographical notes since the last fight. It also gives you a chance to see who is in town. This time, I noticed, none of the British boxing writers who had covered the June fight were present—an indication that the London editors didn't think Charles would loose that tiger. The weighing of Marciano and Charles seemed particularly unimportant because it was plain from the weather that there would not be any fight in a New York ballpark that night. Marciano weighed a hundred and eighty-six and a half and Charles a hundred and ninety-two and a half—a gain of seven pounds over his ring weight in June; with my new psychiatric orientation, I attributed it to compulsive eating, caused by anxiety. The champion looked as placid, pleasant, and unassuming as ever, like the understander in a troupe of Arab acrobats reporting at the stage door for one of five daily performances. His placidity, it appeared, had in the course of years spread to all his faction. Al Weill, his manager, who in the past was a fuming, worrying kind of man, wore a fat, paternal smile. Charlie Goldman, his trainer, who three years ago, when Marciano was training for Louis, had acted like a tutor trying to teach a boy the whole of mathematics in time for a college-entrance examination three days away, now had the relaxed air of a professor emeritus. Charles, taller than Marciano and of a fashionable charcoal shade, looked about as excited as a man waiting for a subway train. The weather forecast for the next day, Thursday, was unfavorable, and it occurred to me that a forty-eight-hour prolongation of the dreaming period might accentuate Charles' internal conflict, if Dr. Moreno was right in diagnosing one. I voiced this thought to Mr. Jimmy Brooks, a Harlem *boulevardier* and associate of pugilists, who

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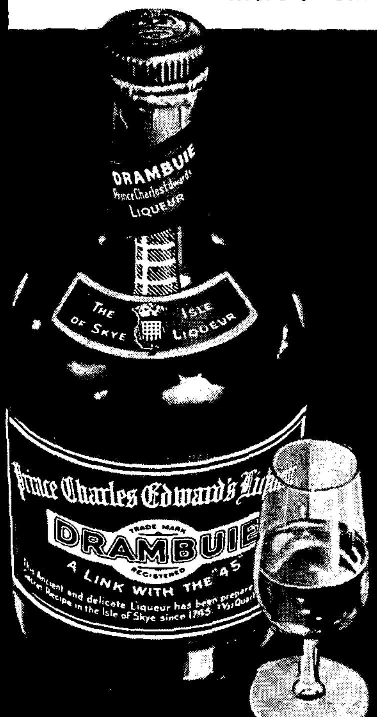
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chanced to be at my elbow, and he agreed. "It does not pay for a fighter to be too intellectual, brainy—you get my meaning?" Mr. Brooks said. "They get to laying awake and thinking too much about their physical body—what might happen to it, you know?"

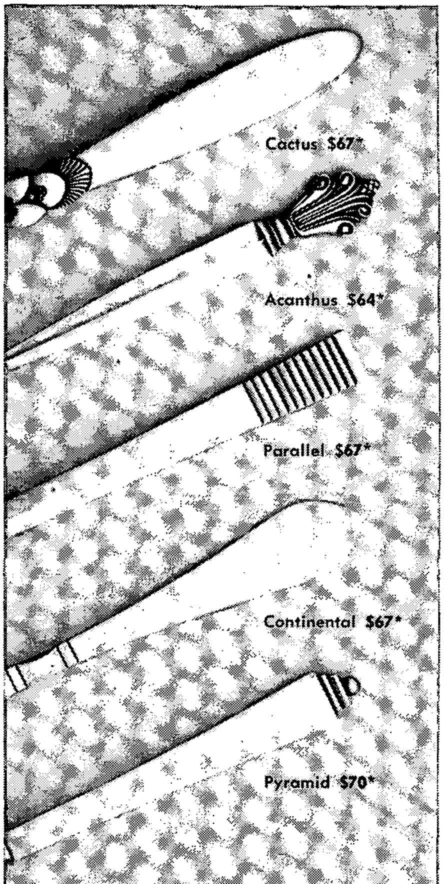
Mr. Brooks did not attend the second weighing-in, which was held on Friday, September 17th, when the weather cleared. Neither did any of the other people who had come to the first one for purely social reasons, since nothing to talk about had developed in the intervening two days. Just the newspapermen and photographers showed up, to repeat the routine of the first ponderation. This time, Marciano weighed a hundred and eighty-seven, a gain of an inconsiderable half pound (he had been doing enough gymnasium work to hold his edge), and Charles registered no change. After the weigh-in, I had lunch in Gilhuly's saloon, near the Garden, with a fellow who said that a movie producer had wanted to bet him thirteen hundred dollars to two hundred on Marciano, but that he didn't see how Charles could win.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "He is a very complex MacTavish. If he could wipe out his inhibitions for just thirty seconds, he would be like a tiger fighting for his mate."

"I never thought of that," the fellow said. "Excuse me while I give this wise guy a bang on the telephone." He came back and said he had taken the bet.

LATE that evening, I made my way up to Yankee Stadium by subway. The curtain for the main bout was to be fashionably late—at eleven o'clock. It was practically a supper show. This was in order to avoid a conflict with a baseball game at the Polo Grounds, half a mile away, where the Giants were playing the Phillies; the game had begun at eight-fifteen. On Wednesday night, when the fight had been rained out, the Giants had not been scheduled to play. The late hour of the match made for a long, straggling evening, with the crowd assembling slowly—in contrast to the night in Chicago, a year and a half ago, when Marciano had had to fight Walcott at nine, to fit a sponsor's television time, and the crowd was on its way home by nine-five, after a first-round knockout.

The preliminaries were, if possible, worse than usual, to judge from the three I saw. The six principals in these three had all appeared on the Marciano-Charles card in June, and none



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had improved over the summer. This time, I sat behind the corner that was to be Marciano's—in June, I had landed behind Charles'—and during the next-to-last preliminary Al Weill sat down in front of me, to root for a moderately belligerent hundred-and-seventy-five-pound man in whom he had a proprietary interest. "Stop hoppin'!" Mr. Weill would shout at him, and then "Stick, stick!," meaning stick him with your left hand. "I know what they should do," he said when he happened to turn around and see me, "and it hurts me when they don't do it." Since Mr. Weill's champion was going to defend the world's heavyweight title within twenty minutes, his preoccupation with such a trivial performance indicated to me that he wasn't worried.

The notorious dreariness of the preliminaries at championship fights is due to a feudal arrangement whereby the managers of the main-bout fighters get berths for all their fighter's stablemates and sparring partners on the preliminary card. The promoter fills in the remaining spots with the cheapest boxers obtainable. Sparring partners are endowed with habitual consideration and forbearance, and they find it hard to change character. A kind of guild fellowship holds them together, and they pepper each other's elbows with merry abandon, grunting with pleasure like hippopotamuses in a beer vat. Mr. Weill left to change into the form-fitting garments he wears into the ring as Marciano's second, and his man floundered through to a decision.

As the hour of battle approached, the working-press section filled. I had Leonard Lyons, the *Post's* gossip columnist, and his seventeen-year-old son at my left, and Jack E. Leonard, a night-club comic who weighs over three hundred pounds, at my right. A number of photographers I had not seen since the war, and some others who weren't even shaving then, leaped up and down in front of us, exploding flash bulbs—practice shots, I presume. After the last preliminary, Whitey Bimstein, the trainer of one of the participants in it and an old friend of mine, came down from the ring, his face wearing an expression designed to apprise the world that there had been a miscarriage of justice; the officials had called it a draw. Whitey's fighter, less experienced in mimesis, looked as if he were glad to have escaped with his life.

Now Marciano's faction began pushing its way toward the ring along a narrow path left between the massed undertaker's chairs on which the Inter-

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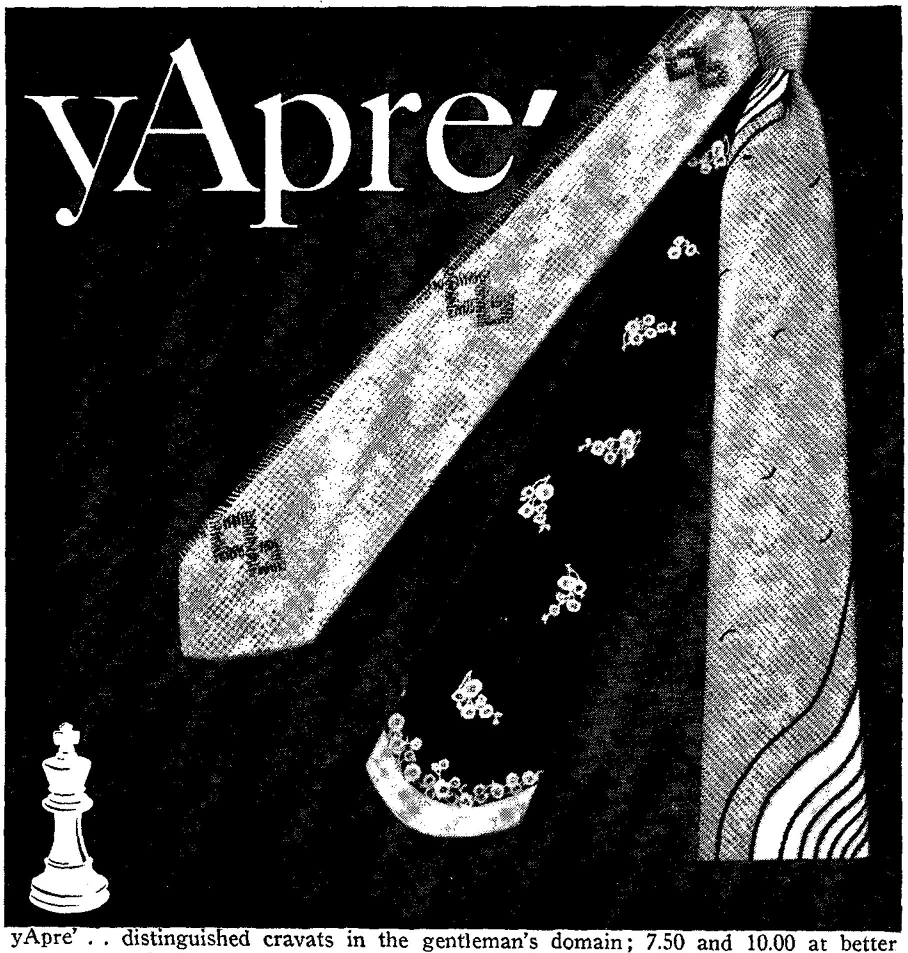

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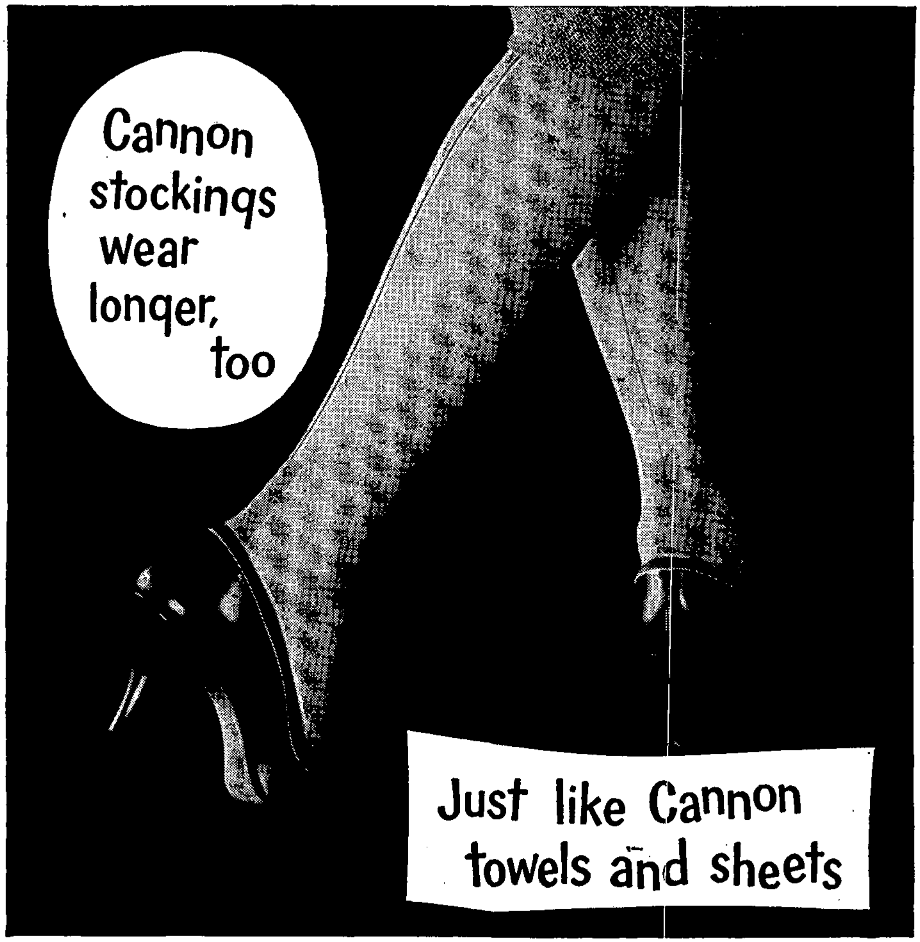

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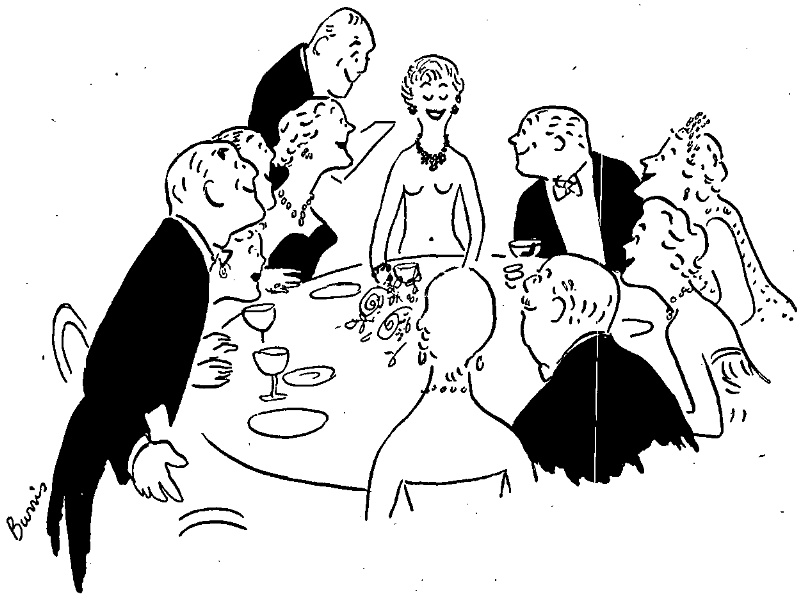
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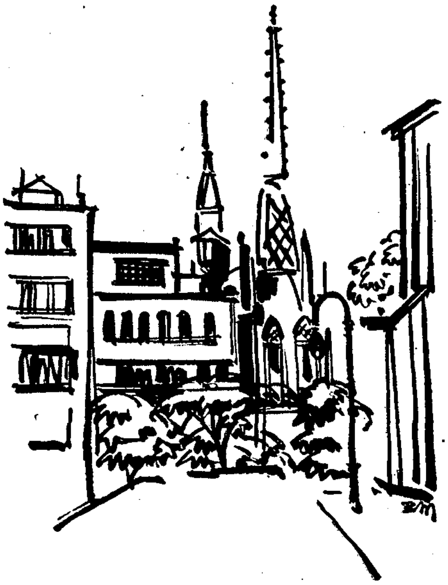
national Boxing Club mounts its patrons. Cops and bodyguards cleared a passage, and then the fighter appeared, wrapped in a blue bathrobe with a cowl over his head. He would have four men in his corner: Al Columbo, his boyhood pal from Brockton; Weill; Charlie Goldman; and Freddie Brown, who is Whitey Bimstein's partner in the training business. Weill would handle the strategy, Goldman the tactics, and Brown the surgery—he is the "cut man." Columbo was there just because he couldn't live if he weren't. Goldman and Brown are old fighters—small men with mashed noses and quick eyes. Columbo is young, and in his white sweater he looked like a college cheerleader. Weill is onion-shaped and authoritative; Marciano, when I first met him, used to call him "Mr. Weill." The demeanor of all was confident, but what was especially impressive was Marciano's back when he had seated himself on the stool in his corner. It looked as wide and as immovable as a blue wall. There was a brief fashion show as Floyd Patterson, a young light heavy who is coming along, and Sugar Ray Robinson, the old middleweight champion, were introduced from the ring. They were both sharp, but I thought Robinson, in yellow haberdashery and a black suit, had it.

At about six minutes after eleven, the fight began, and it was lucky I had Dr. Moreno's scenario with me, because from where I sat I missed occasional fractions of action. In the June fight, Charles had moved out faster than Marciano, stepping in and hitting him away with rights. This time, however, he was acting like an intelligent, cultured, well-mannered, sensitive person, gracefully poised. I could but



recollect the time-honored Egan's description of Richard Humphries, the Gentleman Boxer, in his second contest with Dan Mendoza, at Stilton in 1789. "Humphries had lost that commanding style which was so prominent in his last attack; and he seemed to labor under an impression that he had a superior to encounter with; he did not maintain his ground with his usual confidence, but suffered his opponent to drive him, and even, upon some occasions, there was a sort of shrinking from the blows of his adversary." Marciano, forcing the fighting, missed most of his punches, but he came back to his corner grinning. For him it was a pretty good start. He is what old Pierce would have called a "bottom" fighter—strong and tireless—who can be sure his chances will improve as the fight rolls along.

Meanwhile, a considerably more acrimonious round had been contested behind Marciano's corner, where his seconds, coming down from the ring, had found themselves with nothing to sit on but photographers and account executives' friends. Columbo, hopping up and down with excitement—he was probably the only person in the Stadium so affected by that round—had aroused the wrath of an Athletic Commission inspector sitting to my right. The inspector ordered Columbo to sit down, so that he, the inspector, could see; if Columbo had sat down, *he* couldn't have seen. The function of a second during action is, as Freddie Brown says, "to see if he can see anything" worthy of communication to his principal between rounds. Weill said to the inspector, "He got a right." Columbo started to say something, too, but Weill cuffed him on the back of his head Marciano, blissfully unaware of all this ill-feeling, was the calmest man in the corner when he returned at the bell.

In the second round—to my amazement and, apparently, to Charles'—the champion began to use a straight left, jabbing to the face with jolting force and then crossing a right, exactly as they teach in boxing school. ("He is not calculable," as Dr. Moreno had it.) For years, little Charlie Goldman had refrained from trying to teach Rocky anything so fancy, on the ground that it might "spoil his natural leverage." It was as fancy as A B C. Goldman must have finally decided it was safe. Before Charles could react to this treacherous attack of orthodoxy, Rocky landed a right to his zygomaticus, and he went sprawling down, forgetting to tread water, until he hit the bottom of the

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pool. The referee, Al Berl, counted to two, and Charles got up. ("In the second or third round, Marciano . . . will suddenly take over the offensive.") When Charles went down, I had a feeling he would stay there, like Walcott in Chicago, but he didn't. He had too much self-respect. However, he didn't take the count of nine, to which he was entitled, and this may have been because he didn't trust his self-respect that far. Marciano, moving in and swinging, the fancy stuff forgotten, appeared to have him headed for a quick knockout, but Ezzard rid himself of his emotional blocks for a fleeting second. He hit Marciano two dazzling left hooks, which, coming from a fighter apparently on his way out, gave the only intimation, however brief, that this could be a good fight.

Between the second and third rounds, inhibitions coagulated in Charles. In the third round, Marciano plodded after him, sometimes landing and more often missing, but Charles' intuitive resentment of violence had set in like ice on a pond. Understanding the psychiatric problem, Marciano concentrated intensely. Meanwhile, the battle of Al Columbo continued, but the inspector couldn't get at him without climbing over Jack E. Leonard, which would have been the equivalent of a Himalayan epic. In the fourth round, my score card recalls, Marciano feinted a left beautifully and followed with a right hard enough to rearrange anybody's emotional pattern, and, sure enough, in the fifth Charles displayed a pinch of spontaneity. I thought he won the round, but I also thought it was academic.

The sixth round brought Freddie Brown his chance to operate. Marciano, for all his toughness, cuts easily, and in the first Charles fight got a long cut over the left eye. In this fight, Charles' right elbow collided with the champion's nose, inflicting a deep, wide cut along its bridge. Marciano came back to his corner with an embarrassed grin, as if asking to be excused for putting his seconds to so much trouble. Brown, after stopping the chink with a quick-setting plastic called Thromboplastin, topped it off with a generous handful of Vaseline, which made the champion look as though he were wearing a Halloween false nose. Even this, however, failed to unleash the tiger in Charles. Once, when Marciano stuck out that rudimentary jab again, Charles countered with a fine right to the champion's head, delivered over Marciano's arm. But this was an intellectual rather than an emotional response. He wasn't

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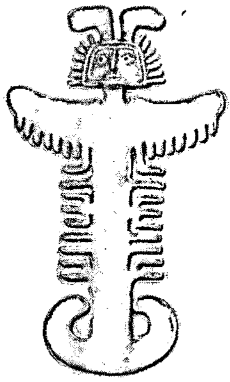

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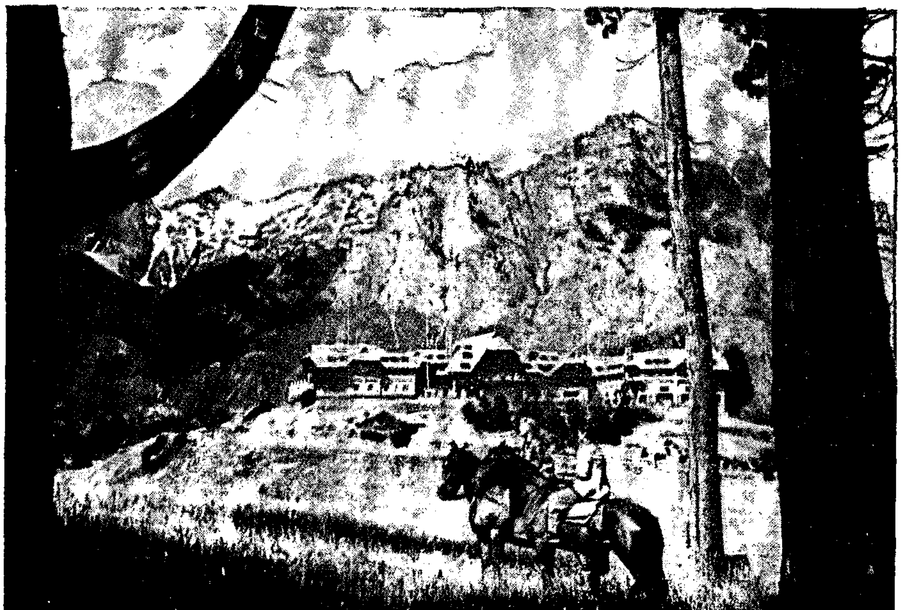

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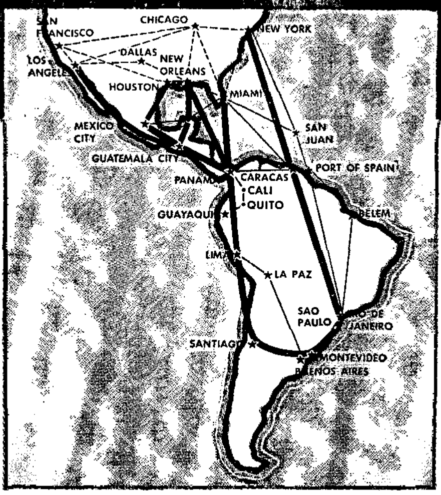
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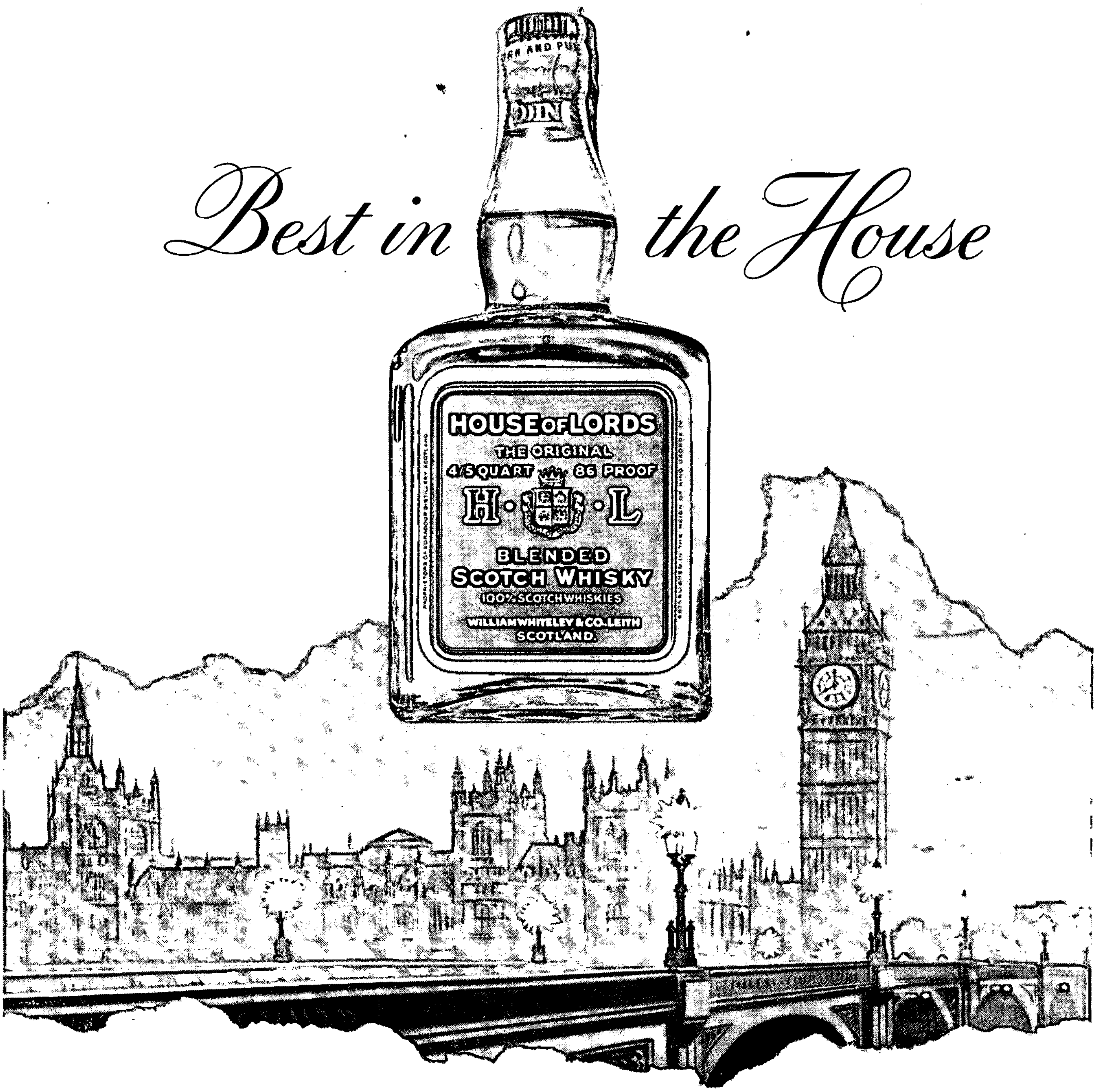
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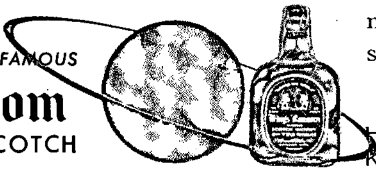

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GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.—SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS weak—once he grabbed Marciano by the back of the neck and spun him—and he wasn't entirely unresentful; when Marciano hit him after the bell, he hit back. I remember thinking, as I looked at him in his corner after the sixth round, that he was strong and unmarked, but I was perfectly sure he would be knocked out, and sure that he was sure of the same thing.

The two men wallowed through the seventh round—Marciano slugging away, the Vaseline dissolving in blood, and Charles intuitively resenting the primitiveness of it all. Early in the eighth, Marciano caught Charles with a series of blows that knocked him down. He took four this time, rose, and reeled away, with Rocky hitting at him. The knockdown was on the side of the ring to the left of the champion's corner; Charles staggered across the base of the triangle, and there Rocky hit him again, this time using a sweeping left, like a man swinging a brush hook. Charles went down, and Marciano nailed him with a right as he fell. We were all on our feet, watching, and at four Charles pulled himself up to one knee. It was the better part of discretion to take the count of nine, and I expected him to rise when Al Berl, counting in his ear, reached that numeral. Instead, he stayed a second more—a very long second—and Berl said "Ten." Maybe he had just forgotten to get up; as Dr. Moreno says, absence of mind is most devastating to a pugilist. The Doc, as a matter of fact, had called the round.

AFTER the fight, I shared a cab with a friend, and we rode all the way down to the Artists' & Writers' Restaurant, formerly Club, on Fortieth Street, and had a beer. On the way, he said that Marciano was a travesty of a champion, but that it was all right; one great champion was all a man could expect in a lifetime, and he had seen Joe Louis at his best. I said that Marciano was so good, in his peculiar way, that there should be a law against allowing him to fight return bouts. Three men had given him hard first bouts, I pointed out: Roland La Starza, who held him to a close decision; Walcott, who knocked him down and was ahead on points when Marciano knocked him out in the thirteenth round; and Charles, in the June fight. In the return fights, he had knocked out Walcott in one, La Starza in eleven, and now Charles in eight, and none of the return bouts had been in the least interesting. "He takes it out of them," I said. Neither

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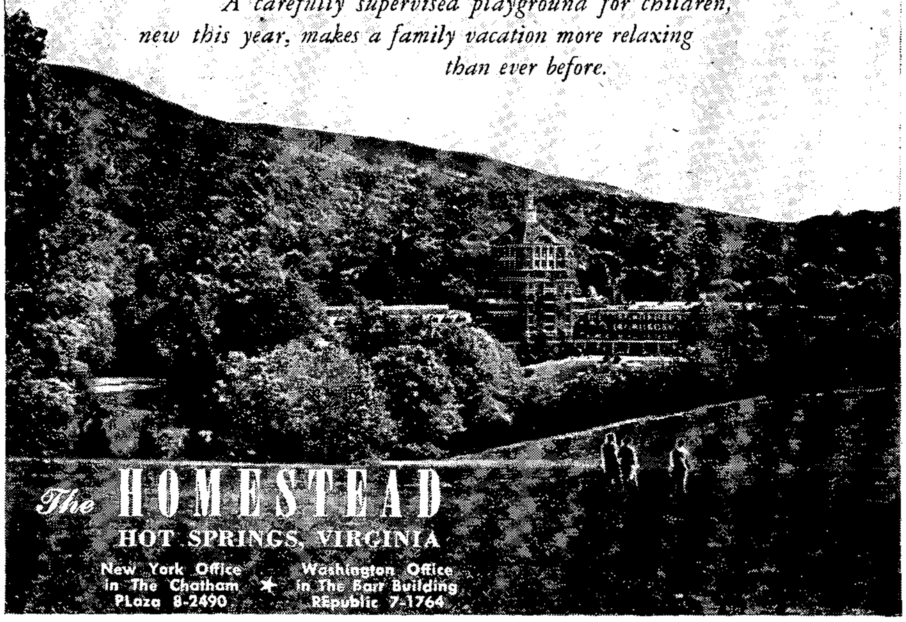

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of us was happy. It just hadn't been a good fight.

This is not the same thing as a bad fight; a bad fight is less disturbing. If a fellow quits cold and early, his conduct is clearly reprehensible and there's no ethical problem. It's the fighter who has a chance and won't play it all the way out who raises distressing parallels with life outside the ring. It seemed to me that if Charles had known he couldn't win, he shouldn't have taken the match, but I wondered how he could have known until he'd had a try. In his first match with Marciano, he had come measurably near to winning—nearer than a lot of men who had turned the tables on previous opponents in return bouts. And if he had been overwhelmed by misgivings subsequently, shouldn't he have called the match off? If one accepts the easy, cynical answer, "Who would throw away eighty-seven thousand dollars?" (which is about what the fight was worth to him), why hadn't he taken the simplest way out in the second round, when he was knocked down? Having refused it in the second, why had he accepted it in the eighth? I think I would have felt a lot better if the referee had stopped the fight or if Charles hadn't even started to get up the first time.

It all gave me a bad night, and it wasn't until I dropped in at Stillman's the next day that I got a reasonable explanation of Charles' conduct. Freddie Brown and Whitey Bimstein were sweating a number of their future champions between calls on what is known in Stillman's as the long-distant phone. Hurricane Tommy Jackson, the colored heavyweight with the double uppercut, was hitting the big bag on the gymnasium balcony. Mr. Jackson, a temperamental young man while on a winning streak, has been a model pupil ever since the unfortunate termination of his bout with a Cuban heavyweight named Nino Valdes this summer; the referee stopped the bout and awarded it to Valdes at a moment when, according to Hurricane, "that man was so tired he was staggling."

Mr. Bimstein was, as usual, bemoaning the effect of television on the development of new talent. At nine-tenths of the boxing shows nowadays, he said, you might as well be fighting in a telephone booth, and only the feature bout is televised. Fighters in the preliminaries, therefore, labor practically in private, unremarked even though they perform prodigies. "Like there is a Mexican kid, Caspar Ortega," he said, "weighing about 'forty-three, who fought a boy

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the same weight but a lot of experience four rounds in the Garden a couple weeks ago, and it was the greatest fight I ever seen. I was almost the only one seen it."

I congratulated Mr. Brown on his job on Marciano's nose, which had at least remained attached to the champion's face, and he said it had been an unusual kind of injury but one that had not found him unprepared. When I propounded Dr. Moreno's theory of the caged tiger within Charles' breast, it met with polite skepticism from Mr. Brown. "Why did he fight that way, then?" I asked.

Mr. Brown looked at me with placid, obliging condescension. "He fought the way he fought because Marciano fought the way *he* fought," he said. "Charles come in in a good mental condition, and he started right in to execute—biff!" Mr. Brown here took the stance of a confident, standup boxer. "But Rocky is coming in." Mr. Brown here came in, and I stepped back. "It is very hard to think when you are getting your brains knocked out," Mr. Brown said. "So Charles withdraws back to consider the situation." Mr. Brown withdrew. "That puts him further from a position where he can execute. Meanwhile, Marciano is still coming in. He is cruel. Charles hits him a good right to the jaw, and Rocky hits him with a left hook *and* a right. First thing Charles knows, he is grabbing, and then he is just trying to hang on. Why? He don't know why. It is not like football," he said, kindly, like one trying to convey truth to little children. "Rocky never gives you the ball." —A. J. LIEBLING

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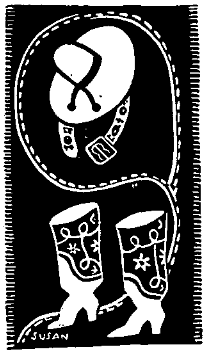
IN 1893, the year my Grandfather Adams died, New York City blossomed with hundreds of forerunners of the motion picture. Fourteenth Street was the principal place of display for these devices; on it penny arcades, nickelodeons, and peepshow booths offered kinetoscopes and their animated pictures, while curb venders vied with them and noisily thrust crude portable versions of the new art under the noses of passersby.

My cousin Sireno was visiting me in the city that fall, and one afternoon I took him to Union Square. We found Fourteenth Street in full blast, the air ringing with the vociferations of the shills. We walked along for a while, and as we hesitated before one tinselled booth, a seedy little peddler approached us, waving what looked like a pack of tiny playing cards bound together at the top. He held them up delicately, like a prestidigitator, and riffled them deftly with his thumb. As he did so, two miniature pugilists fought briefly before our astonished and gratified eyes. "Just like life," the hawker said. "Anyone can work it."

I asked him how much he wanted for the cards, and he said confidentially that it would be a dollar, to me. I would have paid it, but before I could reach into my pocket, Reno, a shrewd bargainer, stopped me and offered the man a dime. They haggled for a while, and the vender became impatient. "Look, brother," he said. "You can paste these things in a strip and whirl them over a sort of wheel—I'll sell you one cheap—and they'll do everything but *talk!*"



"A wheel?" Reno said. He turned to me, and repeated, in an awed voice, "Whirl on a wheel! Grandpa!"

"Professor Stampke!" I exclaimed.

"Who?" the peddler asked.

"You wouldn't know him," I said. "He must have died quite a long time ago."

ON a December Saturday in 1882, my four cousins and I went to pay our weekly call upon our grandfather in his cottage on Union Street, in Rochester. Sometimes it was possible for us to forecast the character of that visit by taking an investigatory peek through the side window of the cottage before going in. If the stand in the sitting room displayed books on its marble top, we were in for a session of mental improvement at the hands of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Tupper, or the Reverend T. DeWitt Tallmadge. If the old gentleman's scrapbook was there, we might expect reminiscence. And if—as happened on rare occasions—a pitcher of raspberry shrub waited, pink and inviting, festivity was indicated.

This Saturday, Jenny, the oldest of us, did the spying. What she reported was startling. "He's playing with paper dolls," she whispered to us.

"I don't believe it," John said. He tiptoed to the window, and Reno and I followed him. We looked into the sitting room, and there was Grandfather intent upon a scroll of white paper to which he had affixed small, bright-hued cutouts. His scrapbook was at his feet, and on the stand before him was a strange contraption, obviously homemade. My boyish understanding of the mechanism was vague, and my memory of the construction is more so. Two of our step-grandmother's rolling pins, set in improvised racks, appeared to be fundamental. Most of the paper scroll was wound on one cylinder, and the operator was in process of tacking the free end of the scroll to the other. This done, he gave it a twirl.

I tried for a clearer vision. "They *look* like paper dolls, all right," I whispered.

Young Charlie scrabbled up beside me. "They're decalcomanias," he whispered back. "I got a set at home."

Decalcomania was a juvenile fad of the period. But what was our dignified grandparent doing with such frivolities?

Reno plucked at my sleeve. "We have to go in even if he *has* gone loony," he said.

We did go in then, feeling awkward at catching the old gentleman, so to speak, off his base. He looked up and greeted us abstractedly but without embarrassment. Jenny stared at the bright figures on the scroll. "Why, they're ducks!" she cried. "What ever are you doing with them, Grandpa?"

"Eh?" said Grandfather. "Oh! Pursuing a long-forgotten artifice—something of which I had not thought in years until I chanced upon an old clipping in my ortbook." He rotated the two pins and the scroll rolled rapidly from one to the other.

"They're flying!" Charlie cried, in great excitement, and, indeed, some ef-

have
you
met
Jack?

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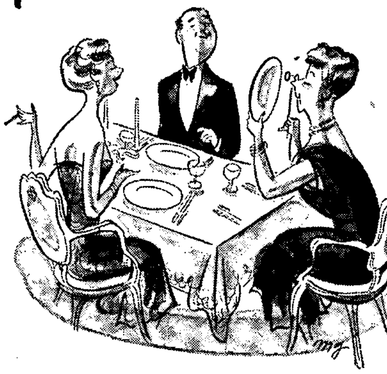

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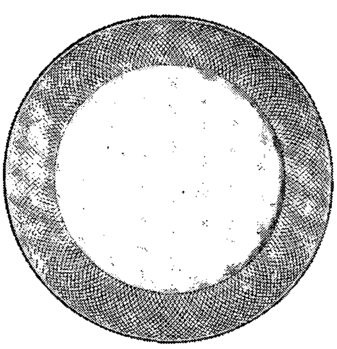

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fect of flight was achieved, though I thought it a poor and confused similitude.

So thought the old gentleman. "A feeble essay," he said, stopping the mechanism. "Never would it have roused the Wembley brothers to action. Mr. Stumpy would have flouted it with well-merited scorn."

"Who were the Wembley brothers?" Jenny and John asked in unison, and at the same time I inquired, "Who was Mr. Stumpy?"

"One at a time," Grandfather said. "One at a time." He pushed the apparatus aside and settled back.

OF all the human oddments that frequented Erie Water in the early days, Grandfather said, the queerest was Mr. Stumpy. Nobody knew his real name, his origin, his age, or anything much about him, except that he was foreign—and nobody cared. He minded his own occasions and was content to let other folk mind theirs. His line of trade was repairs, his place of business a roofed ark of two tons burden, in which he plied the canal. Sometimes he poled his ark; sometimes he hauled it at the end of a fifty-foot towrope. On the cabin was displayed a sign:

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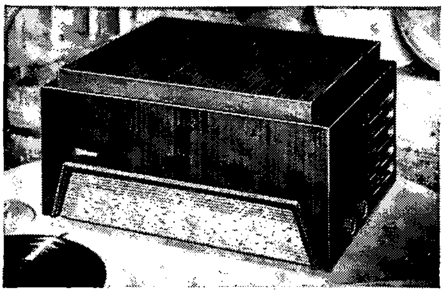
There were few repair jobs beyond his capacity. He could expertly tinker pot, pan, or kettle, mend rigging, splice tackle, rig a crane, calk a leaky seam, and do a handy job of carpentry. A shelf in his cabin was supplied with home-confected medicaments with which he would make shift to treat any ill from snake bite to swamp shakes. He was a bit of an artist, too, and could produce a recognizable likeness on either the camera obscura or the camera lucida. He was well versed in penmanship, both round and florid, and at a modest charge would indite a persuasive cupidity for a loveIorn illiterate. Though he spoke with the thick accent of a foofoo, Grandfather said, his use of English showed a nice discrimination.

This was too much for John, as it was doubtless intended to be. "I know a cupidity is a love letter, sir," he said (he was the scholar among us), "but what's a foofoo?"

"Good Erie lingo for a foreigner," the old gentleman replied. "Foofoos were not kindly regarded, canalside. Mr. Stumpy was an exception."

He was unfailingly officious, Grandfather said, using the term in the old sense of "obliging"—always ready to do



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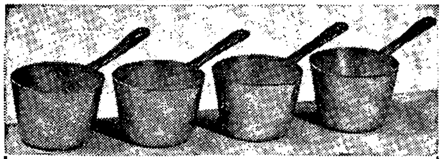

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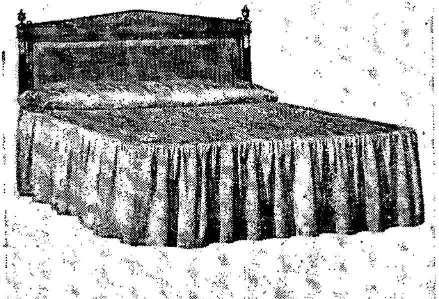

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one a good turn gratis. For the rest, Grandfather went on, the ark man was small and meagre, frugal by habit, and meek of bearing. He would accept almost anything in trade, as a substitute for legal tender—an officiousness that insured his popularity with the canal wives. Flaxseed, goose down, mink skin, eggs, or homespun—or even a rare butterfly, moth, or spider, for he collected and preserved these, as well as herbs and simples—was legal enough tender for him. "Today he would be termed a scientist," Grandfather said, "but there was no such word in the eighteen-twenties."

The ark man's favorite run, our narrator continued, was the Long Level, west of Rochester, where for sixty-two miles there was no lock, and hence no toll to pay. Like everyone else with business along Erie, Grandfather himself had a hail-fellow acquaintance with the industrious little man, and eventually the hazard of a sudden July storm improved the acquaintance to something like friendship.

Grandfather had been on an official inspection tour of the canal banks, which involved travelling afoot. Between Holley and Stillson's Basin, he passed the ark, whose owner had stopped on the towpath to ease his shoulder pad where the rope chafed him. A civil greeting passed between them. At that moment, there was a crackle of electrons, and the first shrewd gust of a storm pressed the craft against the bank. From its open starboard window whirled a number of sheets of paper. Mr. Stumpy uttered a wail and dropped his rope.

"Look for a post!" Grandfather shouted at him. This was the standard phrase of the Erie, meaning to seek a mooring. "Look for a post, man! I'll gather your papers."

Too seasoned a canaller not to realize the impropriety of casting loose any craft in such a gale, the ark man snatched back his towrope. Happily, there was a mooring post a few rods downwind. Mr. Stumpy reached it, tossed two half hitches over it, and joined Grandfather, who was already off in a wild pursuit of the flying papers across the unfenced fields.

From the little man's distress, Grandfather assumed that the papers would be something of value—manuscripts, or perhaps legal documents. To his surprise, he found, when most of the sheets had been recovered, that they all bore the presentment of a man, drawn in bold strokes. Still stranger, the figures were so nearly identical that it was difficult to distinguish between

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them. Scrutiny showed that they were the same figure in slightly different postures. Mr. Stumpy, plainly embarrassed, undertook to explain. He said the papers were part of a private experiment, and he added, gratefully, that he hoped someday to show Grandfather the results of it.

The two men went back to the ark, and Grandfather helped his companion restore order to the wind-blown cabin. A wheel of peculiar design stood at one end of the small room, and at the opposite end was a wall mirror that seemed to Grandfather disproportionately large and costly for so simple an interior. His host saw that he had remarked them. "Please say nothing of all this, blessed Myron," Mr. Stumpy asked. He belonged to an obscure religious sect that used the form "blessed" as the Quakers used "friend."

"At your wish," Grandfather replied. "But it is a queer kantikoy, Mr. Stumpy."

"It is no more a kantikoy than I am Mr. Stumpy," the little man said gravely.

"Who are you, then?" Grandfather asked, surprised.

"Pay no heed," the ark man said hastily. "Pay no heed, blessed Myron. Stumpy is near enough."

As Grandfather was about to take his leave, Mr. Stumpy presented him with a jar of basswood honey. "Are you a friend to me, blessed Myron?" he asked, when Grandfather had thanked him.

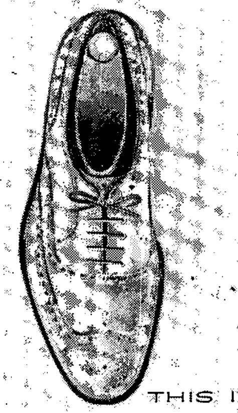
"Why, yes, I hope so," Grandfather replied.

"So are not the brothers Wembley," Mr. Stumpy said. "Do you know the brothers Wembley?"

"Everybody canalside knows them," Grandfather said. "They are good and pious folk. What have they against you, Mr. Stumpy?"

"I do not attend their worship," the little man answered. "Their Sabbath day is not my Sabbath day."

NOBODY from Lake Erie to Hudson's River, Grandfather said, departing for the moment from his story of Mr. Stumpy, commanded more respect than the two Wembley brothers, and this in spite of the fact that they were rafters, a breed by no means popular on the canal. Their rafts were the longest and broadest allowed by the Honorable, the Canal Commissioners. For draft animals, the Wembleys had oxen. Two miles an hour was towpath speed for an ox-drawn raft, which was a sore exasperation to hurrying packets



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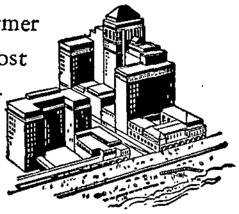

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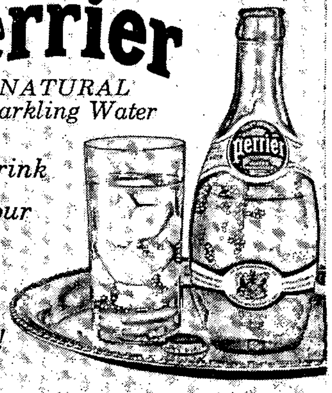

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held up in its wake. Yet the hardiest captain hesitated to raise voice against the brothers, for they were godly men, and curses directed against such were prone to rebound upon the maledictor. "Witness," Grandfather said, "the case of Captain Skibo, of the line boat Try to Catch Me, who, after being blocked at Lock Thirty-nine for an hour, damned the Wembleys' rafts and all their occupants, and that very evening choked on a perch bone, coughed himself into a cachexy, and burst a blood vessel."

Prayer meeting every evening and three Sabbath-day sermons were regular events aboard the Wembleys' lead raft, the old gentleman went on. It was known as the Gospel Raft, and for Sunday services the brothers moored it, when possible, in a basin where there would be room for other craft to gather. Large crowds often attended the meetings. Micajah Wembley was a notable performer on the lap-organ; Jonathan possessed a basso profundo that rolled like thunder among hills. Both were powerful exhorters, and their prophecies of doom sent shivers down the spines of the sinful. It was their theme that Satan held special sway along the Erie.

They firmly believed in a personal, earth-frequenting Devil—Micajah proclaimed that he had once seen him in full panoply of horns, fangs, and switching tail—and in his familiar spirits, the witches who were spawned from the slime of the pathless Montezuma Marshes. Micajah, in particular, was learned in the lore of darkness, and could distinguish between broom witches and fork witches by the reek of their passage through the upper night.

To protect themselves from these powers, the brothers had raised a Pennsylvania hex broom upon the prow of the lead raft and had hung their cabin windows with witch balls—blue, green, and amber—molded at the Mt. Vernon glass factory, in the Oneida hills. Also, they were steady customers of a store on Exchange Street in Auburn that specialized in charms, amulets, and silver bullets.

Always assiduous to swell their congregation, the pair had several times approached Mr. Stumpy with friendly invitations to join their Gospel Crew, which welcomed all Christian sects. His response had been invariably courteous: "Thank you kindly, blessed Wembleys. You take your path to Heaven and I will follow mine."

Their sombre suggestion that his path

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might lead to a different and undesirable destination failed to move him.

THERE came a Sunday evening in September, 1826, which Grandfather fixed as about Muster Day, the day the militia regularly turned out for its semiannual drill and inspection. This was about two months after the episode of the blowing papers. The Gospel Raft was moored in Parker's Basin, near Brockport, and Mr. Stumpy was poling his ark westward toward it, looking for a post. The meeting then in session aboard the raft had drawn a large crowd, for it was to deal with a familiar and favorite topic, "The Licentious Evil of the Public Dance." Grandfather, finding himself in the vicinity, had decided to attend.

Brother Jonathan was preaching. Brother Micajah sat beside him, the lap-organ ready on his knees. The sermon proceeded by formula. The preacher would deliver a long and titillating description of the supposedly demoniac orgies that had recently been held in some respectable enough neighboring tavern. Then the organist's elbow would pump, the reeds would give a squawk and a blare, and Brother Jonathan's mighty voice would lead the listeners in an appropriate refrain:

"Gay! Gay! Gay!
To be gay,
Think on the dreadful Judgment Day!"

The sermon had reached the third or fourth repetition of this chorus when the repair ark came up. As Mr. Stumpy, poling, drew abreast of the preacher, the music died and Jonathan's formidable basso hailed him. "Sabbathbreaker, ahoy!"

Mr. Stumpy leaned on his pole and looked at Jonathan, startled.

"Uncover in the presence of the Lord and His worshippers!" Jonathan cried.

The boatman obligingly took off his coonskin cap.

"Down on your knees and repent of your sins!" Jonathan commanded him.

The little man considered for a moment, shook his head, and thrust again with his pole. "I look for a post," he said mildly, and a dozen or more rods along he headed to shore and moored for the night.

The congregation on the raft could see his light, unnaturally brilliant, as many afterward stated, and hear the sound of his tinkering, and they knew he was busy at profane pursuits on the Sabbath—an affront to piety. Grandfather, noting the angry looks cast toward the ark, and seeing the brothers

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counselling together, speculated uneasily upon what measures they might take against the harmless little ark man.

He lingered aboard after the benediction, and when the congregation had dispersed, he saw Jonathan jump ashore and set out down the towpath toward Mr. Stumpy's ark. As he approached it, he dropped to all fours, and presently Grandfather could see his head outlined in the light of the window. It remained still for a few moments, and then was withdrawn. There was a startled, stifled cry, the cabin light of the ark went out, and Jonathan Wembley came plunging back along the path like one pursued. He scrambled aboard the raft and fell on his knees. Grandfather went to him and set a hand upon his shoulder. Jonathan was shaking from head to foot. When he could command his voice, he said tremulously, "This is matter for the Canal Commission."

"What is?" Grandfather asked.

"Witchcraft and devilry," said Jonathan.

Grandfather did not believe in witches and even had his heretical doubts about the Devil. "What did you see?" he asked.

"Spawn of Satan! Spawn of Satan!" Jonathan cried, and would say no further. "My lips would shrivel," he muttered.

He was insistent that Grandfather, as a minor canal official, should present the case to the Commission and have Mr. Stumpy banned from the waterway. In Grandfather's opinion, there was no case for the high authorities, but he was disturbed for the safety of the ark man; the brothers were likely to stir up sentiment against him.

"An evil will befall because of this wickedness," said Jonathan as Grandfather left the raft.

Grandfather wondered if he should stop at the ark on his way to the inn where he was staying, and warn Mr. Stumpy. But the window of the ark still showed no light, and he decided to wait until morning.

THE evil Jonathan had foretold befell that very night. Without ascertainable cause, the canal berm breached widely two miles west of Parker's Basin, the basin was sucked dry, and all the craft in it were hopelessly mudlarked by dawn. Word passed among the angry callers that the slightly mysterious Mr. Stumpy was the agent of mischance, and Grandfather, who had heard the report, went after breakfast to see him.

On deck, Mr. Stumpy listened with

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his head sunk between his shoulders while Grandfather told him of Jonathan's spying the night before. "Witchcraft?" he said. "Spawn of Satan? They are fools. Do you wish to see, blessed Myron?"

Grandfather very much wished to see, and he went with Mr. Stumpy into the cabin of the ark. There he noticed a mechanism that he took to be the newly invented Genet Patent Combustible Gas Generator for domestic illumination. Before it, mounted in a rack, stood a wooden cylinder a foot long and half that in diameter. It had a handle by which it could be turned, and the large mirror Grandfather had seen earlier faced it. Mounted above the cylinder was a scroll made of the papers the two men had pursued in the storm. These had been pasted together to form a strip, one end of which was attached to the cylinder.

Mr. Stumpy drew black curtains over the windows, almost completely darkening the room, and then took up his flint box and a hank of dried flax, which he ignited with a spark struck from the flint. "Close your eyes, blessed Myron," he said.

Grandfather did so. He heard the plop of the combustible gas, and the whir of the cylinder as Mr. Stumpy spun it. "Now, look," Mr. Stumpy said. "Have no fear."

Grandfather opened his eyes. He gave a gasp. The hairs at the nape of his neck stiffened and stirred, and his muscles tautened as he strove to compose himself. There was no sound in the room but the guttering gas and the whisper and creak of the cylinder, but it seemed that there should be other sounds, for there was life mirrored in the glass before his eyes. The figure he saw there was no larger than a hawk moth, but it was human. It was alive. It crawled, it reared itself up and brandished its arms and sprang into the air. It pranced and danced. Grandfather felt inclined to pray.

The whirring ceased. The mirror darkened. "That is all, blessed Myron," Mr. Stumpy said gently.

"What is it?" Grandfather asked feebly.

"Illusion," Mr. Stumpy answered. "The pictures supplant one another so swiftly as to befool the eye with the illusion of continuity. That is all. No witchcraft. No devilry, except in the evil minds of men."

"Mr. Stumpy," Grandfather said earnestly, "go away from here."

"How can I? The ark is mudded."

"The Wembleys are holding noon

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session to preach you down as having caused the berm to breach by aid of Satan," Grandfather told him. "Go away while there is yet time."

"And abandon my home?" asked Mr. Stumpy.

"The repair gang is already at work on the breach," Grandfather said. "They will soon be reinforced by the Hurry-Up Boat with its crew. The water will rise. You are shallow of draft. The canal will be boatable for your ark while the others are still mud-fast. Take your advantage of it."

"Perhaps I had better," Mr. Stumpy said sadly. "I only thought to make an innocent popet-show for the pleasure of children, and to touch a small profit for my pains. And for this I am accused of commerce with the Evil One. Thank you, blessed Myron. I will follow your advice."

GRANDFATHER helped Mr. Stumpy to get the boat in readiness, he told us, and then visited a few staunch spirits among the older and more staid canallers, who could be relied upon to try to maintain the peace on his mere say-so as a canal official. They promised to come to Mr. Stumpy's aid if they were needed.

Since traffic on the waterway was halted by the low water, a large congregation—upward of a hundred glum-faced men, Grandfather estimated—gathered that noon on the Gospel Raft. He did not go aboard himself but took his stand on the towpath where he could hear Brother Jonathan and at the same time see the ark. The men he had enlisted were waiting nearby on their own boats.

Jonathan opened the service by declaring that for some time he had harbored suspicions of Mr. Stumpy. These, he said, had been horridly confirmed by his visit to the ark the night before. Two witches, he asserted, had flown above him as he went there. (Grandfather had seen the pair and had taken them for owls.) There had been a stifling reek of stinkstone in the air. Peering through the cabin window, Jonathan had seen an infernal glow, by the light of which Mr. Stumpy was performing his unholy rites. Jonathan, his eyes straining and his teeth chattering, had seen the veritable Satan, in miniature, materialize upon a black mirror and perform a demoniac dance to the lewd mutterings of Mr. Stumpy. Terror had seized him, and he fled.

Everyone on the raft knew what had happened next, the preacher went on. The Grand Erie Canal had been blighted beneath their keels. Everyone

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milkman
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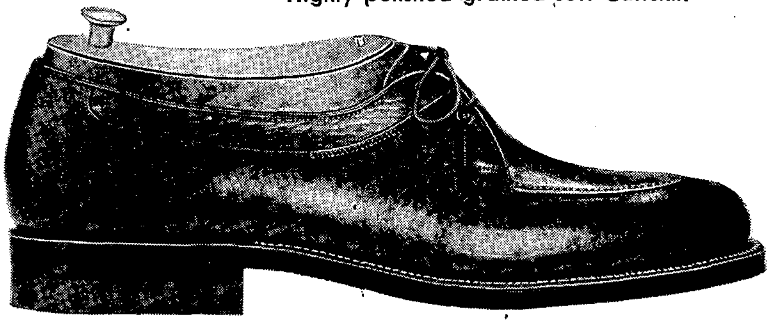

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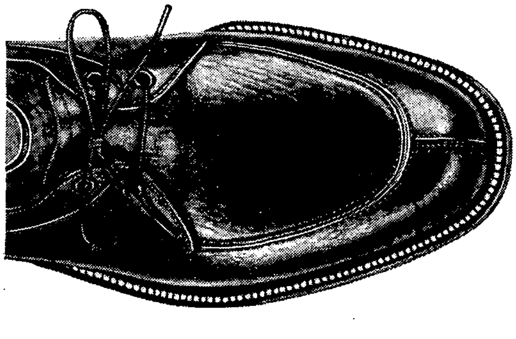

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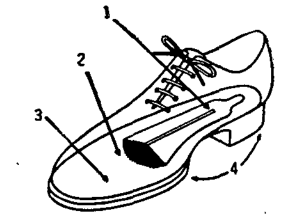

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knew, he continued with waxing fury, the author of the disaster. Let all good Christians unite to purge Erie Water of this malefactor, who, even now—his voice rose to a bellow—was making his evasion. "Forward, hosts of righteousness!" Jonathan cried.

The water had risen somewhat, and the ark was, indeed, in sluggish motion. As the crowd surged off the raft and moved toward the ark, Grandfather blew his pathmaster's whistle, and the forces of order hurried to him. They made a valiant attempt to bar the towpath, but they were a scant dozen against a hundred. The first rush swept them aside like straws.

Fortunately, Mr. Stumpy had heard the whistle and the crowd's yells. He plunged from the ark into the canal, floundered through the shallow water, and disappeared into the forest back of the berm, unsuccessfully pursued by a small band of whooping religionists. Meanwhile, the other crusaders swarmed upon the ark, gutted it, smashed the devilish mechanism, and burned what remained. As for the ark man, Grandfather said, he was seen no more, nor hide nor hair.

"What do you think became of him, sir?" John asked.

"Some believed," the old gentleman said, "that Satan, his master, reclaimed him in a clap of fire from a prodigious thunderstorm that thwarted the last of his pursuers that night. Another version had it that he was devoured by bears, which were predatory in that region at the time. It is known, however, that a week later a two-masted owler, setting out from Genesee river mouth for Canada on a smuggling operation, was storm-beaten back to the American shore and there picked up a stranger, hungry and battered, whom it took across Lake Ontario to the haven of Canada. It may well have been Mr. Stumpy."

"Didn't you ever hear anything more of the poor man, Grandpa?" Jenny asked.

"I don't know," the old gentleman said slowly. "I have never been certain. However . . ."

Lifting his scrapbook from the floor, he spread it open on his knees and pointed to a newspaper clipping. "This is an excerpt from *Man*, of May 19, 1834," Grandfather said. "*Man* was a journal of high probity and scruple." We read:

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are made to present to the eye a variety of motions which give to the figures the appearance of life.

Reno, who read the item with concentration a second time, broke out, "Stampke—Stumpke—Stumpy!"

"The similarity is suggestive," Grandfather said.

"I bet he was the fellow!" Reno cried.

"Didn't you try to find out, sir?" Jenny asked.

"I did," said Grandfather. "I went so far as to write a letter to Vienna and procured its carriage by brig. In the then state of European posts, its delivery was hazardous and a reply still less probable. I have never heard from, or of, Professor Stampke, nor have I had occasion to recall his strange device until today, when this item met my eye by chance."

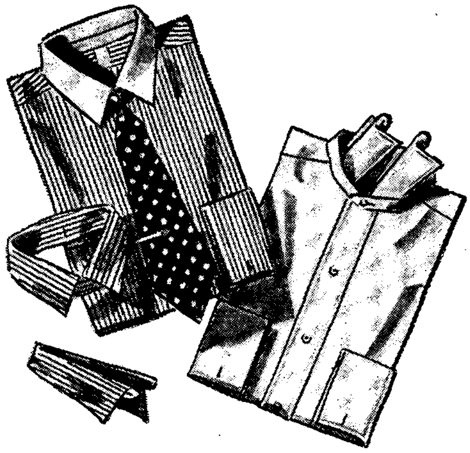
ON Fourteenth Street, nearly a dozen years later, Reno and the shill concluded their haggling at an agreed price of thirty-five cents. (Shortly thereafter, the market broke, and gladiators on a pack of cards could be had for a nickel.) Then Reno and I went on exploring Fourteenth Street, at a total cost of more than two dollars apiece. We saw all the nickelodeons and peered into all the kinetoscopes, and we bought what other peddlers had to offer in the line of "flip-pictures," as they were termed in the trade. It was worth every cent, because it seemed to us that our belief in Professor Stampke and Grandfather Adams had been confirmed.

However worthy or unworthy of the posthumous honor the Viennese savant may be, it is improbable that he will ever get an Oscar from Hollywood, nor will history assign him the place Reno and I gave him. He lives only in the faith of the Adams descendants, but we, at least, are firmly convinced that he is the true father of the motion picture, and that Grandfather was present at the first preview. —SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

•

From pulchritude to food Rome has it all. At dusk you take the elevator to the roof of the Hotel Hassler, to see the setting sun over the seven hills of Rome. There in the distance you glimpse the Vatican, the Tiber, St. Pauls, the Victor Emanuel monument, the Borghese Gardens, the whole Eternal City. She is old, and very, very beautiful. Rome was certainly not built in a day, nor may it be described in a day. My next column will describe the restaurant of Clara Petacci, the mistress of Benito Mussolini.—*Barry Gray in the Post.*

It's a start, anyway.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

INFORMATION

PURPLE is the dominant color in Peck & Peck's new tweeds. The Scottish ones include a double-collared greatcoat in a pot-pourri of heather, sky blue, and what they call bracken ($79.95); a suit of thinnish tweed in purple and pea green, with a fingertip box coat of the same tweed in a slightly heavier weight and a windowpane check of pale amethyst ($145 in all); and a severely trim topcoat in mauve-pink, gray, and pale-blue checks and faced with a lavender-and-gray-blue wool matching the accompanying tailored suit ($69.95 each). The domestic tweeds start at $75.95. There's a suit that combines petunia and slate-blue cashmere with lamb's-wool tweed. A misty, small-checked mixture of lavender, larkspur blue, and orange makes a suit with a yoke and slightly padded hips; a double-breasted suit with high, notched lapels is of angora-and-wool tweed in cherry, purple, black, and white mixed together. The suits are all fitted, and the skirts are all straight.

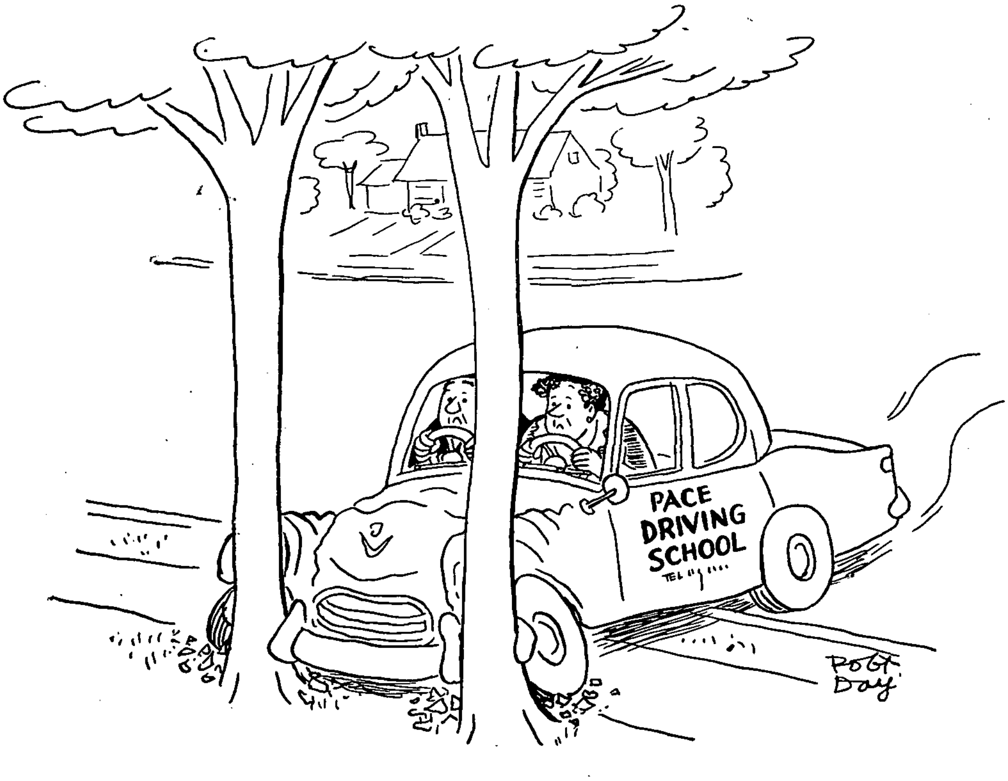
BERNATH, at 560 Madison Avenue (56th Street), is presenting ready-to-wear suits that mingle wool and leather with good effect. A suède jacket that's attached to a wide, stitched waist-band has a collar and cuffs of tweed. It's paired with a slender tweed skirt. Semi-fitted capeskin jackets are mated with wool jersey herringbone skirts that are piped with capeskin. All these suits come in a fine variety of colors. Another suit involves a double-breasted sailor-collar box jacket of tobacco suède and a skirt of beige flannel. Prices for the lot average a little over a hundred dollars. A jumper dress of tangerine, black, beige, or tobacco suède is the constant companion of a waist-length jacket that is lined with black alpaca pile and yet looks wonderfully unbulky. Greatcoats of cotton poplin, suède, or capeskin are lined with contrasting alpaca pile; $55 and $135. Tapered slacks are of goatskin, suède, or capeskin. And there is a handsome show of dressmaker sweaters knitted of silk, Egyptian cotton, cashmere, or merino wool. Skirts to blend with them appear in flannel, cashmere, or tweed.

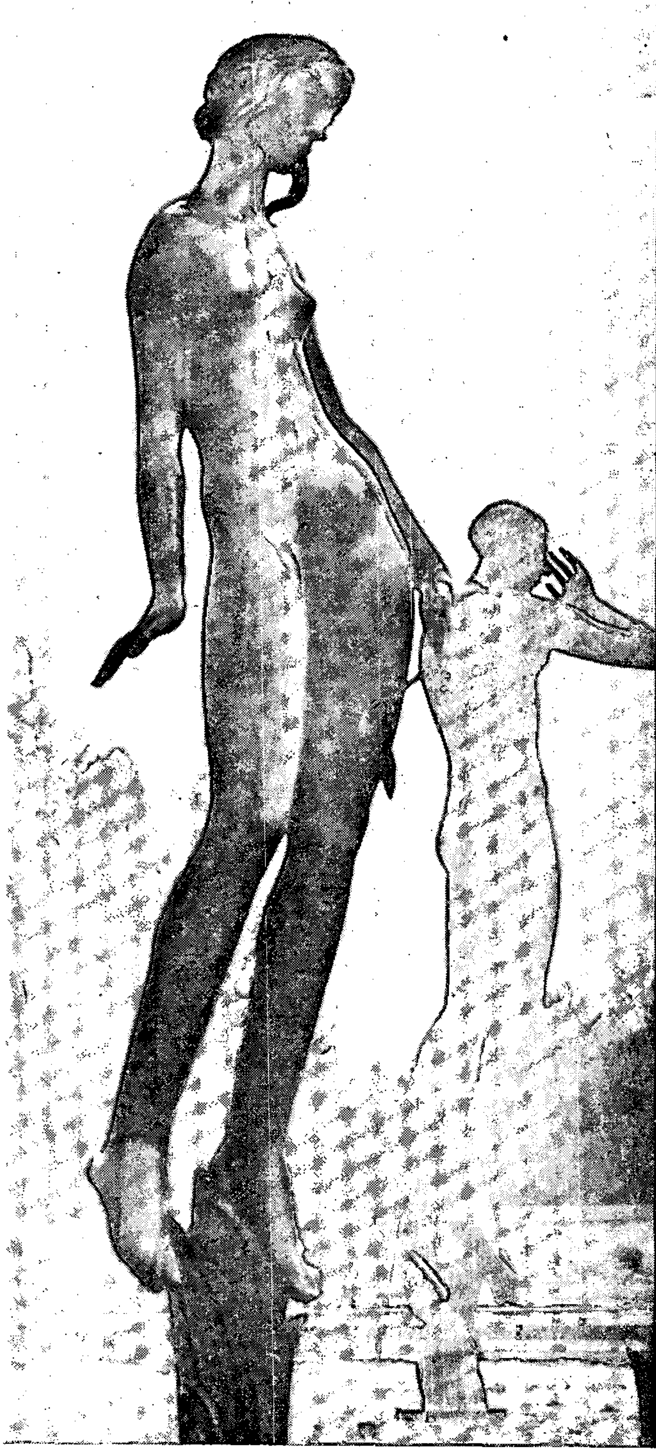
SILLS OF CAMBRIDGE, at 9 East 48th Street, is a man's tailor who is willing to turn out classic or easy-fitting tailleurs and topcoats for women. They're $150 and up. Waistcoats and skirts begin at $35, slacks at $45, and jackets at $100; these prices do not include the optional tie-silk linings. It takes three to five weeks to execute an order.

SIG BUCHMAYR, who is in business at 16 East 50th Street, collects good, rugged sports clothes from Austria, Norway, and Bavaria, among other places. His warmest jacket, of black, gray, or red hand-knit fuzzy wool, has a narrow contrasting border and is fastened with silver-metal links; $29.95. Intricately woven wool pullovers are attached to little pointed pixie hoods that are trimmed with wool pompons. The probably inevitable *Lederhosen*—the Tyrolese yodellers who wear them undoubtedly just call them pants—show up in natural buckskin. Siren coverall suits of oxford-gray cotton knit taper at the ankles; a leather belt and, if you like, a necktie of gaily striped jersey are standard equipment.

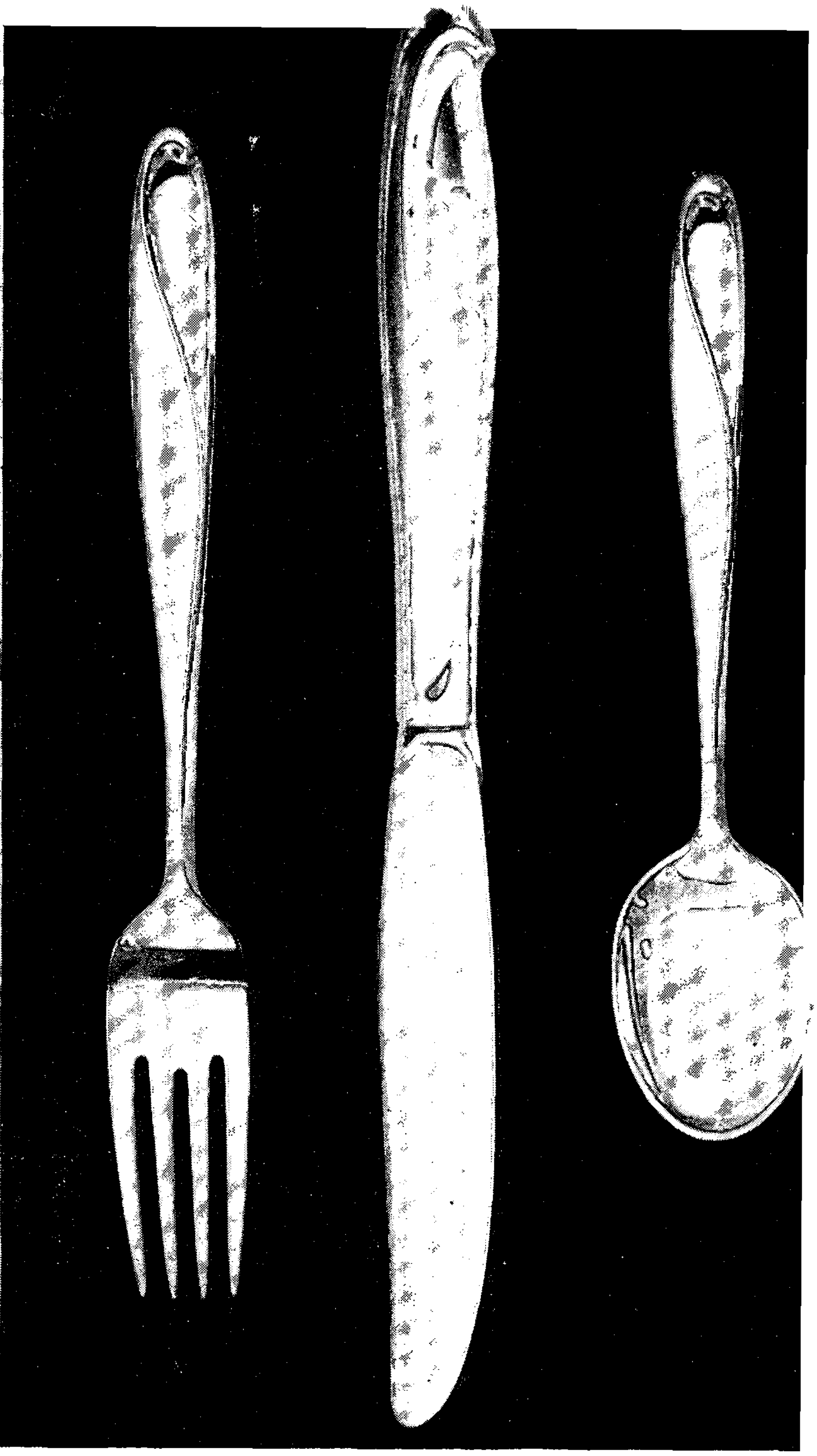
CLARE POTTER has designed two striking outfits that are on tap in Bendel's sports department. A two-piece dress of gray-blue wool jersey has a cardigan top embroidered with brown flowers and a straight skirt with an inverted pleat down the front; $95. A sheath of navy or black jersey with a red grosgrain bow appliquéd across the bosom is meant for a sweater of nubbly wool knit that is banded with red grosgrain; $135 all told. Not by Miss Potter, but notable just the same, is a gray flannel dress that measures seven yards around the hem; its companion is a cardigan of gray cashmere with a collar of fluffy fake chinchilla. Among the separates are a pleated wraparound skirt and a surplice top, both of gray-blue, green, or black wool-and-nylon, as well as a pullover of chamois-color doeskin-finish acetate with a mandarin collar and tab fastenings. Anyone who buys the pullover might well invest in the straight, pleated skirt that matches it.

LILLY DACHÉ's ready-to-wear millinery is in Lord & Taylor's Young New Yorker Shop. A beaver chukker cap is tied under the chin with wide ribbon streamers. A baby cap of rayon





Carl Milles' Orpheus Fountain, Cranbrook Foundation, Mich.



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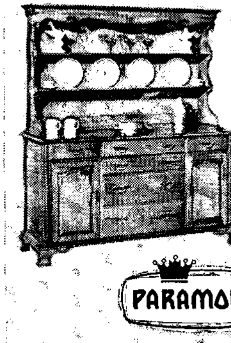

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satin, slashed to show the widow's peak, is especially admirable in olive green. Also among those present are tucked rayon satin rollers, and, for cocktails and dinner, a shimmering assortment of pagodas, snoods, and kerchief caps made of black net thickly embroidered with jet sequins. These things range from $10.95 to $19.95.

ELIZABETH ARDEN pops up with a small assortment of brief mother-and-daughter robes. One of quilted red nylon taffeta that's sprinkled with white roses is fitted down to the waist and is topped by a shawl collar. A loose, quilted robe of red-and-white polka-dot cotton is lined with peppermint stripes and edged with loops of narrow white braid. It's a sailor collar in this case. Mothers' sizes run from 10 to 16 and from $17 to $25; children's from 2 to 6 and $12.95 to $15. A bouffant small-girl party slip of pink-and-white eyelet-embroidered nylon with two extra hems of ruffled pink nylon is $7.95, and the sizes run from 2 to 6. Washable peignoirs of pale-pink or pale-blue nylon-and-orlon show up in two lengths. These are for grownups only, and there are turnover collars and elasticized cuffs stitched with gold-metal thread. A nightgown of nylon tricot in a hyacinth, pink, and white plaid is short, fitted, slashed into a V front and back, and tied at the shoulders with thin ribbons of hyacinth nylon. The matching peignoir has a Peter Pan collar and balloon sleeves. Finally, there's a long, flowing nightgown of sheer yellow nylon with black nylon velvet pansies strewn across its bodice and over its short puffed sleeves.

ANNE FOGARTY has now turned her talented hand to night clothes, which are on view in Lord & Taylor's Young New Yorker Lingerie Shop. The material is white, pink, or blue rayon challis; the sizes are from 5 to 15. The group includes a fetching nightshirt with an embroidered button-down collar, a bloomer-and-shirt set, pajamas, and a band-collar smock in three lengths; the shortest, an above-the-knee edition, is equipped with matching bloomers. All are $8.95. If you feel like wearing a quilted duster of rayon challis over any of them, that will be $17.95, please.

MACY'S LITTLE SHOPS offer imaginative accessories from Italy, France, and Germany. A pouch bag of natural cowhide is large enough to hold clothes for a whole weekend; $9.88. A

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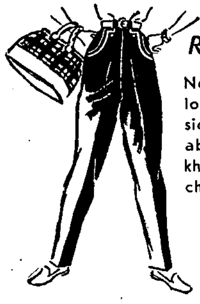


NAVY DENIM RANCH PANTS 3.95

Neat tapered legs, wide belt loops, white braid pocket trim, side zipper. Sanforized, washable. Sizes 10 to 18. Fly front khaki twill pants also $3.95. Send check or money order.

COUNTRY FASHIONS
Box 216. Glen Head, N.Y.

smaller version, of black calf, has three deep compartments lined, respectively, with maroon, powder-blue, and white calf; $60.48. A highly ornamental necklace by Givenchy is just four green-and-red glass ferns suspended from a rhinestone chain; Dessès has created other necklaces by twisting several strands of glass beads—all garnet, all topaz, or a mixture of garnet and sapphire blue—together. A fat bead tassel is suspended from the center; $43.45. These prices include the federal tax. Simonetta has contributed some large ascots of black, gray, cocoa, or lavender satin on which white lace jabots have been printed; $14.98.

MR. HAROLD, who's a hairdresser, is on the second floor of 45 East 55th Street. He is proud of the setting lotion he uses, for it gently reconditions sunbaked scalps and hair as it sets waves; $3.50, including a shampoo. —M. M.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Keeping One Cow," by Orange Judd, 1880*]

A business man of New York, living in one of the neighboring villages, being troubled to get good milk for young children in his family, took our advice the latter part of the winter and, so to speak, went into the dairy business on his own account. He has no pasture grounds, the only convenience being a roomy stall in a carriage barn. The stall is kept clean and neat, with fresh straw litter, and the cow has remained in excellent health and vigor. Chewing her cud and manufacturing milk seem to give all the exercise needed.

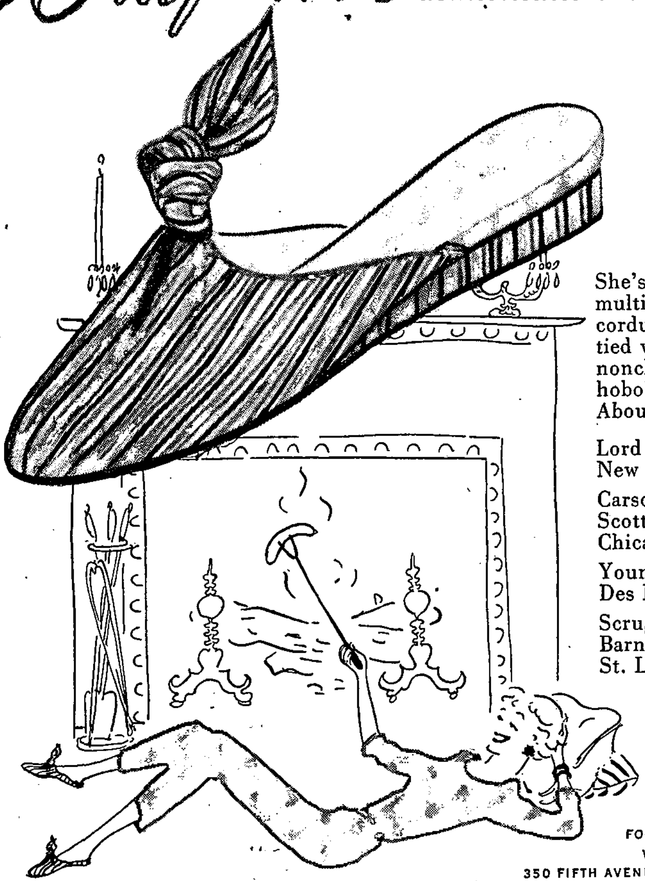
A laborer is paid one dollar a week to milk and feed and brush her night and morning, and take care of the stable, and he is allowed any excess of milk she gives over twelve quarts a day. One neighboring family gladly takes six quarts a day at seven cents a quart, and would willingly pay much more if it were asked, and other families would be happy to get some of it at ten cents a quart.

•

George Axelrod, author of the Broadway comedy hit, "The Seven-Year Itch," and Billy Wilder, who will direct the screen edition, have decided to add a prologue to the film. In it, Dorothy Ford will appear as an Indian maiden who "wows" the young Algonquin braves in the days before the white man settled on the island that is New York. In the body of the picture, Miss Ford will be reincarnated as a modern New York belle still charming young men-about-town. The point of it all is to demonstrate that while fads in dress and social customs may change the boy-meets-girl attraction remains constant.—*The Times.*

So does the screen-writing art, for that matter.

Oomphies *domesticates the Hobo*



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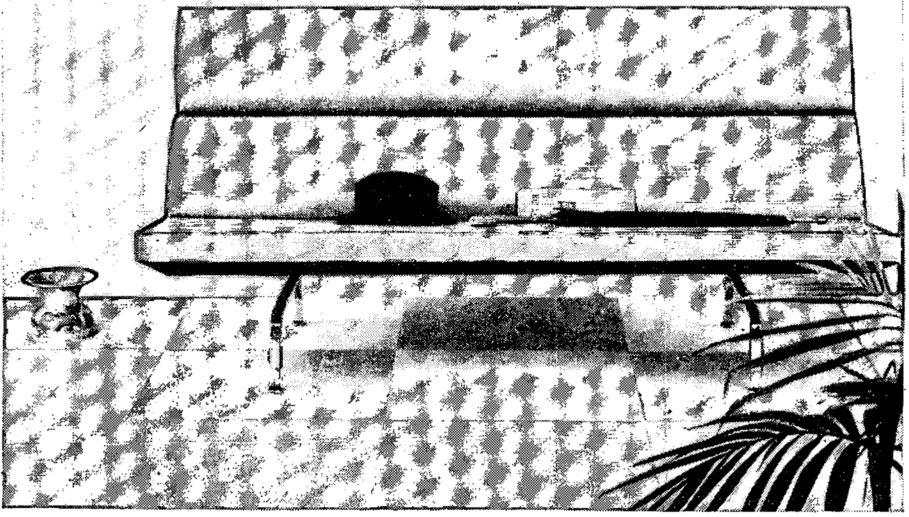

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(SOUGHING OF THE PINES IN THE ALLEGHENY NATIONAL FOREST)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

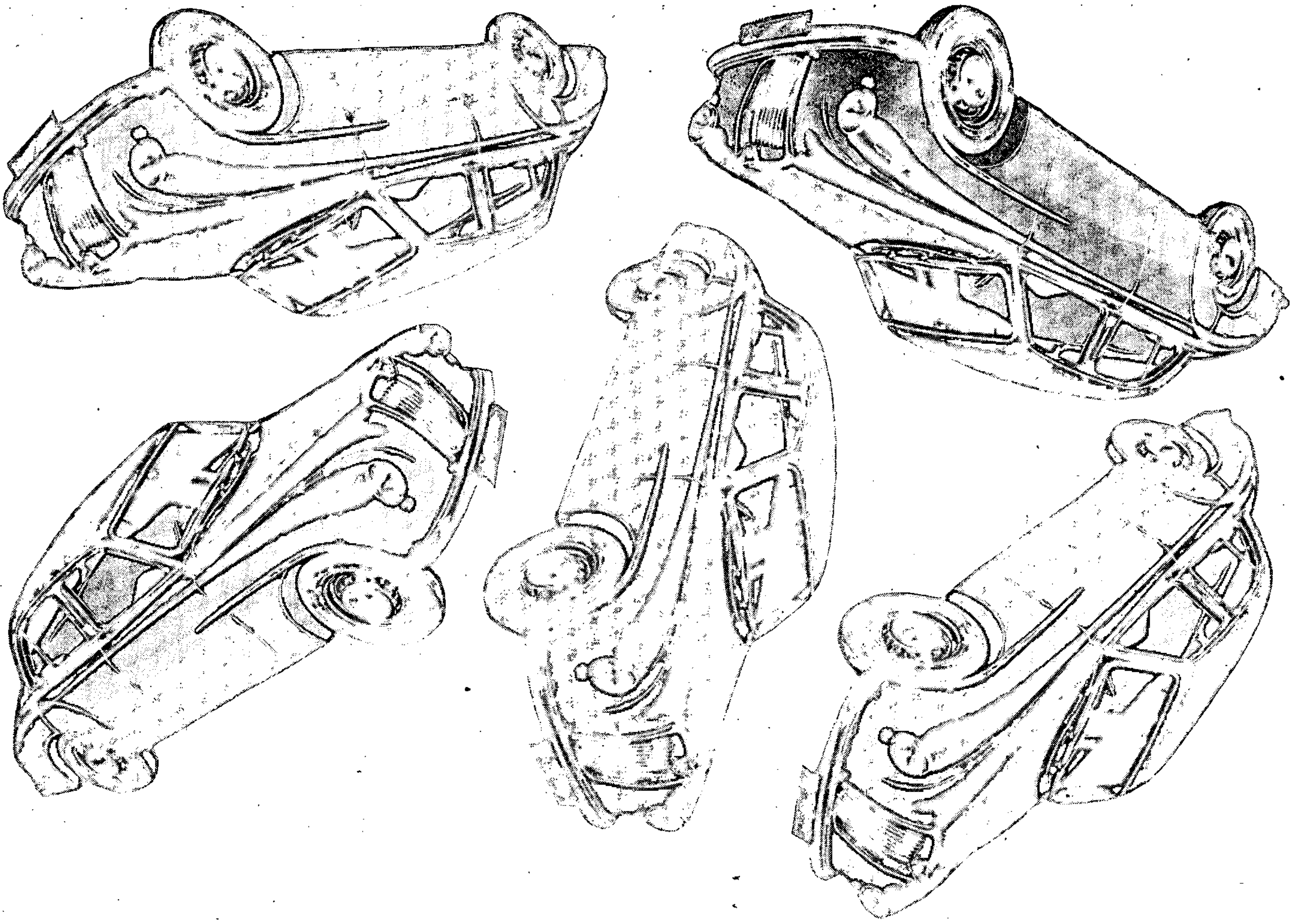
Mr. Gavin. Mr. Chairman, getting back to the matter of allocation of funds for Allegheny National Forest, I might state to the gentleman who preceded me that I was almost in the same position that he is in. The only thing I did that he did not do was that I conferred with the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. Jensen] and fully discussed this matter, in view of the fact I had not had the opportunity to appear before the committee. And I might say that the committee members look after themselves very well as it concerns their States. If some of us Members were apprised that these hearings were being held we would have had an opportunity to go before the committee to present our case, but it is difficult with the many matters before us to get to committee hearings; especially when we do not know when the hearings are to be held.

So I spoke to the gentleman from Iowa. As a matter of fact, I spoke to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Taber] first, then to the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. Jensen]. He suggested that I talk to the gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. H. Carl Andersen]. Both of these gentlemen are here, so if there is any mistake in what I say, just rise and I will yield.

I said: It looks as though this $22,500,000 is pretty well allocated. I noted there was only $600,000 out of the $22,500,000 going to the eastern part of the country and out of that $600,000 that great State of Minnesota, and it is a great State—the gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. H. Carl Andersen] is here—got half of it, $300,000. So immediately I was concerned about the eastern part of the United States and what States were to participate in the $300,000 unallocated.

In my district we have the Allegheny National Forest consisting of 750,000 acres with no roads, no trails; practically no improvements in roads and trails for years. Millions of people use this area. They are from the States of New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and other States of the Union.

So, I got to thinking, "Well, we are entitled to something out of the $22.5 million when my State pays between 8 and 10 percent of the tax. This appropriation costs my State some $2 million. We have a great forest, and it needs roads and trails." In reading the report it states on page 523, "So we would propose to obligate about $4 million in California." I presume that Oregon and Washington and Idaho and Montana would receive balance with the exception of $600,000 for eastern United States. Some of these States I believe have about the same population in their whole State as I have in my district. It is all right for Pennsylvania to put up the money, to furnish the money, to make these programs possible, so once in a while I like to think "Well, maybe they will be reasonable and give us just a little bit." So I made request of $300,000 to be allocated for Pennsylvania. I thought that was small to help develop this great recreational area, the Allegheny National Forest. But, Ben [Mr. Jensen] said, "Cut



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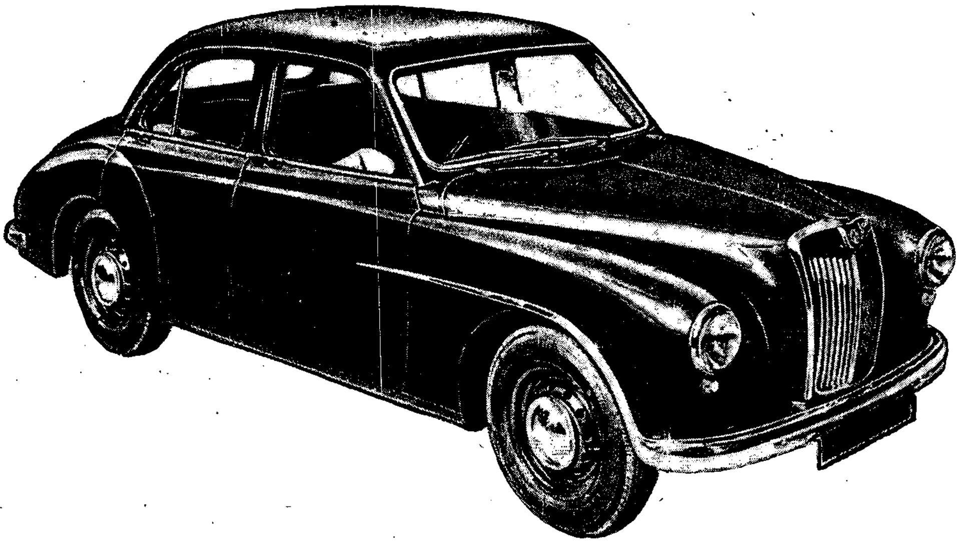

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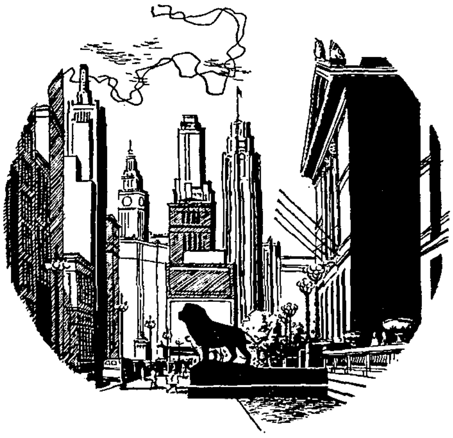

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it down a little. Make it $250,000." I cut it down as he recommended. So I went to Mr. H. Carl Andersen, and he said, "No. I would suggest $100,000 but no more." Then I sweated it out for 24 hours and I went back to Mr. H. Carl Andersen requesting another $50,000, and he said "$150,000 will be all right. I will agree to that." So I said, "I will agree to $150,000. That will be satisfactory." But he said, "You have to see Walt Horan, and if he [Mr. Horan] and Ben agree, there will be no argument about it at all. We will accept it." That would have given to the Allegheny National Forest $150,000 out of $22,500,000, and my State pays $2 million of it. So we would be getting back $150,000 which, though not satisfactory, I agreed to. But, the boys from the Northwest and the West say, "Oh, no. You have got to give it all out here," although my State has 10 million people and there are millions of people using this forest area, and we would like to participate in these programs. But they say, "Oh, no. We have got to get this mature timber out, and we have to develop roads and trails out here in California and the Rocky Mountain States." So, all right. Then, after I was all set on that side, I thought I would go over and have a talk with the Democrats about it. So, I went to see my good friend, the gentleman from Ohio, Mike Kirwan, and he is my good friend, a great American and a great conservationist who believes unselfishly in building and protecting the great national forests, our waterways and streams, and protecting our wildlife—and he said, "I concur with you. I think you are right," he said, "but I am not chairman of the subcommittee." He said, "You go and see the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Whitten]." Well, I thought I would do this preliminary work, and I saw Mr. Whitten and he said, "Oh, sure. Certainly." He is here, and if I make a mistake, please say so, because I do not want to be misquoting, and that goes for you gentlemen, too. So. Mr. Whitten said, "I will interpose no objection." So, Mr. Whitten was not here and Mr. Rooney was in charge, and I told Mr. Rooney what Mr. Whitten had said, and I did not anticipate any trouble about my proposal. But, then evidently somebody gave the cue to the young gentleman from Wisconsin who just came into Congress to get up and vigorously object, which he did, so the result was that those that I talked to failed to arise to support the amendment even though they had given me the assurance it was acceptable. What was the gentleman's name that just preceded me—Mr. Young, and he made a very fine statement and I want to compliment him. But, Mr. Young, you did better than I did, because I could not get Mr. Jensen to arise in behalf of my amendment. And Mr. H. Carl Andersen, who agreed with me and was going along for $150,000, he would not rise, either. They were all hogtied down there. Something held them down. So, the amendment was turned down.

Now, the only thing I have to say is this: I think the subcommittee handling this bill—and most of them are from the Northwest, or the extreme West—occasionally ought to pass the folks back East

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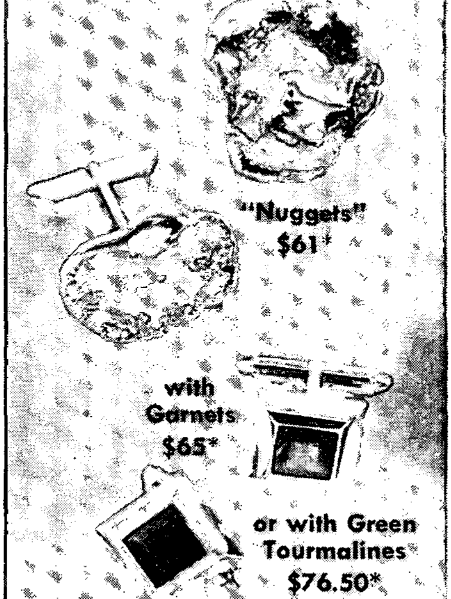

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just a little bone to chew on, you know, to keep us quiet. That is why I am disturbed, because in the final analysis, my State has to pay 8 or 10 percent of the taxes and some consideration should be given to the forests in the eastern part of the United States. So, I sit back when these legislative proposals are before us and say, "What do we get out of it?" If there is a $472 million civil functions bill, we get $1.9 million for Pennsylvania and we are taxed $45 million or $50 million. So I am getting to a point where I am a bit irritated as I see these boys from out West, from California and the Rocky Mountain States, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana—why they just sit down and they carve up the pie to suit themselves. They do just about what they like, and when somebody from the East or from a great State like mine comes in and says "Now, boys, why not be nice? Just give us a small bit as we have a great forest back East as well as the West—we would like to have just a few forest roads and trails; we would like to take out the overmature timber;" why it is thumbs down. That is the story. You can take it and digest it any way you want to. This is an example of the splendid support and cooperation given me by my Republican colleagues.

MR. JENSEN. Mr. Chairman, I move that debate on this amendment do now close.

The motion was agreed to.

•

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My love dreams in colors, I've suddenly learned;
The leaves on her reveries' trees all have turned.
The shades that she dreams in are not always true—
Violets are red, roses are blue—
But in her subconscious the spectrum holds sway;
While others dream drab dreams, she dreams them gay.

Asleep, she's aswirl in the rainbow's warm hues;
If Freud she should see then, he'd be in green shoes.
She dreams of mauve love fests and peppermint tiffs,
Of pale-yellow valleys and Shocking-pink cliffs,
Of lavender trips and vermilion returnings,
And polychromatic emotional yearnings.

The peacock who dazzles his lady by day,
Parading his glitter before her dun gray—
I wonder does he, in the shadowy night,
Dream dully, like me, in demure black-and-white?
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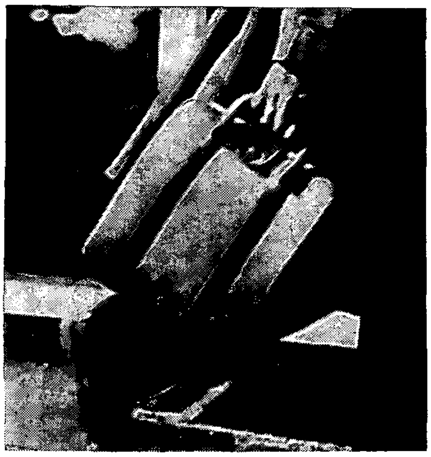

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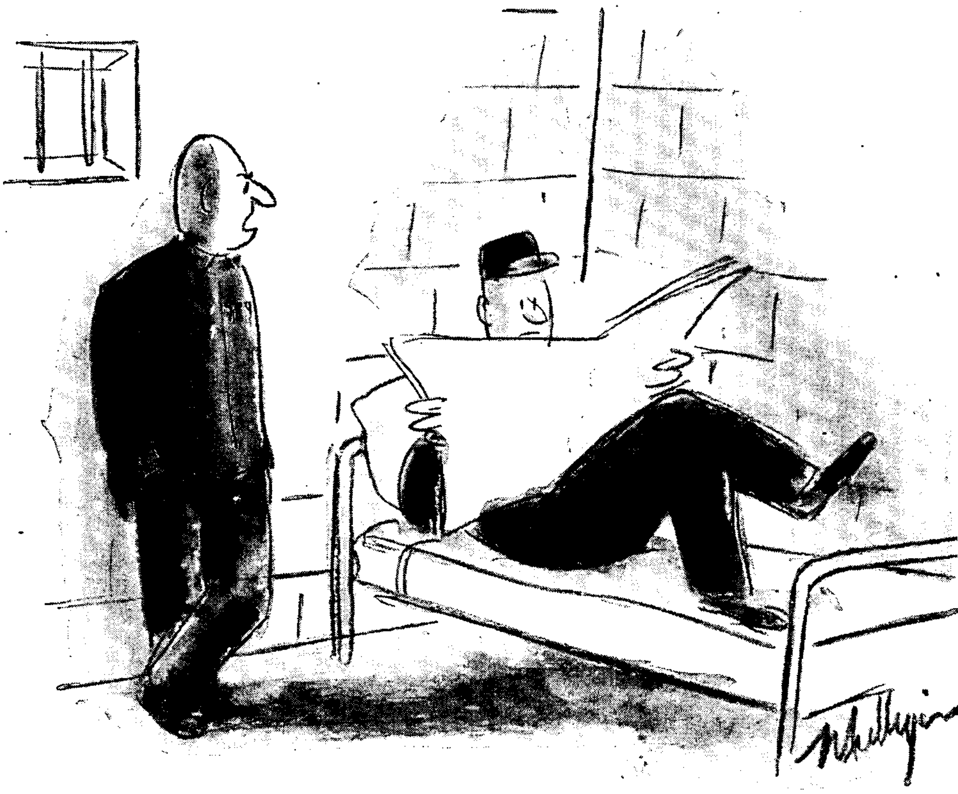
PROBABLY because I have always had a soft spot for the old Chautauqua tradition, I listened with interest last spring when a friend of mine happened to tell me about some meetings called Seminars on American Culture, an annual week-long educational get-together—reminiscent of that once lively circuit—that has been run off each summer since 1948 under the auspices of the New York State Historical Association. I think, too, that my interest was heightened by the fact that the seminars are held in Cooperstown, New York, a town about which I—like many other people, I imagine—had read so much and knew so little; in my mind, it was an improbable mélange of James Fenimore Cooper and his "Leatherstocking Tales," General Abner Doubleday and the game of baseball, the National Baseball Hall of Fame, the Cardiff giant, and a reconstructed Early American village financed primarily by Stephen C. Clark, the sewing-machine man. In any event, upon hearing about the seminars, I looked Cooperstown up in an atlas, and discovered that, for all its confusing renown, it is a mere village, with a population of only twenty-seven hundred, situated well off the beaten path on the far side of the Catskills, some two hundred miles northwest of New York City. Relatively inaccessible though it seemed, I decided to pay it a visit while this year's cultural explorations were in progress. Accordingly, I got in touch with Dr. Louis C. Jones, the director of the New York State Historical Association, which is a privately endowed organization with headquarters in Fenimore House, in Cooperstown, and asked him if I could stop by for a day and sit in on the doings. He replied that he would be delighted to have me, adding that he would see that I was provided with a green identification badge such as all his students wore. He sent me a catalogue of the subjects covered by the seminars—and a stimulating lot they proved to be, ranging from how to bake bread in a beehive oven to how to organize a junior historical society—and from it I learned that on the day that I planned to be present, the first class would be held at nine-thirty. It was clear that to reach Cooperstown in time, I would have to either set out at dawn or drive up the day before and spend the night there. I chose the latter course, and when I arrived, at around ten in the evening, I checked in at the Otesaga Hotel, a vast pillared building on Otsego Lake, and went right to bed, in order to get a good night's sleep before taking on a day full of American culture.

When I went down for breakfast the next morning, I found the hotel dining room crowded. Most of the guests were elderly ladies wearing the green badges of seminar students, but there was also a sprinkling of men, some of them wearing green badges and others wearing yellow badges, which identified them as members of the faculty. Still badgeless, I sat down at a big table that was occupied by students and was urged to tell my name and home town. Once this formality was over, the conversation turned—or, rather, returned, I gathered—to the seminars. Everybody had a great deal to say about them, and everybody said it in approximately the same words, which, I gradually came to realize, were echoes of an orientation speech Jones had delivered on the opening night of the session. I was told that there were almost three hundred students this year, of whom about a hundred were repeaters from previous years ("Having tasted the stew, they've come back for a third or a fourth helping," two eager ladies said almost simultaneously), and that one paragon—Mrs. Betty Mayhew, of Canton, New York—had attended all seven sessions, bringing her children along. The students had come from as far away as Seattle and included representatives of twenty-nine occupations. A few of these sounded pretty esoteric—antique dealers and psychiatrists, for example—but for the most part the seminarians were teachers, librarians, housewives, and retired people who were, as Jones had apparently said, "still full of zip." Each student, upon payment of a twenty-five-dollar tuition fee, signed up for a two-hour morning class and a two-hour afternoon class, and supposedly attended them daily for the whole week, but since there was no obligation to do so, a good many of the students spent their time shopping around from class to class. "These seminars are functional adult education, the way the museums are functional museums," an earnest lawyer from Staten Island told me. "All the activities of the New York State Historical Association are cut from the same yardstick." In a way, this sounded like what I was beginning to recognize as Jones' style, but I couldn't believe that in this case he was being quoted quite correctly. As I was finishing my coffee, a couple at my table, who were from Pelham, offered me a lift to Fenimore House, which



"I say jail's too good for those Communists."

is about a mile along the lake shore from the hotel and serves as a sort of administration building for the seminars. As we were leaving the dining room, we passed a small table where an elderly woman wearing a student's green badge and an enormous orchid was breakfasting alone. She caught sight of the New York *Times* I was carrying under my arm and stopped me. "How'd the market do yesterday?" she asked. I said I hadn't had a chance to find out.

One side window of the Pelham couple's car sported a big sticker with "Seminars on American Culture" printed on it in red. On the way to Fenimore House, we stopped, as Dr. Jones had requested all car-driving seminarians to do, to pick up two pedestrians who were wearing green badges. In the reception hall of Fenimore House, I was given my badge and a mimeographed single-sheet newspaper called *Seminar Scoop*, which referred to itself as "this repulsive little rag" and contained a calendar of future events, a list of the classes, with their locations, and other useful information. According to *Seminar Scoop*, the first class I wanted to attend, "Using Local History," would meet in the parlor of Bump Tavern—one of the buildings in the reconstructed village, known as the Farmers' Museum, across the road. When I got there, though, I found that Bump Tavern had proved too small to hold all the seminarians who wanted to attend, and that "Using Local History" had been transferred to the Hall of Life Masks, back at Fenimore House. By the time I caught up with the class, it was already in session, so I tiptoed in and sat down at the rear of the room. Around the sides of the room were a number of bronze busts of famous Early Americans, which, I learned later, had been cast from life masks by a sculptor named Browere. A tape recording of a Voice of America broadcast telling of the celebration of the Tercentenary of Stonington, Connecticut, was being played, and as I settled myself, it reproduced the peal of a church bell, after which the Voice's voice described the townspeople of Stonington, "dressed in their Sunday best, work-worn hands folded in their laps, sitting quietly, listening to the words from the pulpit." Then the voice introduced Williams Haynes, the president of the Tercentenary, who talked about Stonington's traditions, about Stonington men who had done wonders in the clipper trade and in the sealing and whaling grounds of the antarctic, and about Stonington's de-

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fiance of the British at a place called Tarbarrel Hill.

After the tape was turned off, it developed that Haynes was right there in our midst—that he was, indeed, one of the teachers of the class. He rose from a table at the front of the room, where he had been sitting with some other teachers, and began talking some more about the Stonington celebration. The big problem, he said, had been to integrate the town's large group of Portuguese, who had come there in the whaling days and were therefore associated with only the last half of the town's history. His youngest daughter had suggested that the committee make the Portuguese feel at ease by asking the Pope to write the community a letter of congratulation, and, at the request of Haynes' friend James Dunn, who was then our Ambassador in Rome, the Pope had written one. A delegate of the Catholic Bishop of Hartford had read it at the opening ceremonies, and it had worked fine. All the Portuguese joined in the celebration, and the only cloud in an otherwise sunny sky was that the local Catholic hierarchy wasn't altogether pleased that Haynes hadn't gone through channels.

Another faculty member, Dr. Albert Corey, the official New York State historian, took over from Haynes and, elaborating on Stonington's integration of the Portuguese, remarked that "those people" were frequently more active than the old families when they got going. A young woman in the class raised her hand to ask whether in the matter of celebrations "it is better to do it every year or kind of let it lay awhile." She explained that two years ago her town had celebrated its township's sesquicentennial and last year its county's, but that the second time around things hadn't been the same. "Last year lacked spirit," she said. "Everyone had such a wonderful time the first year."

Her question was ignored for the moment, as Corey went on to review the whole problem of bringing in nationality groups and then to criticize historical societies for having what he called "the D.A.R. complex." "Duck the historical societies," he warned, and I could only feel glad that Jones was not on hand to hear him. Then another teacher, James W. Burbank, the official historian of Sullivan County, who helped run off a centennial in the town of Tusten last year, got up and, possibly in answer to the young woman, said that his people liked to celebrate and

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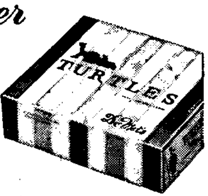

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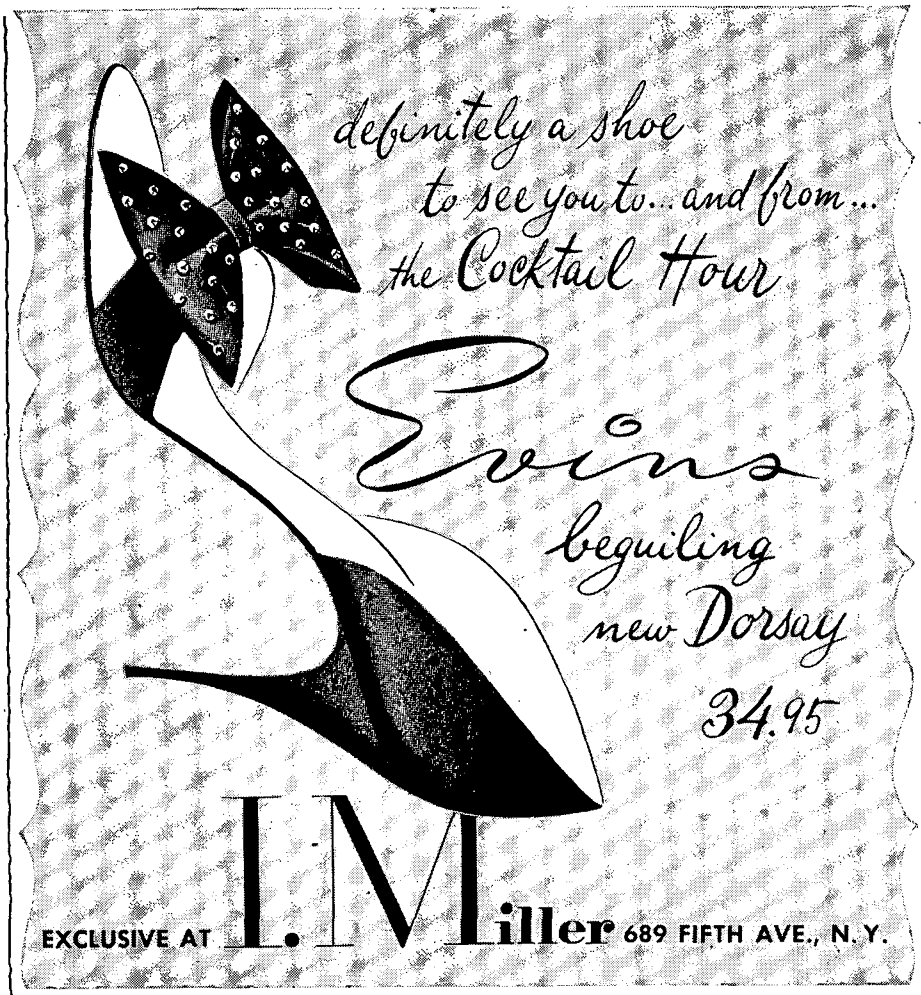
would just as soon do it all over again this year.

"What about a theme?" a man in the class asked. All the faculty agreed that you needed a good theme. Haynes said Stonington had based its celebration on the theme of "Three Hundred Years of the American Way of Life in a New England Town," and had had a cake six feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high, with three hundred candles on it; two hundred and fifty eggs and five pounds of vanilla extract had been used in making the cake, and it had been baked by a Portuguese. Erwin Zepp, an Ohio member of the faculty, told the class that the cake for the Ohio Sesquicentennial, in 1953, had only had a hundred and fifty candles on it but that they had somehow set it afire. A woman student announced that Wayne County, New York, was about to celebrate the hundredth year of its courthouse and jail, and a faculty member from the State Department of Education contradicted her by testily saying that the county's theme would be justice, not buildings.

A man in the class asked about the matter of publicity for celebrations, and Haynes said, "We were on Dorothy and Dick, Mary Margaret McBride, and five national hookups." Burbank said Tusten had got its most effective publicity from having its men grow whiskers and hand out cards explaining why. He passed around some of the cards, which didn't explain anything as far as I could see, but instead injected a confusing note, to the effect that the Town of Tusten Centennial Celebration was to be held in Narrowsburg, New York, "a friendly town." (I never did find out why.) Zepp handed out some fat envelopes of promotional material for the Ohio Sesquicentennial, including two different car stickers and a beer coaster. A student from New Rochelle reported that in 1938 he had succeeded in getting Congress to authorize a commemorative half dollar in connection with a celebration in his city, and that each of the coins minted was now worth around ten dollars. Zepp countered this by saying that a commemorative postage stamp had been issued in recognition of Ohio's celebration, and Haynes sheepishly confessed that the best he'd been able to do along this line for Stonington was a postage-cancellation imprint. That got a big laugh from the class. A woman sitting next to me whispered, "Last year, this course dealt with radio and television, and if you ask me, that's a lot more interesting than celebrations. But Satur-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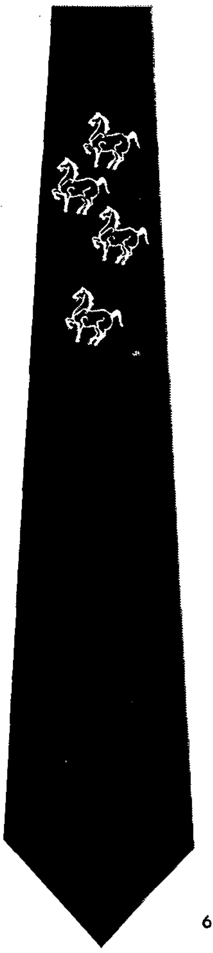

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day they're going to drop celebrations and take up pictorial resources, including maps, and maps are every bit as interesting as TV."

TIME was running out on me, so I got up and walked downstairs to the basement, where a class called "The Country Home—1650-1850" was being conducted by three teachers, one of them Abbott Lowell Cummings, the assistant curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's American Wing. The room was in semidarkness when I entered, and Cummings was showing slides and talking about dadoes, entablatures, and the proper placement of eighteenth-century beds in bedchambers. "You can't depend too much on Hogarth," he said. "He's *so* satirical." In the gloom, I could see that there were at least a hundred and fifty students present. Cummings' lecture was a bit too technical for me, and in a little while I left, and moved on to the Lippitt Homestead, a building in the Farmers' Museum, where a course called "The American Frugal Housewife" was in progress. Restricted to an attendance of ten, because each student has to participate actively in its proceedings, this course is the aristocrat of the seminars, and apparently quite a large percentage of the Cooperstown regulars spend a year or more trying to get into it. The Lippitt Homestead looked just like a real farmhouse, and the barn next to it smelled just like a real barn; in fact, everything seemed so real that I felt as if I were about to enter someone's house unannounced, and, instead, I walked around to the rear of the homestead and peered in a window. Ten women were gathered in the kitchen with the teacher, whom I knew from *Seminar Scoop* to be Miss Virginia Parslow, an expert on crafts, and were busily doing something, but the old Colonial glass of the windowpane was so authentic that I couldn't make out just what—whether dyeing yarn, dipping candles, churning butter, or making soap. Through the open back door I heard Miss Parslow say something that sounded like "After it is retted, it is put on the break, then skutched with a swingling knife, then heckled on the hetchels," leaving me with still no idea which pioneer task was being performed.

It was now almost eleven o'clock, and there was one more morning class I wanted to visit—"Teaching Local History," in the second-floor ballroom of Bump Tavern—so I left the eleven ladies to their mysterious rites and walked over there. In the ballroom,

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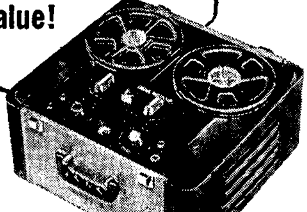

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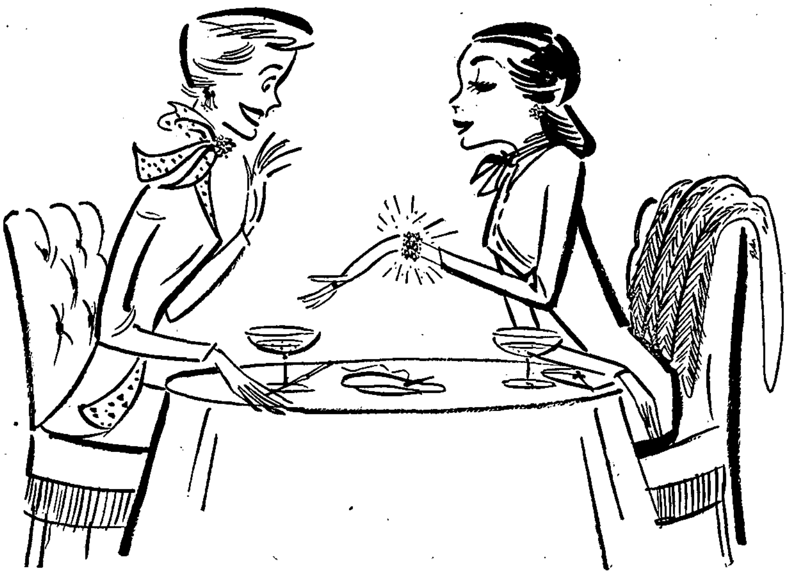
a portly folk singer from North Carolina named Frank Warner was talking about the use of folk material in his work, which turned out to be organizing branches of the Y.M.C.A. in Nassau and Suffolk counties, on Long Island. "It's a thrilling pioneering job," he said. "Used to be where Levittown is was all potato fields, and now you can't find a potato there except in bins at the A. & P. The town fathers are crew-cut kids with cat bows." Then he told a story about a man called Bull Smith who rode a bull and founded Smithtown, Long Island. "I can't teach, but I can talk about things as they come up," Warner said. "Now, that one about Bull Smith is one of the stories I've heard, and I can tell by looking at you—some of you—that it's not right." Without trying to straighten the story out, Warner lit into a song called "It Was Early in the Morning in December." Next he expatiated on how much his singing helps him in founding Y.M.C.A. branches. "When people have laughed with you in a song, and cried with you in a song, then you've got them, and that's when I tell them about the Y," he said, and grinned. "That's the old medicine-show pitch—give them the Injun dance and then sell them the snake oil. I spoke and sang to a hundred and eighty-five different groups in thirty months."

Warner went on to tell about collecting folk songs in Minerva, New York, from a man, now dead, known as Yankee John Galusha. He passed around a photograph of Yankee John at eighty-one, wearing a mustache and a straw hat, and played a tape recording of the old man telling Warner about his memories and, in a cracked voice, singing a song with a title something like "Oh, Come On, Me Bonnie Lassie, and Paddle the Road with Me." Turning off the tape machine, Warner told the class, "That's the way they *lived*. Talk to the old folks who lived that way, and you don't have to worry about getting the pioneer character in our children."

A pretty young schoolteacher from Galway, New York, interrupted to say that her pupils thought Symon Schermerhorn's ride to Albany was just as important as Paul Revere's ride to Lexington, and that she felt they should be excused from school on Schermerhorn Day. Warner agreed amiably that they should, and went on to put in plugs for the New York State Historical Association; the New York Folklore Society, of which he is president; the So-



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ciety's journal, *New York Folklore Quarterly;* and the Elektra Records Company, which had recently issued a recording of some of his songs. "Just a potpourri," he said deprecatingly. "Let's sing one more song and go to lunch. This is one of Yankee John's songs, a lumbering song called 'Blue Mountain Lake.' Just remember that you're in a shack with a stove crackling, and someone has an accordion." He sang "Blue Mountain Lake" in an uncanny imitation of Yankee John, even to the vague brogue and the sibilance caused by ill-fitting store teeth. When he finished, the class filed out.

WE all walked over to an immense tent on the grounds back of Fenimore House, where a cold buffet lunch was being served for the seminar students by members of the staff of the Otesaga Hotel, who had brought the food over in trucks. "How these people rush for the feed bag!" a man said genially to me. "They're the *hungriest* group of seminarians!" The students lined up, and each was given a paper plate with potato salad and ham on it, after which they found places for themselves wherever they could at a number of long tables. I sat next to a couple of schoolteachers from western New York State, who were talking about the things teachers always talk about—overcrowding, poor pay, relations with parochial schools, and the inability of even good students to spell. Across the table from me, a man wearing a yellow faculty badge that informed me he was Eric H. Faigle, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Syracuse, was telling a young man about the glories of that institution. "In a few years, Harvard and Yale will be just little academies," he said. "Syracuse is on the march. Don't forget how much Syracuse has done for your race."

"My race?" the young man asked, looking puzzled.

"The Hebrew race," Faigle said.

"I'm Greek Orthodox," the young man said.

"Syracuse has done more than anybody knows for the Greek Orthodox, too," Faigle said.

At that moment, someone banged on a table for attention, and Jones, wearing a shirt on which a Japanese landscape was embroidered in pink, black, and gold, stood up on a chair to make an announcement. "I have a few little minor niggling things I want to talk to you about," he said. "Some of you have been forgetting your badges. I

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want you to cling to those badges—put them on your pajamas at night, so you won't forget them. And some of you sinners have been parking your cars on the road outside Bump Tavern instead of in the parking lot. If visitors to the museum see your cars there, they'll park there, too, and the next thing you know, they'll be skinning under the fence and doing us out of their dollars. Don't forget we've got to eat this winter."

After lunch, I walked down the lawn to have a look at the lake. The young man who had been talking to Dean Faigle was standing there, and he nodded to me. I remarked on the fine view across the lake. "Yes," he said. "Clark owns the property over there on the other side, and he tore all the houses down, so they wouldn't spoil the view. Stephen C. Clark, you know—Singer Sewing Machine. Grandson of old Isaac Singer's partner, who got paid off in stock when Isaac didn't have the cash. He practically owns Cooperstown. Keeps it for a pet—no highways, no railroads, no industries. He owns the Otesaga, I've heard, and he supports the Historical Association. The Farmers' Museum and Fenimore House cost him a mint. He was here this morning for a trustees' meeting—sat in on 'Country Home' for a few minutes. Tall, dewlappy man in a white suit." I asked the young man how he knew all this, and he said, "Fourth year here. Time for classes now," and hurried away across the lawn.

AT the entrance to Fenimore House, some buses were lined up, ready to take a class in "Techniques in Historic Exploration" to visit a battlefield that was fought over during the Clinton-Sullivan Campaign of 1779. Dean Faigle was standing at the door of the leading one, calling "Come along, girls and fellows" to a group of students who were mostly well along in years. Heading toward the bus, a blue-haired lady of indeterminate age said cheerfully to her companion, "I'm *sure* it's the same course we took last year as 'Reading the Landscape.' " Since the buses would be away all afternoon, I realized that I would have to forgo "Techniques in Historic Exploration" if I wanted to visit any other classes, and I went back to the Hall of Life Masks, where a course called "American Myths," which Jones had described to me as "the course of glamourpusses," was about to begin.

The teachers of this course included Carl Carmer, the chronicler of the Hud-

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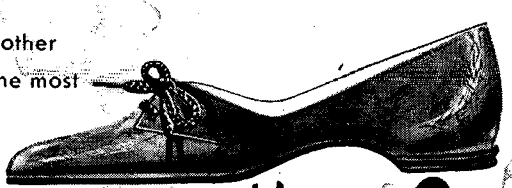

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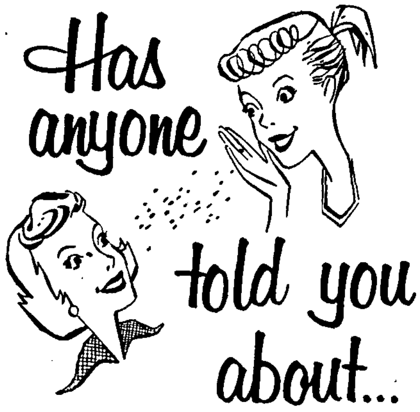
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son Valley; a mythologist from Maine named Henry Beston; a mythologist from Pittsburgh named George Swetnam; and a professor of American Studies from Washington and Lee University named Marshall Fishwick. Carmer introduced Fishwick as the first speaker, and I could see what Jones meant about glamourpusses. Fishwick was darkly handsome and dimpled, he bubbled over with personality, and he spoke with what a woman behind me exclaimed was "the most *darlin'* Shenandoah Valley drawl." After reading aloud a number of definitions of the word "myth," ranging from Noah Webster's to Sigmund Freud's, Fishwick snorted, "*They* don't know what a myth is, any more than I do," and then offered a few examples of his own conception of a myth, among them Manifest Destiny and G.I. Joe. He said that no one wanted to live like a piece of hamburger in a meat grinder, and wound up by quoting the following sentence from Horatio Alger's diary concerning some dalliance in Paris: "I was a fool to have waited so long. It is not vile, as I thought." With that, Fishwick sat down, to great applause.

Fishwick was followed by Beston, whom Carmer introduced as a "Yankee bastion." Beston said, "The west wind is the wind of America," and swung into a long rhapsody on the American climate. After that, he explained that although he was an honorary editor of the Audubon magazine, he didn't identify birds; they identified him. Carmer then introduced Swetnam as a man who held a doctorate in Assyriology, and Swetnam told a number of dialect jokes, none of them Assyrian. After he had got going on a long classic of comic oratory called "What! Change the Name of *Arkansaw*? Never!," which I had read in several anthologies and which he didn't remember very well, I got up and walked downstairs to the basement, to look in on a class called "The Iroquois People."

There, Dr. Arthur C. Parker, an elderly, white-haired, deeply tanned man who is director emeritus of the Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences, was lecturing on Iroquois myths and rituals. He related with some eloquence a long myth having to do with the creation and with a pair of twins named Warty and Sapling, and the Iroquois phrases he used sounded very soothing after all the strident paleface mythology upstairs. Then he began lamenting the extent to which the old Iroquois ways have disappeared, and his voice grew sadder and sadder, as if

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the whole history of acculturation rested on his shoulders. He told how an old Mohawk chief named Edward Cornplanter, on the Tonawanda Reservation, had rebuked him fifty years ago for being overfamiliar in addressing an older friend, and observed that nowadays all the Indians greet old men with "Hi, Pop!" "In bygone days, Iroquois women had to work hard in the fields, but they had their rights, and an equality with men that they don't have now," Parker said. "Some of the Iroquois think they should go back five hundred years, to a time when they were really civilized."

A seminarian asked, "The Oneida who went to Green Bay, how are they doing now?"

"Just fine," Parker replied. "An industrious people, hard-working farmers, many of their children trained for the professions. They're all Episcopalians now."

After answering some questions about the pronunciation of Indian place names, Parker dismissed the class. I remarked to a man who had been sitting next to me that Parker looked a good deal like an old Indian chief himself. "He ought to," the man said. "He's a Seneca. His mother met his father when she was teaching an Indian Sunday-school class on the Cattaraugus Reservation."

IT was now three o'clock, and classes were over for the day. According to *Seminar Scoop*, the time between then and dinner was to be spent attending special meetings, seeing educational films, visiting the Association's two museums, taking a boat trip on the lake, or just sitting around and talking. I didn't know of any special meetings, the only film scheduled for that afternoon was on the Tusten Centennial Celebration, I don't much care for boat rides, and I'd heard enough talking, so I decided to visit the museums. I found five galleries crammed with folk art in Fenimore House, and in one of them I learned that the house itself was built as a private house by the late Edward S. Clark, brother of Stephen, on the site of a smaller house, which James Fenimore Cooper had once lived in. I also learned that what is now the folk-art gallery in the basement was a swimming pool in Edward Clark's day, and that before that it was Cooper's root cellar.

Walking across the road to the Farmers' Museum, I showed my badge instead of paying my dollar for admission or skinning under the fence, and

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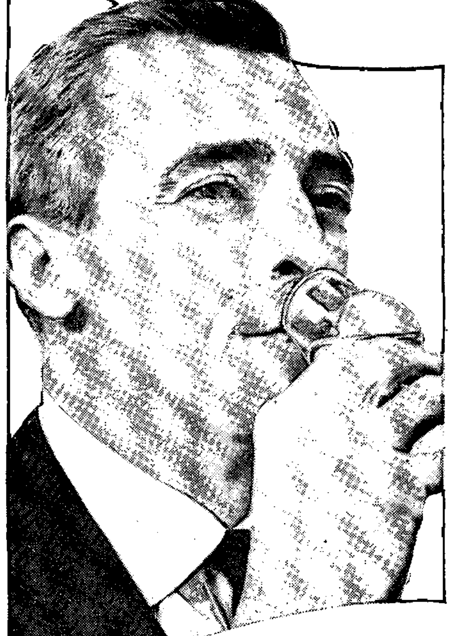

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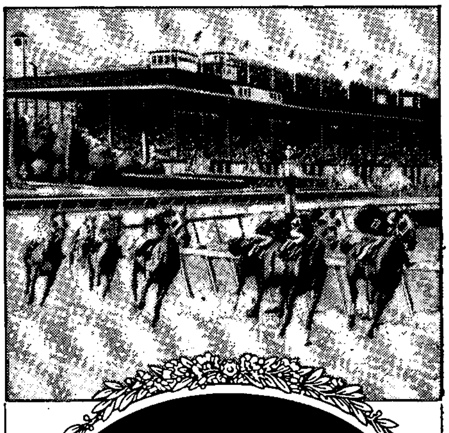
strolled through a big stone barn, in which a number of seminarians were watching an old man making brooms for sale, while others examined some dog-power churns, an old horse-drawn hearse, and an exhibit labelled "Sap Collecting." Outside, the Cardiff giant lay in a ditch under a tent. The Museum bought the monstrosity in 1948 from Gardner Cowles, the Des Moines publisher, and brought it to Cooperstown because it was the greatest hoax in the history of upper New York State. I wandered on to a reconstruction of a village crossroads, complete with a lawyer's office, a printing office, a general store, a blacksmith's shop, a druggist's shop, and a country school; in each was an attendant to explain all about it. In the general store, one could buy old-fashioned penny candy, for ninety cents a bag, and goose-quill pens, for twenty-five cents apiece. I asked the attendant there whether the quills came from local geese, and he said no, they were imported from England, where quills are still used in the Houses of Parliament. "We're the biggest sellers of rock candy in the state," he added. At the blacksmith's shop, a smith was operating the bellows of the forge and explaining the difference between a horseshoe and the split shoe of an ox to a group of boys. "I made a shoe for a woodchuck once," he said, and the boys nodded gravely. In the printing office, a printer was running off four-page copies of the *Otsego Herald* on a hand press. I bought one for a nickel, and found it full of local news, ads for the crossroads stores, information about the seminars, and private jokes of the museum staff. The druggist's shop offered "Package Tabacco from Virginia," at thirty-five cents a package, "Parfums from Paris," at sixty cents a tiny bottle, and pomander balls, made from oranges and spices, at a dollar apiece. I asked the attendant druggist where he got his supplies. "The perfume is made in Paris by Fragonard, which has been making the same perfume since the eighteenth century," he said. "The pomander balls are made by a church ladies'-aid group in Schenectady, and the tobacco"—he leaned across the counter and his voice dropped to a whisper—"is Edgeworth."

FEELING in need of a drink, I started walking back to the hotel, but my badge soon got me a ride with an Albany ethnologist who had been one of the lecturers in the Iroquois class. Upon entering the hotel bar, I was surprised to find that a large number of



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seminarians and their teachers had beat me to it. I sat down at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Fishwick, Mr. and Mrs. Carmer, a bald young man named James Taylor Dunn, who turned out to be the librarian at Fenimore House and the editor of *Seminar Scoop*, and Williams Haynes, the Stonington man. The talk turned to Hamilton College, which Carmer and Dunn had attended (and so, it developed, had Jones and several other people around), and then to Jones himself. In the course of it, I learned that Jones grew up in Albany, where his father was Superintendent of Schools, and then, after putting in his time at Hamilton, took his Ph.D. at Columbia with a thesis on "Clubs of the Georgian Rakes." He taught English and folklore at New York State College for Teachers, in Albany, for twelve years, and in 1946, Stephen Clark hired him to head the Association and direct the museums, on the strength of some fine work he had been doing as a member of the New York Folklore Society. With Clark, Jones has built up the Farmers' Museum to a point where it is now almost self-supporting, put together the folk-art collection, and started the Seminars on American Culture. I asked if Clark was anywhere about, and someone said he had been at Fenimore House that morning, and had sat in briefly on "Using Local History." Someone else observed that Cooperstown was one of the few really charming and unspoiled villages left—missed by turnpikes and railroads, and even by the canal—and Haynes said that that was the way Clark wanted it, since he got enough modernism working for Singer Sewing Machine and the Museum of Modern Art, of which he is a trustee. After a while, we all picked up and moved in to dinner. A string trio played during the meal, and the lake looked cool and inviting through the dining-room windows.

By way of evening entertainment, the Cooperstown Players, a local amateur group, were to appear in the ballroom of the hotel in a one-act folk drama called "Raisin' the Devil," which had been written by a teacher at Cornell, and concerned an attempt made by Parson Lorenzo Dow to convert a sinner in Schoharie. Afterward, there was to be folk singing by Frank Warner and a girl named Marjorie Loomis. I asked about Miss Loomis, and was told that she was a kind of protégée of the Association, that she had received a Ford grant to collect folk songs throughout the country, and that she played the dulcimer with the wrong end of the

more time there...

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feather. When I reached the ballroom, "Raisin' the Devil" had already started. The chairs were terribly hard, and from where I sat I couldn't hear a word of the performance, and, having already been entertained by Warner and knowing in advance that Miss Loomis used the wrong end of the feather, I felt it was time to go.

AFTER checking out of the hotel, I started on the long trip home, but as I passed the Baseball Museum, in the center of the town, I saw that it was still open, and decided I might as well go in and have a quick look around. I had been assured that my badge would admit me, but it didn't, and there was no fence to skin under, so I paid my seventy-five cents and walked in. Unlike the Farmers' Museum, everything here was kept in a glass case, nothing worked, and nobody was around to explain anything. Ruth's No. 3 uniform was behind glass in his locker, looking unnaturally pressed and clean, along with his shoes, which were scuffed. There were no shoes with Gehrig's No. 4 uniform, but his glove was there, and it looked authentically worn. On a wall hung a reproduction of F.P.A.'s poem about Tinker to Evers to Chance, in which "pricking our gonfalon bubble" was printed "picking our gonfalon bubble." On another wall was a ball Lady Baden-Powell threw to the catcher at Cooperstown in 1948 in a game between Yonkers and Rochester (Yonkers 6, Rochester 1). A big chunk was missing from the thick end of Honus Wagner's bat. In one case was a much autographed boomerang, but it was unlabelled and all the signatures were illegible, making it impossible even to guess who threw it to whom and when, or what the score was. I couldn't find the original baseball Abner Doubleday is supposed to have made out of an old wool sweater. Before leaving, I sat down for a moment on a section of the bench Connie Mack sat on in the Athletics' dugout from 1909 to 1950. Then I walked out into the night and started for home again.

—STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

•

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If you cannot think of me
As I of you, please tell
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—J. F. HENDRY

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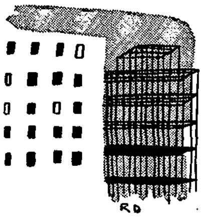

THE finest piece of new architecture New York has seen since last year's Frank Lloyd Wright retrospective show belongs, unfortunately, like the admirable prairie dwelling house that show contained, to an ephemeral species, the museum exhibit—here today and gone tomorrow, sometimes before one has even heard of its existence. Happily, thousands of New Yorkers responded to the brief opportunity to examine the Wright showing, and these (or other) thousands have lately been visiting the Museum of Modern Art to examine its Japanese house, done in the traditional manner, which the Japanese themselves are rapidly losing their grip on. One can't help wishing that our museums wouldn't take Ben Jonson's reflection that "in short measures life may perfect be" as a command. I can think of no more useful demonstration of the nature of architecture and the origins of the modern movement than these two houses would have offered if the spectator could have moved thoughtfully and at leisure back and forth between the Modern Museum's handsome production, which includes a Japanese garden and is done with the utmost care and refinement, and Wright's house at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, even though it was on view at a place and a season that did not favor the garden accompaniment.

Probably nothing can be done to bring back Wright's little masterpiece, but I am happy to report that the Modern Museum, though it will close the house on October 12th, will open it again next year. Better still, it contemplates preserving the Japanese garden indefinitely. This extension of the Japanese house's New York life recognizes that it takes time for the excellences of such a work of art to soak in. Before any deluded soul is tempted, out of passionate attraction to this beautiful building, to order one for himself on Long Island, as a successor to the fading ranch-house style, certain things should be pointed out. This is not the first Japanese house in the traditional manner to be put up in this country. Even before the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, which contained a Japanese exhibit that may well have influenced the young Frank Lloyd Wright, a returning missionary

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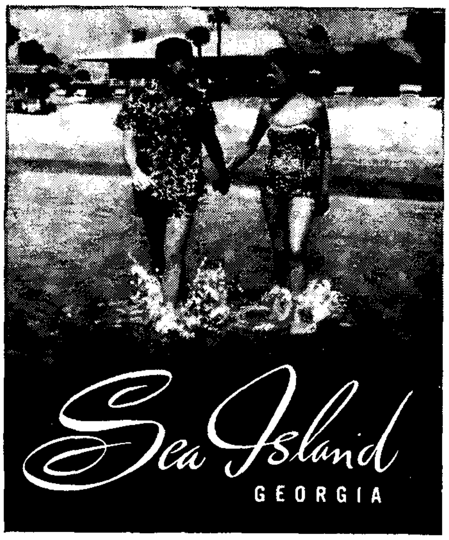
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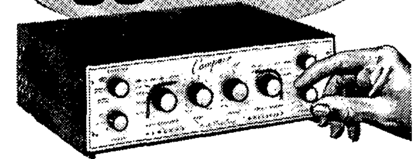
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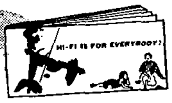
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had built one in Rhode Island. This was part of the first wave of Japanese culture, which John La Farge and Ernest Fenollosa, the nineteenth-century connoisseur, brought back from Japan at the moment the Japanese were showing a hideous strength in their attempt physically to Westernize themselves. When the Japanese forms reached these shores, the interior of the American home, everywhere except (perhaps) in the more puritanic purlieus of New England, had become a combination of an Old Curiosity Shop and an Atlantic City auction room, writhing with all manner of corrupt bric-a-brac and decoration, one ugly object concealing another in the name of art or "hominess." Clutter was mistaken for culture.

More than one kind of tool was needed to remove this aesthetic debris, which had accumulated so rapidly with our increasing wealth and our increasing facilities for mechanical reproduction—to say nothing of our increasing exuberance of bad taste—after the Civil War. New standards of hygiene influenced this transformation; for example, Florence Nightingale's white hospital rooms and her own white sitting room, into which light and sunshine entered through the windows with a minimum of interference, had a definite effect. But the lesson of the Japanese house, scattered widespread by the Japanese print, was probably as powerful as any other force, for it associated purification and cleanliness with beauty. Beauty, the Japanese proved, was not something that one added to an already finished structure; it was like the work of the carver, who took a rough, unformed block of wood or stone and by a steady elimination of the superfluous produced a form that had outline and character. All this is excellently demonstrated by Junzo Yoshimura's house at the Modern Museum. Its quality lies in the kind of space it produces, and in the subtle changes in the color and texture of the surfaces as one's eye passes from bamboo to pine, from pine to cryptomeria or cypress, and from the wood surfaces to the paper of the screens or the straw mats on the floors. This type of Japanese house is a rural product; its origin is the primitive Japanese farmhouse, which was in effect merely a gabled roof rooted in the ground, and even in its utmost refinement of construction it remains essentially a wooden structure in every detail, its curved roof covered with layers of cypress bark, and its interior columns, though the bark has been peeled from

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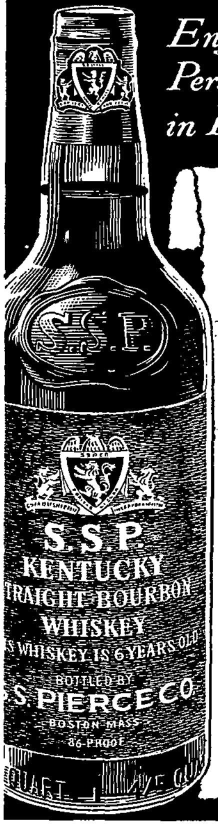

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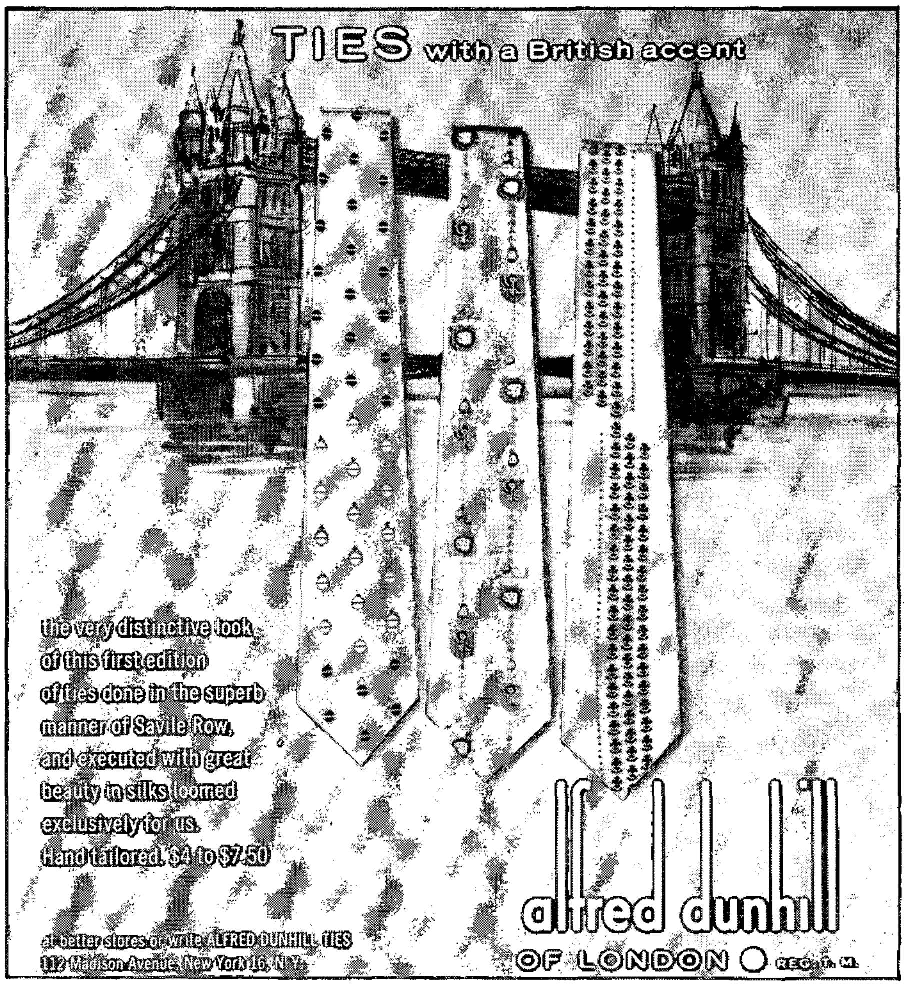
them, bearing the raw imprint of nature in every curve and knot. By the thirteenth century, Japanese paintings show us, this house had attained its basic modern form; indeed, in both their rambling plan and their low-pitched roofs, the early houses are closer to what delights us today than the steep-pitched roofs and overelaborated interiors of the houses of the middle period. This Japanese house, with wide overhangs and generous verandas to encourage open-air living, functions admirably in its humid native summer, but there is ample testimony that it is too frail to give protection against sharp winter weather or prevent the passage of noise from room to room. Partly to make up for this last, though, the plan of many Japanese houses—and this is true of the version at the Modern Museum—separates its various functions into wings, with passageways between. Like most Oriental dwellings, the Museum one is screened from its neighbors and the street by a wall. The only point on which I question it is the use of plastered masonry, topped by curved gray tiles, instead of wood to form the wall that serves as the background of the garden, but I have no doubt that there are many precedents for this. One would be the masonry walls of the old Kyoto palace. All in all, however, this is a consummate piece of work.

THE greatest lesson the Museum house teaches is how much beauty can be achieved merely by quiet repose, by selection and elimination, by stripping every human requirement down to its essentials. To sit at ease on the floor is the act of an athlete, and that kind of athletic facility is demanded everywhere in the use and enjoyment of the Japanese house. The simplification that the Japanese architect seeks is not a mechanical process; it owes a heavy debt to the seemingly mythical Taoist sage Lao-tse, who observed that it is the hollow that makes the bowl. If simplification were not at the service of function *and* form *and* idea, it would have no more aesthetic significance than the Yankee process of whittling, whose final result is only shavings and splinters. Many architects think they have achieved a modern form merely because they use plastics and steel and don't waste any of their clients' money on ornament. They mistake lack of imagination for "the contemporary touch," and they take refuge in the fashionable slogan "less is more" without realizing that their particular less is less indeed. But the fact is that the more one elimi-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nates, the more important it is to refine every detail and to measure with the eye every proportion as meticulously as Mies van der Rohe does. The Japanese have had long experience with these refinements, and they have imposed a rigorous order upon their floor plan by making the length and breadth of their rooms a multiple of the length and breadth of their standardized floor mats. The dimensions of Japanese rooms are given in mats; for example, the main room of the Museum house is a fifteen-mat one. (Our current slang for this is "modular construction.") As a result of this formalism, this rigor, every object that departs from it—even a vase, a flower, an orange silk cushion—has an intensity of visual impact it would never have in a more sloppily conceived interior. Because of this simplicity, the little changes of texture and color and the play of lights and shadows among the beams, the contrast between low doorways and high ceilings or between outdoor brightness and indoor sobriety, have an enlivening effect. Above all, the Japanese house demonstrates that purity and simplicity are the aesthetic flowers of a life that is conceived from first to last in these elemental terms. Just as you must take off your outdoor shoes before you enter such a house, you must eliminate many other incongruous habits, including a fondness for gadgets.

So different from the culture of our day was the whole concept of the culture which produced this house that even the contemporary Japanese, finding themselves not fully worthy of these aesthetic refinements, tend to adopt more commonplace modern forms. Nevertheless, the marvel is that so much of the Japanese house has already been absorbed by American architects, beginning with the Greene brothers, Henry and Charles, half a century ago, and Frank Lloyd Wright, whose passion for Japanese art has been an equipoise against his admiration for bold and even brutal masonry, like that of the Mayan civilization. The Japanese love of nature, reinforcing our own native romanticism, helped win us away from the paint-and-plaster finishes that used to be standard, and has taught us to take pleasure in natural wood and stone. The Japanese demonstrated, too, the convenience of the one-story house, or bungalow. Though the open plan had begun to characterize American domestic architecture in the eighties, long before Japanese plans could have been widely copied here, the Japanese precedent not only strength-

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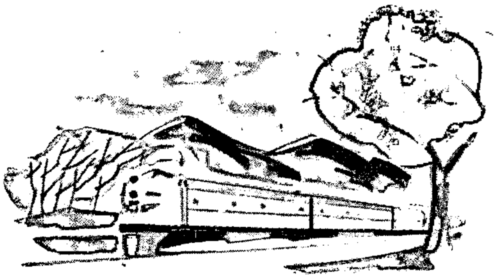

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ened this tendency but helped to break down the too static division between indoors and outdoors; the sliding screen door of the Museum house opens up a whole vista of the garden from within. In the example in the Modern Museum, the little interior "patio" garden shows how much living beauty can be encompassed in a space less than half the size of the conventional New York twenty-by-sixty-foot back yard.

YET this traditional Japanese house has points the American architect has been painfully slow to recognize. Despite his extrovert delight in the open plan and the multi-purpose living room, he has not made full use of the sliding doors, either to furnish privacy, when that is needed, or to give a sense of snugness and enclosure, as an escape from the nondescript emptiness of the big living room when it is not housing a large group of people. Few modern American dwellings are as flexible in their employment of space as the traditional Japanese one. Again, the American architect, in his pleasure over the idea of "bringing the outdoors inside," has created fixed glass walls, which not merely filter out the healthful ultraviolet rays of the sun, along with the perfumes of the garden, but leave the householder no choice between complete visual exposure and complete enclosure behind blinds or curtains. This sort of design lacks the Japanese visual contrast between light and dark, as well as the psychological contrast between inner and outer. Such indifference to visual contrast, such disregard of privacy, indicates a certain coarseness of feeling in the American architect, which is another way of saying that he is the victim of his own mechanical formulas. Not the least merit of Frank Lloyd Wright's houses is that, probably by instinct, he has followed the same processes of thought as the classic Japanese architect—thus his use of wide overhangs and his interiors, which, even when they embrace a garden, have their own innerness.

To be at home in this Japanese house, two things are requisite. One is a love of the simple life as deep as Thoreau's at Walden. (With this goes a positive delight in the formal expression of simplicity.) The other is plenty of cupboard and closet space for goods that are not necessarily beautiful and have ceased, for the moment, to be useful. Strangely, this is one of the last things the American architect has learned from the Japanese; only during the last decade has he begun to supply all the storage

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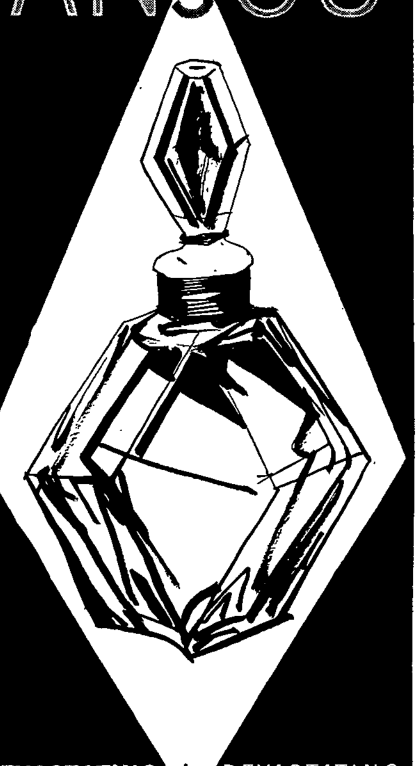

DEVASTATING is DEVASTATING

room, behind sliding doors, that is essential to run a house without creating visual confusion.

Another lesson the Japanese house should underscore for the American architect and client is the true and proper use of the window. The modern designer, believing that glass is the one veritably modern material, has tended to equate the degree of his modernity with the number of square feet of glass he provides, and he has thus created some of the most intolerable hothouses and cold frames that have ever been offered as permanent homes for human beings. A house that will compensate for the harsh extremes of the American climate needs not a solid expanse of glass but a multiple set of screens—a sliding wire mesh to keep out insects, a sliding glass screen to permit a view but to keep out wind and rain, and a sliding insulating screen to exclude heat and cold as well as noise. To carry out these requirements, the American planner will have, I am afraid, to give up his opaque passion for the transparent wall and go back to the alternation of solid and void that is characteristic of the Japanese house.

A major delight of the Modern Museum's house is that its boundary wall encloses a romantic garden in the Japanese style—even to the rocks and falling water—a garden to be seen from the porch, as a backdrop of nature, not to be used for stretching one's legs. This garden serves as a Buddhist image of paradise, and it is a fine example of the Japanese faculty for creating a miniature world, almost overpowering in its variety of form, which, because of its miniature scale, seems as rich in contrasts as several rambling acres of natural woodland.

ONE'S happiness at seeing this exemplary Japanese garden preserved is increased by the fact that it has a worthy American companion in the new Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden, which adjoins it. This is a commendable example of contemporary architecture and garden art, though of a more meagre aesthetic province. It serves a manifold purpose—as an outdoor display space for sculpture (always best seen under natural light), as a resting place for those who have acquired "museum fatigue" or the "Surrealist blues," and as a foreground for people eating outdoors under the rows of trees and umbrellas of the new restaurant at the west side of the garden.

The space is rectangular, bounded

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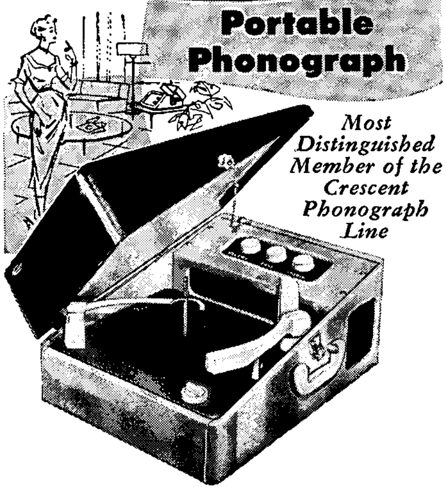
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on the west by the high blank walls of the Museum restaurant and the Whitney Museum, on the south by the windowed walls of the Museum proper, and on Fifty-fourth Street by a high wall with two wide wooden gates. These gates would be justified if only because they form a visual break in the mottled-gray expanse of variegated brick, the same in color if not in bond as the northernmost three panels of the Whitney Museum. Two rectangular watercourses (no falls or water lilies) parallel the street wall, and a central white marble plaza, sunk below the level of the Museum and restaurant terraces, forms a solid oblong, bordered on three sides by a green embankment of myrtle. At either end of this plaza are irregular geometric patches of green. The one to the west is the base for a clump of lovely tall white birches; directly in front of the Museum are two irregularly formed weeping beeches, while on the right is a group of Japan cedars, and there is even, further to the rear, a tree of heaven.

The architecture of this garden, severe and formal, is an excellent pedestal and background for the sculptured figures, especially those in bronze, and the living part of the garden provides an almost romantic contrast with its variety of exotic species. My only criticism of this diversity of tree forms is that it offers a competition to the sculpture that the narrower range of foliage and outline in the more conventional formal garden would not present. But the total effect of this garden, designed by Philip Johnson and landscaped by James Fanning, is a happy one, and it gives the buildings of the Museum a grace and completeness that they had sorely lacked.

The contrast between the two types of garden, the Japanese and the American, is the contrast between wild nature—captured as in a zoo without visible cages, then concentrated and transformed into art, and further enriched by ideological symbolism—and an outdoor room in which nature is served on a pedestal, as if it were itself a piece of sculpture. The final lesson, taught by both the Modern Museum's and the Japanese garden, is that no building is aesthetically finished until the space about it is not merely open enough to permit one to see the building but is transformed by art to the point where it carries the order and delight of the interior outward and back in again to the observer's roaming eye.

—Lewis Mumford

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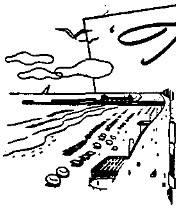

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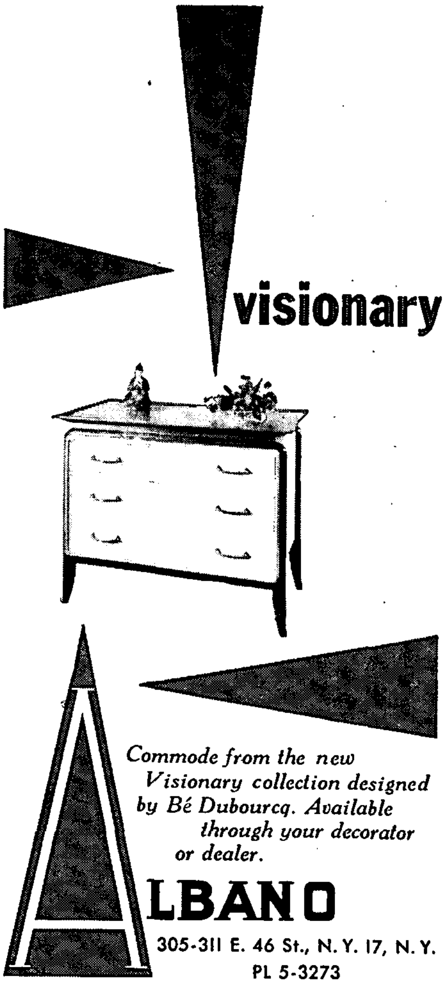
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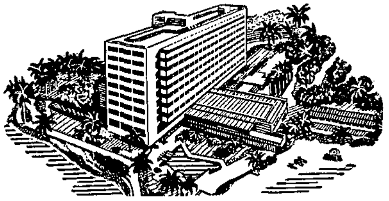
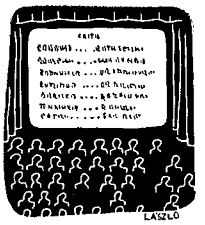


THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Chauffeur's Daughter



THE movie called "Sabrina," which was produced and directed by Billy Wilder, has some moments of warm romance and engaging comedy, but there are, alas, quite a few lethargic stretches between the hugs and chuckles. Adapted from a play by Samuel Taylor, who helped Mr. Wilder and Ernest Lehman write the script for the film, "Sabrina" has a frail, familiar plot, concerning the struggles of a starry-eyed poor girl to win the love of a frequently pie-eyed rich boy. This time, our Cinderella's father is employed as a chauffeur by the wastrel's family, who own an estate on Long Island bigger than Levittown. The chauffeur is firm in the opinion that his daughter will never be able to shatter the caste barriers between her and her beloved, but the other domestics around the place keep goading her on, for they are as romantic as can be. Do what she will, however, our heroine can never capture the attention of the playboy—he's much too busy drinking and carousing and chasing other women—and finally she agrees with her father that to be on the safe side she should go to Paris and learn cooking. In Paris, she learns a good many things besides cooking, for damned if a wealthy baron, brushing up on soufflés at her school, doesn't decide to teach her how to get along in the *haut monde*. By the time the baron has finished polishing the young lady, she's as sleek as the Rolls-Royce her sire supervises, and when she comes back to Long Island, the lad she loves goes berserk about her, even to the point of threatening to break off his engagement to a sugar heiress. There's a lot of hanky-panky about the necessity of his marrying this sugar heiress so that the family firm can make a merger with a corporation controlled by the fiancée's father, but let's *not* go into that. Instead, let me simply say that, after a good many more complications, our poor girl discovers that the ne'er-do-well isn't her dish at all; what she really wants is his serious older brother.

While my admiration for Audrey Hepburn, who plays the heroine, is considerable, I'm afraid there are times here when her gamin charm gets a

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trifle out of hand, and dissipates into coyness. But when she is right, she is very, very right; it's probably just that any ingénue mixed up in a bonbon of this kind is bound to seem saccharine now and then. I suppose William Holden, who plays Miss Hepburn's original love, has to be furiously playful—he's a playboy, isn't he?—but whatever excuses we may make for his conduct, he's an unsettling man to have around on this occasion. To compensate for any faults we may find in the acting in "Sabrina," though, a really first-rate performance is turned in by Humphrey Bogart in the role of Mr. Holden's earnest older brother. Mr. Bogart always understates his case, and winds up a fine, sympathetic figure of a magnate hopelessly smitten with middle-aged passion. To represent others in the Long Island set, we have Walter Hampden as the crotchety old father of Miss Hepburn's sweethearts, and John Williams as the chauffeur. The less said about the lovable fellow-domestics of Mr. Williams the better.

THE Italian film "Bread, Love, and Dreams" doesn't try as hard as "Sabrina" does to be funny, and it succeeds a lot better. It is a simple little story about a middle-aged marshal of the carabinieri who is assigned to a garrison in a small town and presently starts pursuing a bouncy wench no better than the next. The wench, as it happens, would rather have a younger member of the carabinieri, and so a triangle is built up. Obviously, there is nothing much to the plot, but there is plenty of humor in the way it is developed by Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida, Roberto Risso, and the others in the cast. Mr. De Sica, one of Italy's best actors as well as an outstanding director, is superb as he goes about trying, without too much loss of dignity, to soften up the unwilling Miss Lollobrigida, and the lady herself is enormously effective as the brash and recalcitrant belle. The picture has a nice ebullience about it, and the villagers who follow the affair of Mr. De Sica and Miss Lollobrigida are a droll crowd. Directed by Luigi Comencini, "Bread, Love, and Dreams" is done with an air of realism, but actually it's as rose-tinted as a fairy tale.

—JOHN McCARTEN

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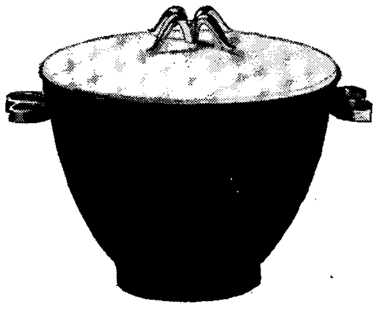

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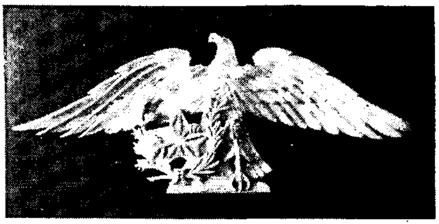

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The Higher Humbug

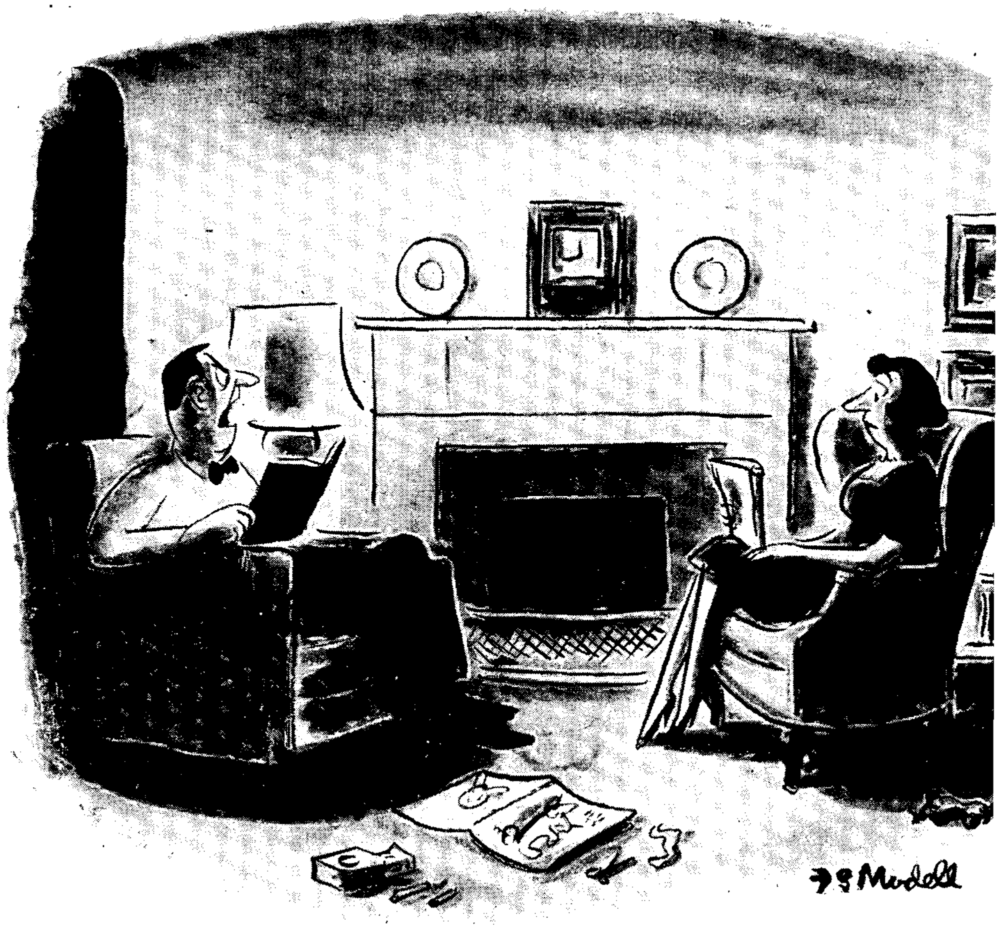
THE publication at the present time of the first three of the six volumes of George Eliot's correspondence (Yale University Press), which Professor Gordon S. Haight has been preparing for more than twenty years, is a strange and rather awful event. By the end of the third volume, or at mid-passage, the work has reached page 1366, and a number of doubts about the scale of the enterprise and the values involved are stirring in the detached reader's mind. As if aware of some of the questions that may be asked, the syndics of the Yale University Press have ornamented the dust jacket of Volume I with a justificatory quotation from Cardinal Newman, that "For arriving at the inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method." While this is no doubt true in saintly, innocent, and emotional circles, it fails to cover the three large groups of a more calculating nature—those who abide by the rule of never setting pen to paper if their emotions are involved, those who approach the writing table as the chess player approaches the chessboard, and those who use ink as the cuttlefish does, emitting large black clouds of it as a protective device. It is hard to say in which of these groups George Eliot belongs, but on the strength of the contents of these volumes the second, and most deliberately calculating, one seems the right choice.

The first letters date from her late teens and early twenties, and they are heavy with nonconformist cant and the earnest priggishness of youthful uncertainty. "I do not wonder you are pleased with Pascal; his thoughts may be returned to the palate again and again with increasing rather than diminished relish. I have highly enjoyed Hannah More's letters; the contemplation of so blessed a character as hers is very salutary." "I wonder if you have read Mr. Williams's account of his missionary enterprises in the South Seas. . . . I think I may venture to say that it could not fail to interest any person of taste to say nothing of religion." "I have just begun the Life of Wilberforce and I am expecting a rich treat from it. There is a similarity, if I may compare myself with such a man, between his temptations or rather besetments and my own that makes his experience very interesting to me." Block by block, the reputation for a wholly serious piety is built up, and though there are occasional revelations of the truth, they are almost entirely inadvertent disclosures of the toxic qualities of bigotry:

> We have had an oratorio at Coventry lately, Braham, Phillips, Mrs. Knyvett and Mrs. Shaw, the last I think I shall attend. I am not fitted to decide on the question of the propriety or lawfulness of such exhibitions of talent and so forth because I have no soul for music. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth" but for my part I humbly conceive it to be little less than blasphemy for such words as "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ" to be taken on the lips of such a man as Braham (a Jew too!). I am a tasteless person but it would not cost me any regrets if the only music heard in our land were that of strict worship, nor can I think a pleasure that involves the devotion of all the time and powers of an immortal being to the acquirement of an expertness in so useless an accomplishment can be quite pure or elevating in its tendency.

This exhibition of provincialism leads up to a fine piece of rationalization, dated February, 1839, which foreshadows George Eliot's mature accomplishments. The problem is that of the novel, which, according to her, is a worldly, got-up thing, as unjustifiable as the oratorio:

> As to the discipline our minds receive from the perusal of fictions I can conceive none that is beneficial but may be attained by that of history. . . . Religious novels are more hateful to me than merely worldly ones. They are a sort of Centaur or Mermaid and like other monsters that we do not know how to class should be destroyed for the public good as soon as born. The weapons of the Christian warfare were never sharpened at the forge of



"What gets me is the way these books for parents always stick up for the child."

romance. Domestic fictions as they come more within the range of imitation seem more dangerous. For my part I am ready to sit down and weep at the impossibility of my understanding or barely knowing even a fraction of the sum of objects that present themselves for our contemplation in books and in life. Have I then any time to spend on things that never existed?

The difficulty was that she enjoyed reading novels, Sir Walter Scott's in particular. So the argument is unwound that there is a special class of "persons of perceptions so quick, memories so eclectic and retentive, and minds so comprehensive" that nothing less than omnivorous reading can satisfy them. It happens, too, that people frequently make literary allusions in conversation, and it is one's social duty to be able to pick these up. Further, sad and valuable moral lessons are to be learned from the lives of authors, notably Sir Walter Scott's ("the spiritual sleep of that man was awful; he does not at least betray if he felt anything like a pang of conscience"). It is necessary to read their novels in order to appreciate the full weight of the moral lessons. When the subject is closed, it is satisfyingly clear that it is perfectly possible to be a novel reader without being an ordinary novel reader. It is an attractive dialectic method, with the great practical advantage of allowing one to do anything and everything ordinary people do without sacrificing the status of a superior moral being. As time went on, George Eliot was to make increasingly effective use of it.

Although the course of her development from this point is tortuous, it is fairly easy to follow through her letters. The religious doubt that succeeded her early piety opened the way to Unitarian rationalism, rationalism opened the way to bogus scientific interests such as phrenology, and phrenology opened the way to Comte's Religion of Humanity and to Feuerbach. What is almost completely invisible in the letters is the line of conduct the high-toned arguments screen.

From 1844 to 1846, George Eliot was solemnly wrapped up in the task of translating Strauss's "Life of Jesus" from the German, in apparent ignorance of the fact that it had already been translated in 1841 and widely distributed. Whether her accomplishment was necessary or not, it got her into some astonishing scrapes. The original sponsor of her translation was a Dr. Brabant, of Devizes, whose daughter had completed only two chapters before she got married. George Eliot was brought in to complete the task and to take the daughter's place in the Doctor's

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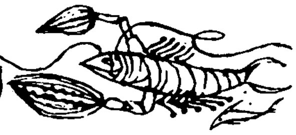
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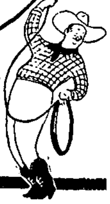
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home. She arrived in Devizes at the beginning of November of 1843, and at first all went well; she wrote to a friend in delight:

> I have been feasting my eyes on the Library this morning, and Dr. Brabant insists that I shall consider that my room. What name do you think I have been baptized withal? Rather a learned pun, Deutera, which *means* second and *sounds* a little like daughter. . . . I like Mrs. B. She talks so *neatly* and is so perfectly polite. A dose of precision, *not* preciseness, will be the best thing in the world for me. Dr. B's habits are of that regular and simple kind that always indicate a healthy mind. He does not even sit in an easy chair.

By the middle of the month a solid bliss had been achieved:

> I am in little heaven here, Dr. Brabant being its archangel. . . . Mrs. Brabant is a most affectionate amiable being. . . . I have just written to Father to beg for a longer leave of absence than I had thought of when I came.

The first hint of trouble, though of its nature rather than of its coming, is in a letter dated November 24th:

> Dr. Brabant spoils me for everyone else, and the Trennung from such a companion will be very painful. He really is a finer character than you think. Beautifully sincere, conscientious, and benevolent and every thing besides that one would have one's friends to be.

Six days later the *Trennung* was upon her, and, her boxes packed, she was writing to announce the sad fact that she was coming home:

> We shall soon, I hope, be talking to each other "under your eyes" for I have just written to my good Mary telling her that I intend to be at the Coventry station by 9 o'clock on Monday evening. . . . I do not know whether to be glad or sorry, so I have come to a compromise with the contending feelings, and mean to indulge my grief at parting with my precious friends here till I reach home, and then let joy take complete possession.

There is no clue here at all to what had happened. What *had* happened was that Mrs. Brabant had neatly and precisely, if not perfectly amiably, delivered an ultimatum. George Eliot was to leave the house at once and not to return; if she did, Mrs. Brabant would go. Dr. Brabant, who had cheerfully made the most of George Eliot's inexperience in getting up the flirtation, passively allowed her to be put out. To quiet his conscience, he permitted her to go on with the translation of the "Life of Jesus" on her own.

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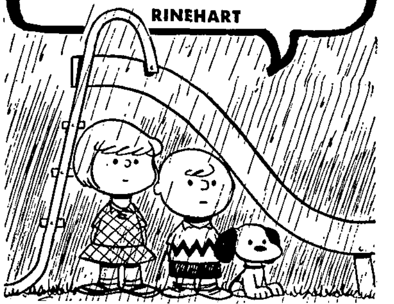

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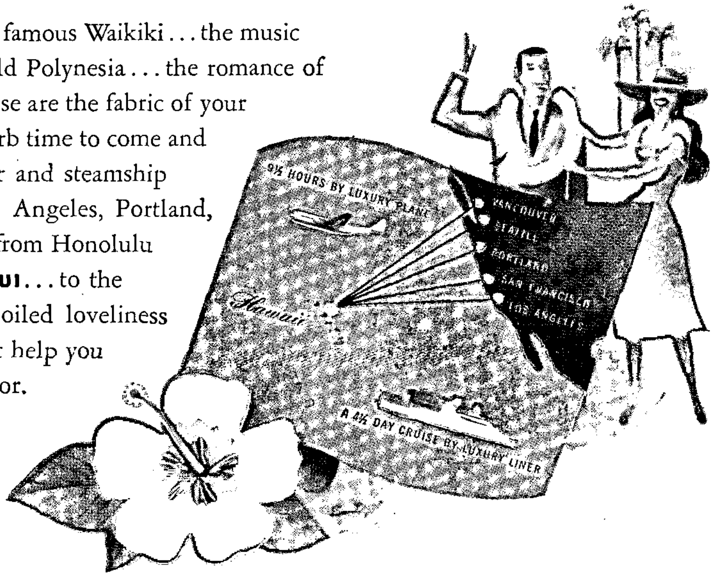
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publisher; he had, indeed, been apprenticed to a watchmaker, had been mysteriously occupied in the Colonies and "abroad," had practiced for a time, though unqualified, as a surgeon in Derby, and had at last come, by accident, to publishing. In Derby he had married money and written "Human Nature: A Philosophical Exposition of the Divine Institution of Reward and Punishment." The activities were not wholly unrelated, since as soon as he had the money he took off for London to get the thesis published, if necessary at his own expense. In his search for a compliant publisher, he came across a sickly firm that had done itself no good by establishing a reputation as the leading Unitarian press in England, and, learning that it was going out of business, he bought it. He set himself up as a publisher at 142 Strand, a combined place of business and residence. It was too large for the Chapmans, and they converted it into a lodging house.

By the time George Eliot went there to live, some time after her translation had been accepted, it had become a bizarre establishment. At the center of it was a *ménage à trois* composed of John Chapman, his wife, and a Miss Tilley, who was nominally helping with the children. These ladies were suspicious of George Eliot, since they had ground to fear that she was taking the place of a Miss Eliza Lynn, another of Mr. Chapman's authors, who had lately been a fourth party in the ménage, and when George Eliot sat down at the splendidly patriarchal dinner table over which Mr. Chapman presided (at which were seated his wife, his mistress, a number of lodgers, and some junior employees of the firm), Miss Tilley went into action. George Eliot retired to her room feeling "very poorly." Chapman made her his mistress shortly thereafter, and the household became a fine disorder of scenes, explanations, partings, and reconciliations. He had what was manifestly a delightful time playing each woman off against the two others and contriving devices to get all three to put up with the situation, while convincing himself that he was enduring a martyrdom. He complained to his diary that his concurrent attempt to adopt vegetarianism was being frustrated and that his moral nature was being overlaid. It was Miss Tilley's physical appeal for Chapman that finally led to George Eliot's departure from the household. After uselessly making scenes in a bottle factory and other unsuitable places, Miss Tilley at last adopted the practical measure of denying Chapman her per-

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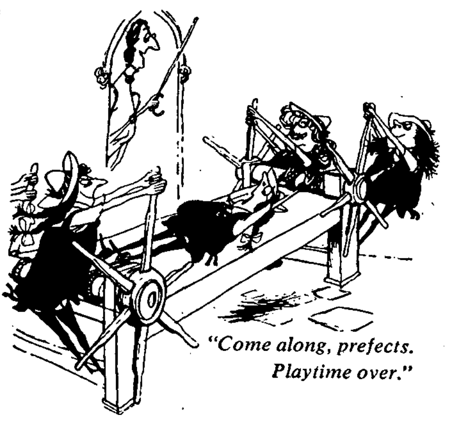

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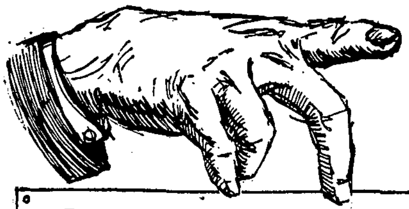

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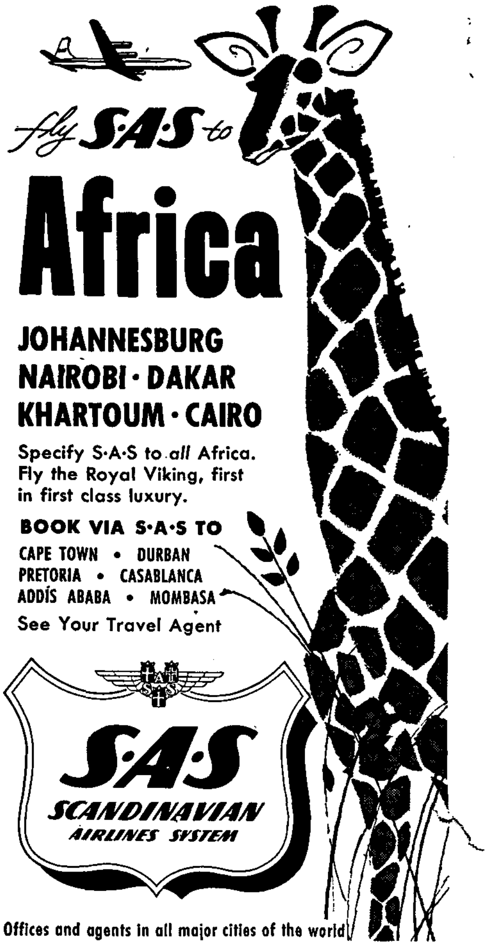
son. "I would do anything in reason to restore her," he wrote in his diary. He thought it over for a moment or two, and then, with unusual honesty, crossed out "in reason." George Eliot was eased out by a course of readings in Thomas a Kempis, by profound discussions of sexual ethics, and at last by a "solemn and holy vow which will henceforth bind us to the right."

George Eliot came before long to realize just what "the right" amounted to, and consoled herself for having so very elaborately been made a fool of by attempting to annex Herbert Spencer, the author of "Social Statics." He was, however, designed by nature to be a bachelor, and though she did all she could to compromise him he evaded entanglement. When this episode was over, she drifted out of the curious establishment in the Strand and into the orbit of an even odder one in Bayswater. It was inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Lewes, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Hunt, and Mrs. Hunt's two unmarried sisters. What gave it its unusual flavor was that four of Mrs. Lewes' six children were by her husband and two by Mr. Hunt. Lewes was a jolly, bouncy man who sported a raffish handle-bar mustache and affected a slightly idiosyncratic version of evening dress day and night. He was popular in some circles and notorious in others for his vulgar stories and for discussing in mixed company such things as free love and the anatomical charms of women who attracted him, but his improper novels were universally deplored. He fell in love with George Eliot and she with him, and presently they ran away to Germany. They lived together outside the bond of marriage until he died, over twenty years later.

The translation of this action, which would in the case of an ordinary person be a mere matter of deciding that adultery was worth the social consequences, into an altruistic act of moral courage was a feat of intellectual legerdemain for which George Eliot was well equipped. From the time she entered the Lewes circle until she ran off with him, her letters are full of references to Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," a work she was translating into English and pressing John Chapman to publish with ferocious determination. He was in financial difficulties, and he knew the book would lose money, but she was adamant. And she thrust the book and its ideas upon her friends. Among the truths Feuerbach was forwarding was that "Love is God Himself . . . not a visionary, imaginary



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love—no! a real love, a love which has flesh and blood." According to him, marriage expressed the divine by means of the sexual relationship, provided that it was a truly moral marriage in which the only bond was love within perfect freedom. Ordinary marriages—in which the bond was "merely an external restriction, not the voluntary, contented self-restriction of love," marriages that were not "spontaneously concluded, spontaneously willed, and self-sufficing"—were not truly moral ones. It was thus perfectly clear that Mr. and Mrs. Lewes were not married and that he was free to take off with George Eliot. He had, in fact, an obligation, since it was the social duty of enlightened persons to set examples of moral conduct. It was the old story of the problem of novel reading, and the dialectic conjuring trick produced the required result in the same way; it was possible to be an adulterer without being an ordinary adulterer, to be George Eliot without in the least resembling Miss Tilley. The letters she wrote immediately after she had bolted with Lewes are pathetic in their belief that the conjuring trick can persuade the external world:

> It is possible that you have already heard a report prevalent in London that Mr. Lewes has "run away" from his wife and family. I wish you to be in possession of the facts which will enable you to contradict this report whenever it reaches you. Since we left England he has been in constant correspondence with his wife.... I have seen all the correspondence between them, and it has assured me that his conduct as a husband has been not only irreproachable, but generous and self-sacrificing to a degree far beyond any standard fixed by the world. This is the simple truth, and no flattering picture drawn by my partiality.

After six months, it was clear to her that only a superior being could understand the motives and acts of another superior being:

> I can dilate on nothing now. I will only say that if you knew everything, we should probably be much nearer agreement even as to the details of conduct than you suppose. In the mean time, believe no one's representations about me, for there is not a *single person* who is in a position to make a true representation.

It was this lack of understanding that finally made George Eliot a novelist. The first impetus came from Lewes and was conceived in kindness; he realized that they would face ostracism, and that a woman of her active mind would find loneliness boring. He proposed a novel to her to fill in the time until the scandal blew over. She did not respond to the suggestion until she had had an ugly

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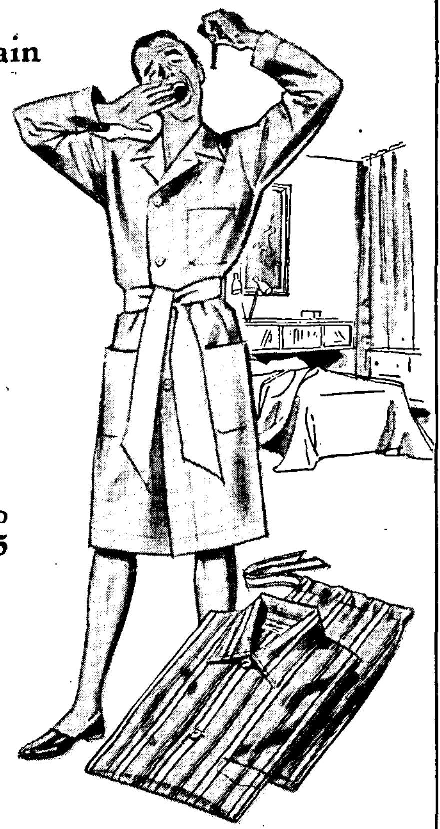

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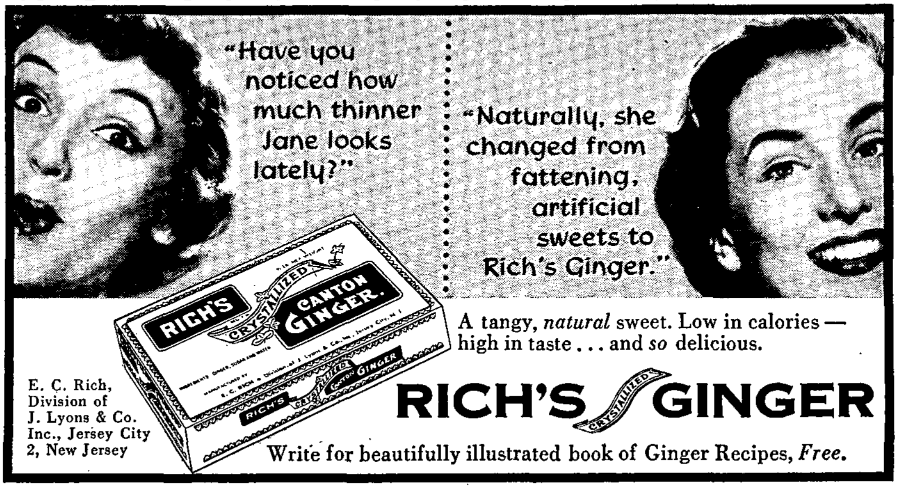
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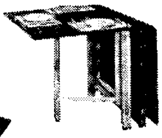

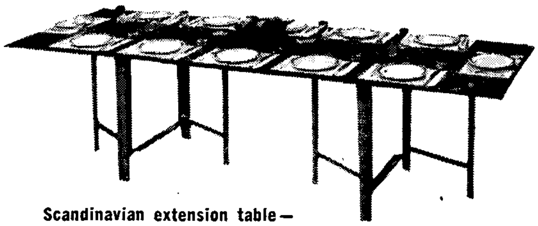

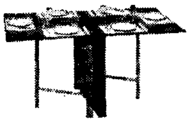

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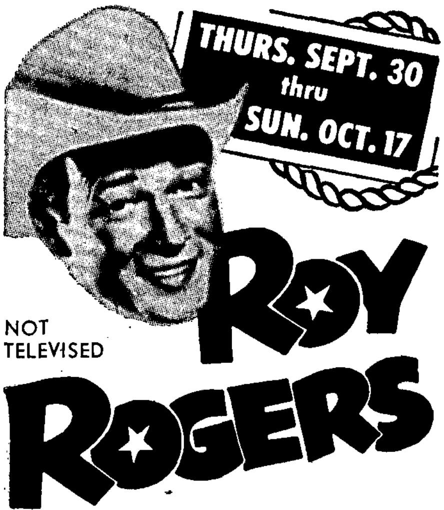
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shock. John Chapman made an effort to persuade a young friend of hers to live with him, and in the course of his argument he had put forth the example of Lewes and George Eliot as a couple whose happiness was unclouded by their lack of marriage lines. Eliot was shaken to find that a truly moral marriage could be presented in this light, and felt the urgent need for a fuller explanation of her principles than the bare action was able to supply. Besides, she and Lewes were desperately poor; one day when they were walking in the park, Lewes had burst out with the cry "We should live much better than we do, we should have beer at lunch," and there was not enough money even for that, with beer at a penny a pint. The novel is, of course, the only profitable instrument available to the moralist, so it was clearly fiction that was called for. And so George Eliot began to write novels.

It is hard from this distance to decide why the novels were instantly best-sellers, or why George Eliot so rapidly became one of Queen Victoria's favorite writers, since they are so earnestly and gracelessly written. But this was precisely their strength when they were fresh and new; they were manifestly entirely serious, and they could be read on a Sunday without raising any suspicion of Sabbath-breaking. Their basis is always what modern critics have called "the moral imagination," and the reader is never allowed to forget it. This absence of frivolity is, however, not in itself enough to account for George Eliot's past and revived reputation, and for such devotional acts as the publication of this edition of her letters. There is something more. In exchange for submitting to the remorseless process of improvement, the reader receives a certain compensation; the George Eliot dialectic of self-justification transferred to the field of fiction proves to be one of the most effective devices for flattering mediocrity that have yet been invented.

George Eliot's most successful and still most popular novel, "Middlemarch," begins with an odd little preface that most people skip, since it is concerned with Saint Theresa of Avila, who seems to have very little to do with the matters in hand, the rather muddled feelings of a lady called Dorothea for certain gentlemen. The point of introducing the subject of Saint Theresa is revealed in the closing paragraphs of the book:

> Certainly those determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They were

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the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling amidst the conditions of an imperfect social state, in which great feeling will often take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it. A new [Saint] Theresa will hardly have the opportunity of reforming a conventual life, any more than a new Antigone will spend her heroic piety by daring all for the sake of a brother's burial: the medium in which their ardent deeds took shape is forever gone. But we insignificant people with our daily words and acts are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know.

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

There is no need to point out the coziness of this kind of thing. It not only puts the business of running away with Mr. Lewes in the name of the truly moral marriage on a footing with the acts of such splendid creatures as Antigone, but it also allows everyone who has followed his inclinations at any time to do the same, even if his inclinations have led him to do nothing out of the way. What one sees in—or, rather, through—these letters is the slow perfection of a technique of self-deception that in the end equipped its possessor to become a perfect supplier of soft solder to *l'homme moyen sensuel*, the swamped and ignoble Tartufe of industrial society. But fascinating as the documents are from a sociological and psychological point of view, it is baffling to see them offered as exhibits of the working of the mind of a creative artist. In their involved lack of candor (not one is an uncalculated declaration from the heart) one recognizes what the true artist instinctively discards even in his weakest moments—the desire to force the truth to conform to a preconceived ideal by an effort of will. —ANTHONY WEST

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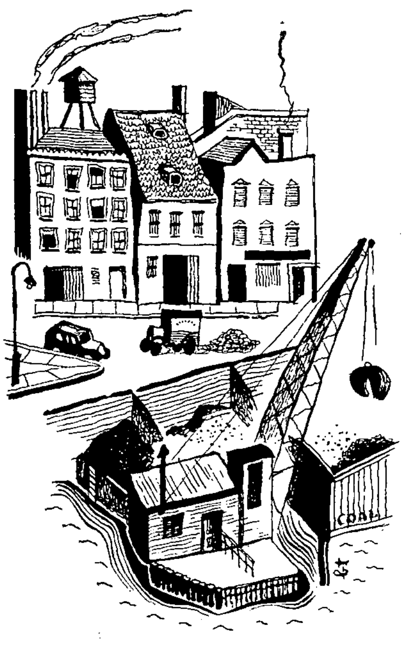
1758 to seek his fortune. A fierce, honest lad, David has many adventures before he finds himself ready to settle down with the girl he loves. Miss Gay's work has a great good humor about it, and she is obviously enthralled by her subject, but things would be better all around if she were less wordy, because there are long sections of this novel that sound merely like sweetened-up excerpts from any history book.

THE BATTLERS, by Kylie Tennant (St. Martin's). A handful of Australian wanderers, all of them damaged by life in heart and in person but with their courage and gaiety intact, fight with and for one another as they travel together through their country in search of whatever employment they can find. Miss Tennant's men and women are all very much alive, and the scenes she describes have such reality that their atmosphere remains with us after the book is finished. It is therefore disappointing to find that the novel grows more in monotony than in power as it progresses. This may be due partly to Miss Tennant's insistence on the enduring worth of purely spiritual beauty, which she celebrates to the rather fanatical extent of excluding physical beauty of any kind from her characters. This quirk has the effect of making her people all seem, in some way, very old (actually, some of them are very young), and the sadness implicit even in their small victories finally wears the reader's spirit quite away. The time is the early nineteen-forties.

THE RAMAYANA, as told by Aubrey Menen (Scribner). Mr. Menen's



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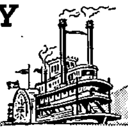
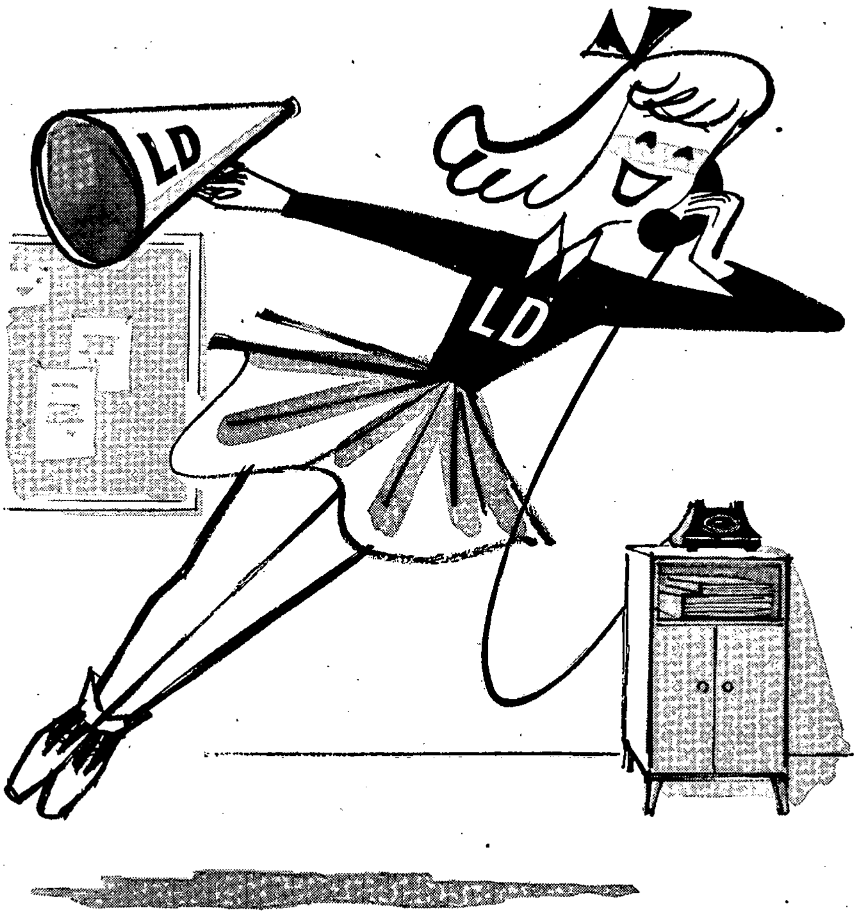


spare, vivid, oddly complacent prose is expended here on a retelling of the "Ramayana" in an effort not only to recover the true bones of the story from the mass of material that has collected around it since it was first set down by the poet Valmiki about two thousand years ago but also to recapture Valmiki's attitude toward the facts and truths he wanted to convey. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

THE LIMITS OF FOREIGN POLICY, by Charles Burton Marshall (Holt). In this brief, melancholy, somewhat overliterary book, Mr. Marshall, a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, undertakes to state what at one point he calls "the case against enthusiasm." He thinks Americans expect far too much of foreign policy, which, as he emphasizes, must always take the world as it finds it. Mr. Marshall is, however, somewhat more of an enthusiast than many of his colleagues, for he believes that it is possible for the United States to create "the circumstances for a heightening of the dilemma within the Soviet framework, eventually [moving] it along the course of accommodation and thereby toward its own historic transformation"—a diplomat's way of saying that if we put the heat on the Communists, we may eventually melt them. We cannot do this by preventive war, though, he says, and not by "containment" alone. He is a little unclear as to what course lies between these two, but then, as he remarks, he is here chiefly concerned with the limits of foreign policy, and not with its possibilities. He defines the limits brilliantly. A civilized series of essays.

AN AMERICAN IN INDIA, by Saunders Redding (Bobbs-Merrill). Another look at the biggest and shakiest of the new democracies, and a hard one. Mr. Redding's passage through India, like that of most recent Western reporters, was something less than leisurely (it was accomplished in under four months), but the impressions he here records are of far more than ordinary interest, for, being a Negro, he was received by his dark-skinned hosts with an extraordinary degree of sympathy and candor. They are not very comforting impressions. "The Indian people," he tells us, "believe that the United States is imperialistic . . . that American designs



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in India are imperialistic . . . that the various American organizations—Ford Foundation, Rockefeller Foundation, the Fulbright program—are tools of imperialism. The Indian people believe that American policy is opposed to the 'liberation and rise' of the colored peoples of the world." Also, he continues, they see "McCarthy as representative of American thought, corruption as the root and noxious flower of American politics, unfettered materialism as the only standard of American ethics," and because the Russians have been able to picture themselves as "strong, virtuous, unselfish men," there is an increasing enthusiasm for Communism. But, he adds, "Communism's rival for power in India is not democracy, or even socialism, but traditional Hinduism, which is also bitterly inimical to the West." And in India, it seems, "West" always means "white."

DEAREST FATHER, by Franz Kafka, translated by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins (Schocken). This collection of old ashes, chipped flints, and broken pottery, assembled and provided with notes by Max Brod, would seem to pretty well complete the excavation of Kafka's literary remains. Indeed, except for the title piece, a forty-page letter of speculation and self-analysis, written in 1919 but never mailed, there is nothing here of interest to any but the most insatiable devotees.

•

The plan was for Queen Elizabeth to cross the ocean on the ship which is to pick up the Duke of Ellington, so that they could have a brief holiday together. —*Leonard Lyons in the Bangor News.*

Can't you keep *anything* under your hat, Lyons?

•

Lieut. and Mrs. James A. Wharton, Jr. announced the birth of a son, James Allen, at James Connally Air Base, Waco, Texas, on Aug. 19. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wharton of 914 N. Elm St. He will report for duty at Langley Air Base, Va., next Sept. 9.—*Greensboro (N.C.) Record.*

The infantry might be better.

•

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POLIO FACTS FOR 1954

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PRECAUTIONS—
When polio is around—

DON'T mix with new groups
DON'T get overtired
DON'T get chilled
BUT DO keep clean

GAMMA GLOBULIN—This gives temporary protection. The National Foundation will spend up to $19,000,000 for GG for the national stockpile in '54. Health officials will distribute it.

VACCINE—A safe and promising vaccine is being tested now. But results will not be known until 1955.

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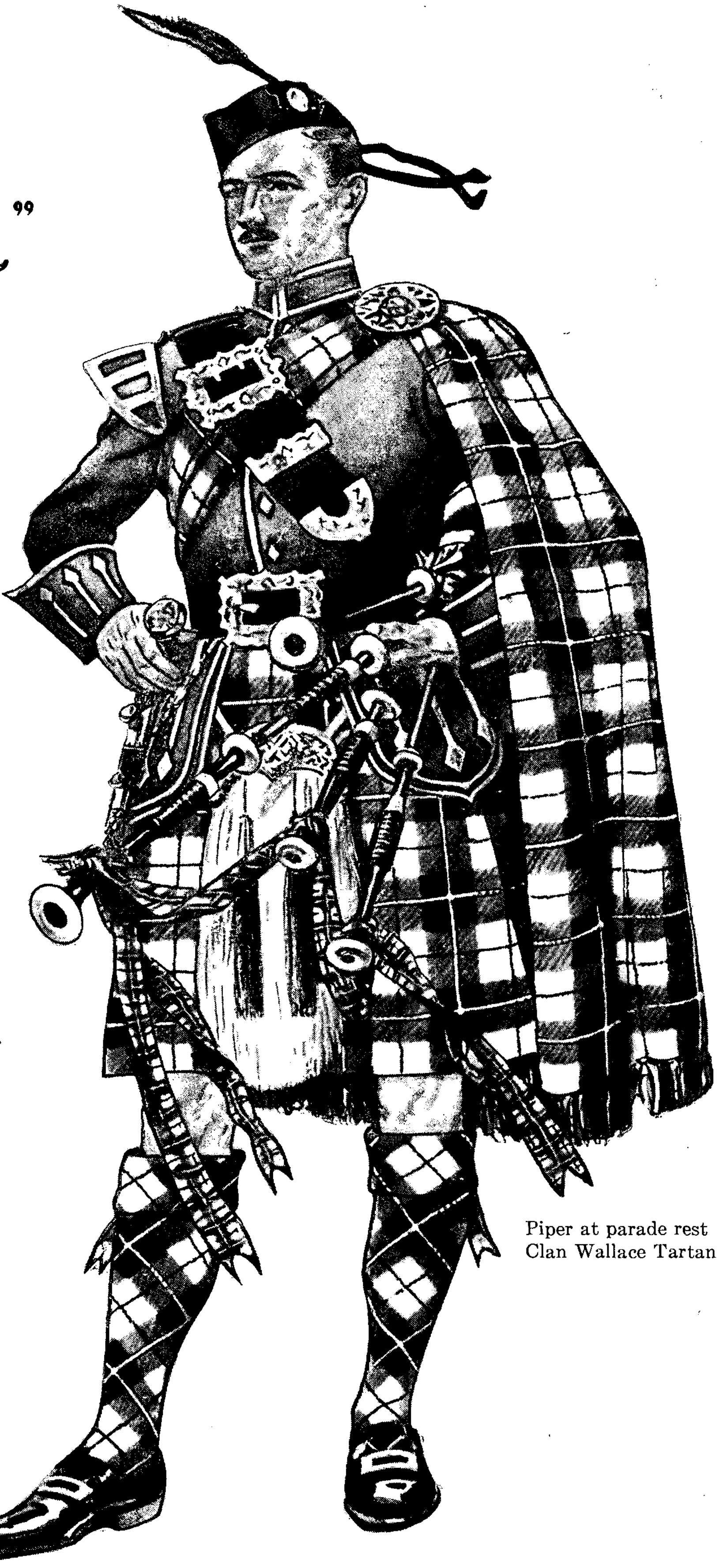

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